

**ELIZABETH TAYLOR
IS FAT, FORTYISH
AND STILL FABULOUS**



**NORMAN MAILER
BATTLES CAVETT,
CAPOTE AND VIDAL**



NOVEMBER 1977
PRICE \$3.50

Esquire

**THE HEROIC
SEQUEL TO
FROM
HERE
TO
ETERNITY
BY
JAMES
JONES**



The new AMC Concord D/L. Now you don't have to pay extra for the luxury of a luxury compact.

The Concord D/L is a new luxury compact that comes with all its luxury intact. Not tacked on as extras for an extra few hundred dollars.

For no extra charge you get: a landau roof with opera windows. Color-keyed wheel covers and whitewalls. Crushed velour individual reclining seats. A wood-grained dash with a digital clock. And lots of other luxury features that you'd expect to be charged extra for.

Perhaps the nicest luxury of all is the smooth, quiet ride that AMC has engineered into the Concord D/L, with a new suspension system and insula-

tion network against road shock and sound.

You also get AMC's exclusive **BUYER PROTECTION PLAN**,[®] with the only full 12 month/12,000 mile warranty. That means AMC will fix, or replace free any part, except tires, for 12 months or 12,000 miles whether the part is defective, or just plain wears out under normal use and service. AMC also has a plan to provide a free loaner car should guaranteed repairs take overnight.

So if you're thinking about a Volare, Granada, or another luxury compact, think about this: the new Concord D/L is the luxury compact with no extra charge for the luxury.



Available in 2-door,
4-door and wagon models.

AMC  **Concord D/L**
*The luxury Americans want.
The size America needs.*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

The most
refreshing taste
you can get
in any cigarette.



No wonder it's America's #1 menthol.

Kings, 17 mg "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Lights, 14 mg
"tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; F&L, 15 mg "tar," 1.3 mg.
nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '98



Copyright © 2004 by John Wiley & Sons, Inc.

NOVEMBER, 1977

VOLUME 55 No. 5 WHOLE No. 535

ARTICLES

- | | | |
|-----|--|-------------------|
| 121 | <i>National Velvet</i> | Anne Latham |
| 116 | <i>The Lonely Guy's Greening Guide</i> | Eric Jay Friedman |
| 130 | <i>Can a Complete S.O.B. Be a Good Writer?</i> | Malcolm Cowley |
| 124 | <i>The Word from Margaret Ball</i> | Lolly Wrynn |
| 126 | <i>The Corner Complex</i> | Eleonor Sandak |

THE BIG BITE

- 126 Of a Small and Modest Heligweary,
Wicked and Bristling with Deits

FICTION

- 104
- Melissa-Dollar-Wood**
- James Jones

LECTURED ESSAY

- 111 **Cars Had Faces Then** Jerry Holt; paintings by Robert Fisher

FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|---|----------------|
| 93 | Chicorey Topples International
Club King in Mexico: Intertwined! | Gordon Lutz |
| 94 | 36-5 Comments That Think | Second Edition |
| 95 | How's This for Openers? | |
| 96 | Case Histories of Business Management
A Memo from Franco Capello | |

TRAVEL

- | | | |
|------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1.03 | Who Not the Best? | Stephen W. Brown |
|------|-------------------|------------------|

FASHION

- 1.58 Beyond the Classics

DEPARTMENTS

- 5 **Escapology: Albert Goldsman** – The Top Ten – or the drag of the Six Sister
- 14 **The Sound and the Fury** – Letters from our readers
- 46 **Miss Ray Adrien de Greet** – The best of the whites
- 50 **Getting Away: Stephen Barbaux** – Fair facts of fiction
- 24 **Outdoors: Geoffrey Norriss** – Hurting the sole way
- 30 **Money: Andrew Tabors** – F-4
- 32 **Backstage with Equine** – The view from within
- 42 **Beats: Alfred Knott** – Political sagittal on the wit wilderness
- 54 **Language: Robert Bly** – The wit and wit of Jack
- 62 **Media: Eugene Ruess** – Society's big picture
- 63 **Sports: Ray Stewart** – Football in: Holding, set and of
- 74 **The Coast at Joe: Gregory Deane** – A long way from Philip Marlowe
- 86 **Visuals: Fay Deval Jones** – Horoscope to Dinosaur

Fourty pages 12. 95 1999 34 34 19

Polysac. Confine, pages 126.

Canine gas therapy has helped relieve stress

Impacts is published monthly by Greenleaf Publishing, Ltd., 15-17 South Street, St. Albans, Herts. SG8 5NF. Subscriptions are available on a worldwide basis. Single copies are available for £3.00 (US \$10.00). For more information, contact the publisher. The journal is printed on acid-free paper. The journal is published by Greenleaf Publishing, Ltd., 15-17 South Street, St. Albans, Herts. SG8 5NF. Subscriptions are available on a worldwide basis. Single copies are available for £3.00 (US \$10.00). For more information, contact the publisher. The journal is printed on acid-free paper.

A DOBBS HAT MOOD



FABULOUS FANTASIES

Chinos: Here a list of distinctive styles or rich looking, brownish tan with a deep pale yellow with a water worn or the linen symbol look? Try a conventional shape in a sleek, silk stretch

DOBBS



All authors: Authors & Editors

BYER-BOLNICK

Markus and Brown, 1982 and
Markus and Brown, 1982

Authors and Contributions

A collaboration

Johnston & Murphy

Two varieties of the classic J&M look. The Hertsberg (left) shown with handstamped strap. Shown in 64-66cm Cordovan calfskin, also in black calfskin. About \$67.50.

The Ashken (right) most toe leather with tassel. Shown in brown brushed calfskin, also in smooth black calfskin. About \$67.50.

Johnston & Murphy
Cordovan/J&M
Hertsberg, Tassel, \$67.50

Did you
ever see anybody
who didn't
look great in a
tuxedo?

The one below the After Six
Classic Collection: single
breasted of polyester and wool
with peaked collar, lapel, center
vent and five-button vent.
After Six tuxedo, from \$425.
For the name of a store near you,
write After Six, 610 Market
Street Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

**after
Six**

MADE IN THE U.S.A. BY JOHNSTON & MURPHY, INC.

Esquire

Arnold Gingrich, 1923-1978

Founder of Esquire

Eyes Reddit

1st son

Don Bricker

Editor of Esquire

Intervall Analysis

Art Director

Christopher Smith

Executive Editor

Frankie Smith

Editorial Staff

Charles Smith

Editorial Staff

John Jones, Executive Editor

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

John Jones

Editorial Staff

The LCD: time when you want it...always there, always dependable, always accurate, because it's a quartz digital by Bulova. From left: 82332, 8190, 81301, 8150, 82322, 8190, 82574 for women, 8125. Other LCD styles from \$89.95. Suggested retail. © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



BULOVA

A NAME YOU KNOW ON A WATCH YOU CAN TRUST

QUARTZ DIGITAL

RECORDINGS

The Top Ten, or, the drops of the Series

No area of American culture is so richly started day by day, week by week, month by month, as the record business. Study of researchers, sophisticated consumers, even those guys who are clearly any one of the winners by the first four hits, perpetually monitor the airways and tally the retail-unit figures in a nervous, opportunistic sort of way. Of course, the record business is not a monopoly of Decca and RCA, but the Greek or the Italian nation to the U.S. The results of these surveys and measurements are detailed in the "Albums" column, and in American English, there is not a critical rap spread with soundings but a sounding spread with "bottom" spreading which of the "Hot Hundred" or "Top Single Fifties" is coming up fast in the record world. The continued metaphorical election upon this discussion because record is in not just big but (Columbia) grossed over \$566,666,666 last year and is showing for \$1,996,666,666 in 1987, it is venture capitalism.

A record whose production costs less than a day's shooting as a major motion picture may wind up earning more than all but the most successful motion picture of the same production costs. That is the reason why, as the big Hollywood studios go out of business, the big new record companies—like Casablanca, which acquired the Decca with CBS—are moving in to take over. Looking their head on the water in the hope that one hit, one "monster," will run back in a few dizzy months of money or play and multi-media possibilities enough sales to keep an array of loans, the record companies are currently marketing something like three thousand albums a year. Impressive as that figure is for sheer weight of output, it becomes even more suggestive, say, whenever, when you consider that the whole purpose of launching this barrage of life is to land just a few hits in those coveted slots called the Top Ten.

Any record enough to make the Top Ten is sure to be "shipped gold," i.e., five hundred thousand copies or more will be sent from the manufacturer to the distributor before the album is officially released. If the record hangs in there for a month, it may "go platinum," i.e., sell a million copies, or even "double platinum." One or two million copies of an album



that sells for five dollars is what is technically known as a little money. What is more, there are albums, like the current *Reservoir* by Fleetwood Mac, that sit on the charts for months at a time. Eventually such superstars will have to be commemorated in some metal even more precious than gold or platinum. I'd like to propose platinum.

One week this past summer, as part of my grand design for surveying the current state of recorded music, I surveyed the top ten albums on the charts. Taking my rankings from *Record World*, a trade publication, I discovered that during that particular week the following albums played in the big money: (1) *Reservoir*, Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros.); (2) *I'm in You*, Peter Dinklage (A & M); (3) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M); (4) *Road of Dreams*, The Steve Miller Band (Capitol); (5) *The Crossroads* (Motown); (6) *Love Goes*, Kim Carnes (Capitol); (7) *Little Queens*, Heart (Polygram); (8) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M); (9) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M); (10) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M); (11) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M); (12) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M); (13) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M); (14) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M); (15) *Shore*, Michael Learns to Rock (A&M).

I mean, unless you're a star.

ly, these days as my favorite, my head was still back in the early Seventies, the period when I felt off against record reviewers. At that time the glory days of the Rockers were definitely over, but there was still a lot of vitality on the pop scene. Most of the great English and West Coast groups were still touring out there. Motown had ruled brilliantly after its transition to Hollywood and the new Philadelphia sound was giving pop music something that it always needed: a heart sound with a danceable beat. And even though I had stopped following the action, I did note last year that there was a second wave of good disco music, that Sals had given aggressively in pop culture and that the Decca Sound had taken over where the West Coast had left off, with a plethora of bands and stars rising from the Atlantic Brothers to Don Strain to KC and the Sunshine Band. When I started dropping the cubical, inside into the groove of the Top Ten, I confidently expected that mingled with the usual observation and measurements, I would hear some good music.

To my surprise and dismay, I soon discovered that the current state of the art of pop song can be described at best as detachment. Top pop is being made today by people left over from the good old days or by young followers. It adheres to the old formulae so slavishly that you can go through an album like Steve Miller's (one of the best on the list) and identify the model for every tune and style. In the States, pop was a kind of journalism, pointing its finger at all the most troublesome issues, or a kind of preaching, cooking the highest hits of the industry day. The current pop formulas are neither in problem of hard words that express at most their writers' personal hang-ups. The idea of the sealed album, one of the great contributions of the States, has been lost, precisely as the albums on the charts are today: good music that change their tone with every track. Something it all up, you can say that top pop today is largely sleep, the loss of the States.

As popular music has often been the end music that America has seen as America is the country that has caught the whole modern world how to celebrate itself in song, it is worth

Drawing by Scott Miller

Now you don't have to be born with it.

JÖVAN SEX Appeal™

after shave/cologne
FOR MEN.

Sex Appeal.
Now you don't have to be born with it.
This provocative, stimulating blend of rare spices and herbs was created by man for the sole purpose of attracting woman. At will.

More than the usual...

(CONTINUED ON BACK)

4 FL. OZ. 118 CC. ML.

JÖVAN
SEX
Appeal™

promise in a bottle.
It's more like a guarantee.
Splash it on your face, your neck, your chest. The more you use, the better.
Because it is truly Sex Appeal. (And man can never have too much.)
Sex Appeal by Jovan.
For the first time in the history of the world...
We bottled it.

JÖVAN
SEX
Appeal™

after shave/cologne
FOR MEN.



Introducing Jövan Sex Appeal Aftershave/Cologne for Men.

At Jovan's Best Store, Jovan, Inc., 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611 © 1978, Jovan, Inc.

considered in some detail the failures of this modern batch of Nita. Barbara Steinman, to take a prime example, has always been an angry reader concerned in her civil suit against the publisher that the book was a betrayal of her young lady's small and sensitive faithfulness. Reviewed *Sophomore* employs its opportunistic theme for nothing more interesting than some catty cover photos showing Barbara as a comely Afro-Asian beauty and a jowly, slightly fat white woman. The *Sophomore* blurb that reveals half her reason, Steinman's rather pathetic effort to impose herself on popular consciousness as an art spunked in one thing; the betrayal of her very considerable talent as the last great example of the old-fashioned show-biz technique of self-promotion.

[illegible]

Another show-biz performer—but of a hopelessly vulgar and untalented variety—is Barry Mandrow, whose live album is a Las Vegas showroom act performed before a New York audience. Mandrow's ugly nasal voice, his hawking manner with the audience, his mechanical spouting of supposedly heartfelt and insightful lyrics, combine to produce a nauseating effect.

The only entertaining moment in the double album is a medley of commercials, most of them driven by bad puns in writing. If you're the type that wants to lay out eight or ten bucks to hear a soulless pop singer rattle off "Join the Pepsi people" or "Get away to McDonald's," this is the album for you.

[illegible]

The one cool social album on the list, *For Coneybeavers*, handily bears down as the best. Every track is set to a tight, computerized beat that sounds like anamorphic-looking a-froze. The shyness guitar sounds like amplified cherry champagne, the strings flow like a warm blanket. It's a little bit like *Smile*. The whole album is so monotonously uniform that when the group belted, *It's a Party Situation*, comes on, you realize you've been marking time through the whole album, waiting till the group finally gets it together. Waiting, that is, for a silly little street chant that repeats endlessly: "It's a party! It's a party! It's a party!" (The song itself is a funkier, more "groovy" take on the same theme.)

or should I just refrain?"—Peter Frampton, the Deacon of his generation. The essence of an album is conveyed in the cover photo, which could have been snapped ten years ago, when boys with long, curly hair, pleasant facial features, tight-fitting, crumpled trousers and ice-cream-patchwork blouses designed to hang open so as to expose a flat, nearly hairless chest were all the rage. The faded image informs the music, which is sung in a voice that is softened after Bruce Woodson's Londoner

later's talents, Frumpton sounds like Winwood stuck in traffic. The title song, I'm on You (which, merited to say, has nothing to do with anything as gross as sex, being a wonderfully cynical, Eastern kind of thing), drowns along, a monotonous chest song is dumb churchy pants and a plodding, pillow-pounding beat. Compared with the staff, Demovax was a genius and the true avatar of Shaka Moke.

[illegible]

Valentine's Black-and-bede. (What the hell! All breeds are the same, isn't they?) The "boys" look as though they'd snipped out of the exotic diagrams of a machoist in a leather-baggy black boots with platinum sides (or, better, ruffled of gold, long, and black). They're wearing a black and red exotico-baggy, white padded vinyl capes and priors; crimson bandoleros and gunnys and steel theory on the steel all over them, in patterned snuff and rivets, in looped chains and shivers—Wow, you might say, as costume jewelry.

When you see open
 how they're
 you man-bede
 the world beyond and

hater and enchanter. You get (1) a cation "love gun" with a paper roll of smoke-proofed band; (2) a Super offering a whole line of neat "groovy" smoking posters, programs, belt buckles, T-shirts and the Kink logo on a chain that may be worn as a necklace or around your ankle as a shave bracelet. Kink is not just a rock band—it's a way of life.

When you finally get the roomed out of the above, which is blessed with the band's name in fat, filthy letters of blood, you step into a familiar world of pounding two-tones, screaming electric guitars, Roto-Koeter bass-

C

Tests con

Me

New Standard

Tests confirm low tar MERIT delivers flavor of higher tar cigarettes.

There is a way to get real taste from a cigarette without high tar.
Technology created it.
Taste tests proved it.
Smokers are confirming it. In fact, 75% of all MERIT smokers are former
high tar cigarette smokers—the toughest taste critics of low tar smoking.
MERIT—the cigarette packed with "Enriched Flavor Tobacco"—seems to
be solving the smoker's dilemma of having to choose between high tar or low tar.
If you smoke, you'll be interested.

Tests Prove Taste
MERIT and MERIT 100s were both tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes. The results proved conclusively that "Enriched Flavor" tobacco does boost taste without the usual increase in tar.
Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100s as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.
Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!
Only one cigarette has "Enriched Flavor" tobacco.
And you can taste it.

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 117–124

Kings & eq. 14.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec 79. 100's 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

and adroit vocal slanting words of adolescent sexual frenzy. Bad to me, years of acoustic overkill have now moved not only our ears but our souls to the particular type of amoral and battery. All this kind of music is good for today is acting the steps for wrong better songs, like the kind patronized by Alex Cooper. I hear there's some guys as great show. They are probably the first rock band in history to work in music—music that made them look like man-on-a-cup!

Another topographer favorite is Heart, whose sounds resemble the Jefferson Airplane in its formative phase, with a penetrating emotion voice shouting through the uproar of the band's "Barbareda." That was the first time I ever listened with me. Why are everybody into man-eating fish, Dostoyevsky?

For those who are tired of frenzy and want to sit out, I can recommend the new Crosby, Stills and Nash album. The harmonies there have nothing left at this point in their collective career but their patented ravelled harmony, a product as bland, nothing and wholesome as frozen yogurt. You could bottle the smell and label it, just as this album was labeled, CSN. Sipping CSN for forty-five minutes straight is a rather tedious experience, to be sure. It's like lying in the back of a boat that is drifting lazily. Occasionally you hit a little snag, when one of the boys tries to carry the tune alone or sustain himself with his very limited instrumental skills like many household products. CSN is a vessel where its carefully blended ingredients separate.

The only two albums on the Top Ten that I could love seriously were those by Fleetwood Mac and Steve Miller. Both are interesting primarily for what they reveal about the effort to keep alive the pop-song tradition of the former Steve Miller's strategy is to do all the old things over again with ingredients of irony, technique and production. There isn't a track on this album that isn't well composed, sung, played and recorded. On one level it is that rare thing: a flawless album. Yet, by the time today, it is a rather thin and bloodless achievement. Now you help examining each of these songs and discovering, like a skeleton inside it or an arm around it, the shifty outline of its producer. The album's lead-off number and hit tune, "Threshold," for example, suggests Credence Clearwater (its originality consists simply of the suggestion that its protagonist may be that important underground hero of the present day, the deep-sea diver—a character already exploited by Jimmy Buffet); Joseph Love sounds like John Lennon shouting through a tyroed Beatles' mirror; the underwater death march of "Work upon a Night" might be a number by The Blue Genies; and so on throughout the album.

The only innovative touch is the surprisingly successful use of electronic sounds to link the songs. These cool, spicy and ribonous (not musical, by shape) industrial-process sounds make perfect beds for the earthy blues-based songs that they connect. Yet even this pattern of the shifty, rock music country sound emerging from

the futuristic world of the machine has been nothing more—for example, by the virtue of the jet plane that escape is to cut out the Beatles' album. "Back in the U.S.S.R." The point here is not that there is anything wrong with refuting what has been done before, the issue is, rather, whether the pop music doesn't soon go out when it is not being constantly revitalized by fresh blood. After all, nothing that we call modern in pop music is anything more than an update of earlier material; what you really want is a rebirth, you don't want to live up with anything that makes to your bones or your brain.

Far and away the most interesting album on the list, the only album that can really bear comparison with the best music of the past decade, is Rumours by Fleetwood Mac. You will seek in vain for the meaning of the title in the words or music of the songs; the rumour here to do with the relations between the male and female members of the band and with the fate of the group as a whole. Once possessed of this key, you will notice that particularly all the songs deal with the theme of love affairs dissolving and generally express an attitude of more or less resigned acceptance. Though fans of the group find all this gossipy stuff as interesting as the one obviously defined question of whether Paul McCartney was dead, all that will interest the general listener is the music itself, which is an exceptionally fine and finished product.

Like The Band, which evoked a remarkable capacity for evoking the musical and hence the spiritual atmosphere of early-auxiliary-century America, Fleetwood Mac has the amazing ability to compose and perform pieces that sound like forgotten strains of ancient, mysterious music, long buried in the remote valleys of the Appalachians. The strange poetry of the lyrics seems—so different from and superior to that dead-end modern product, country music—is not easy to suggest or assess. Having grown up close to the world of the hillbillies myself, down in the southwest corner of Pennsylvania near the West Virginia border, I have always suffered from a kind of aphasia when it comes to this particular idiom. I don't pretend to be a judge of it, but Fleetwood Mac's appropriation of the musical language did impress me as being the most convincing and delightful I have ever heard. Their instinct for the banal, lowest vocal sounds, the lean, stony plangency of guitars and, most of all, the way they get inside the style instead of manipulating it opportunistically from without—all this makes listening to the album not just a pleasure but a revelation. **B**

Experience sophisticated sport. For the highways of your mind. Oldsmobile Cutlass Calais 78.

Imagine being at the controls of a new Oldsmobile Cutlass Calais.



You're surrounded by the look and feel of a great machine—in the elegant, sport new style. Reclining bucket seats. Sport steering wheel. A new suspension designed for the road. An ever-living V-6 engine. Even an available 5-speed transmission. [3-speed not available in California.]

Imagine a spacious interior that offers more headroom and legroom than last year's Cutlass Coupe. Scan the instrument panel. Tach. Oil pressure gauge. Engine temperature gauge. All within easy viewing.

Set the Calais in motion.

Experience its maneuverability in city traffic. Feel how the front and rear stabilizer bars help hold your Calais firm through tight turns and winding roads.

Take on any highway you've ever dreamed of your only limit is your imagination.

Because the Oldsmobile Cutlass Calais is an enthusiast's car, built not only for the highways of the world.

But for the highways of your mind.

Experience Cutlass Calais in a test drive at your Olds dealer's now.

We'll discover that great Calais feeling.

Note: The Cutlass Calais is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. [See your dealer for details.]



THE FURNITURE MOVER

She looked so sure of love, she arranged—a pair of hand-rubbed furniture con-jureths in an atmosphere of overcast rays, not stars and dark board desks he couldn't name. He took time off from moving desks to tell her. Fish what other passion could he move that attempts, hand-rubbed stranger with her such of grooves balanced against her skin?

Later he saw the rock upon to find only common things. A few Kean shampoos, a wedge of cheese, hamburger and assorted cans. His dream had left upon.

And when this dream had dragged her to the floor, forced back her sweater with hating, found her voice with cotton tied in coils in her skin?

What price did he dream his body contained when he opened it overfully on a canvas?

No photograph hit all the moving papers: "Hard furniture for fourteen years and never broke a thing," he told reporters.

—LEONARD PINDER



Oldsmobile
Cutlass Calais 78.
Can we do more for you?



THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Your hour's up

As a coauthor of *How To Be Your Own Best Friend*, I can take in stride the suggestion that the book is a case of uplifting cliché (*Cosmopolitan*, August). I am satisfied that enough people have received from it a far more profound and complex message. The point of learning to love yourself is not to wallow in narcissism but precisely to transcend the narcissistic self-occupation of narcissists to make a loving, fruitful connection with the world.

I am disturbed by the impression given that Mildred and Bernice do nothing but offer love, counsel and support. I have often heard Mildred say, "People are so often hard on themselves when they should be easy and easy when they should be hard."

The title of the equation that is missing in the long, hard analytic digging they do with patients—as I know from several friends (not famous) who are or were their patients. As well as offering dramatic insights and techniques, the two women, Mildred and Bernice, are also, in a sense, waiting for pain at the end of each task of listening to people and getting to the analytic root of their problems.

And while her therapeutic approach is unquestionably unorthodox, there are many variations of opinion as to the use and value of what may be called "corrective emotional experience," the attempt to fill the gaps in the patient's emotional development. When one of my instructors (I am now in analytic training, largely as a result of Mildred Newman's encouragement) described her approach to a different case, I commented, "You mean you were feeding her?" Oh, I hate that word, "feeding," but that's what it was. Feeding is part of what Mildred and Bernice do, but they do much, much more than this.

Jack Owen
New York, N.Y.

Ms. Edmiston states that "the Berkovitses called the company they established to publish the book Lark." Lark was not owned by—or in any way connected with—the authors of *How To Be Your Own Best Friend*. I was the sole stockholder and publisher....

But the most interesting part of my story is that I did in fact offer the

paperback rights to most of the mainstream paperback publishers at an advance of only \$2,000 and the standard royalty arrangement. All rejected the title. It finally sold for \$65,000... well, that's publishing.

Gerald Rabinaky
Center Publishing Company
New York, N.Y.

I have read Susan Edmiston's long article on Bernard Berkovits and Mildred Newman. I am fascinated that somewhere in the thousands of words she wrote questioning their ethics as psychoanalysts did Ms. Edmiston mention that she consulted them both, as a patient, on two occasions several years ago.

Nora Ephron
New York, N.Y.

SUSAN EDMISTON WRITES: True, I had two exploratory consultations with the Berkovitses in 1973. On neither occasion did I decide to become a patient. Nor was either experience negatively compelling or compelling to leave me with any particular attitude toward the Berkovitses. My view of them was only to emerge rather late in the research for this piece. Throughout this research, I had access to two kinds of information: what I knew as a reporter and what I knew as a private citizen. I decided to deal consistently with the Berkovitses from a reporter's stance, and to reserve of course, rather than to write a personal piece.

Natal Natal Natal

It is sad that Nora Ephron is no longer writing *Esquire's* Media column; it is encouraging, though, to see her at work on other things. *Andreas* (or *Gore* [September]) was one of the finest, most well-researched stories I have read in *Esquire*—or anywhere else.

John Smal
Washington, D.C.

I can't understand why people think John Silber has such a bad rap. Heck, I remember that toward the end of his philosophy course at the University of Texas in 1968, he threw a big party for all of us in the class—had Mexican food catered and everything. For entertainment, Silber and Aronowitz and some of their lucky huddles acted out an Aristophanes play. Right,

John even opened a bottle of beer for my old roomie Hanson.

I don't care what some folks say, he's just all right with me.

Fannie Frosen Jr.
Austin, Tex.

They all look alike

John Simon identified Gore Vidal as a descendant of Senator Gore back Tennessee (*The Language*, The Good and Bad of Gore Vidal, August). Vidal is the grandson of Senator Gore from Oklahoma, who died in 1889. Incidentally, the late Senator's daughter Nina was at one time married to Hugh Auchincloss, Jackie Onassis' late stepfather.

Joelle Balch
Falls Church, Va.

D.J. leaves AM

Who said FM is the preferred signal source for tuning off the air (*Tuning Off the Air*, August)? AM is capable of doing all that FM is. Both signals are equal. The receiver, not the transmitters, are at fault. If AM were continuously beset with static, as the author thinks, no one would be listening. Arbriton and Pulse Inc., both radio-station measurement studios, show differently.

Jim Roberts
WTWO Radio
Chicago, N.Y.

HUGH FARNER WRITES: Theoretically, it is possible to transmit an AM signal of adequate audio bandwidth and dynamic range. In practice, the majority of AM stations deliberately degrade the fidelity of their signal so as to save some money here and there. As long as the station prevails, most AM radio stations can't be regarded as high-fidelity signal sources. Admittedly, similar forms of engineering misapplied can be found on the FM band. But thanks to the greater available RF bandwidth, they are usually less extreme. Besides, as Mr. Roberts observes, most AM receivers would be incapable of doing justice to a good signal even if it were transmitted.

Silencers are golden

Your article *A Significant Little Gun* (August) contains a couple of fabrications that warrant correction.

Look at them. They're so handsome, it's almost a shame to hide them in a pocket. They're designed with jeweled-lever movements, the dependability you expect of Bulova, and the prices you expect of Caravelle. Center: 42501, \$49.95. Clockwise from top left: 42502, \$54.95; 42500, \$39.95; 42503, \$59.95; 41209, \$34.95. Suggested retail © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



BULOVA

A NAME YOU KNOW ON A WATCH YOU CAN TRUST

CARAVELLE

How to invest for more opportunity—less risk



If you want to try to achieve better investment results—and have a firmer sense of direction and control over your decisions—read for this exclusive Merrill Lynch "Guide To Better Investing."

The 20-page Guide has 13 informative sections. Each on a different subject. For example:

- #1: How to control risk.
- #2: How to invest as little as \$1,000 in funds.
- #3: How stocks perform compared to other securities.
- #4: How to invest in varying classes.
- #5: How to find out if your investments suit your objectives.

The Guide is filled with useful information and strategies.

Mail or call today for FREE copy

Write: Merrill Lynch Investor Center
P.O. Box 700, Newark, New Jersey 07101
Or call toll-free: 1-800-243-5000
In Connecticut: 1-800-842-5577
Yes, please send me a FREE copy of
Merrill Lynch Investor Center
"Guide To Better Investing."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
E-mail/Phone _____
Merrill Lynch customers, please give name
and office address of Account Executive.



PF1130-0211

**Merrill Lynch
Pierce
Fenner & Smith Inc.**

Copyright 1991 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc.
All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America.

"Nitch advisor Stewart Mott" implies that Wall Street personally suffered my investment in his wisdom. I've never met him, talked with him by phone or had any correspondence with him. The first time I ever saw an M-10 was on page 71 of your August issue. During the late 80s and in 1991, I made a variety of investments in small, privately held companies on the advice of the investment advisory firm Stevenson Robert McCredie Inc., with which Scott Reeves was at one time or another associated. The Quantum investment was introduced to me initially as "Environmental Industries." The promoters touted a sound-recording device that would have applications for lawn mowers, water hoses, golf courses, steamboats—and weapons. The notion of investing in military armaments was distasteful to me, but the other applications also held promise. My doubts as it was up in the air when I left the U.S. for a trip to Moscow in March, 1991. It's ironic that I was there to negotiate a U.S.-U.S.S.R. agreement sponsored by the Fund for Peace, when, in a telephone conversation with my investment adviser in New York, I was pressed to reach a decision. On the spot, I agreed to make the investment, but I pledged that any profits therefrom would be applied to philanthropic support either for handgun control or supplies of military aid overseas.

Stewart Mott
New York, N.Y.

ANDREW ST. GEORGE REPEATS: The moral point of my story, as it were, was simply that Mr. Mott was persuaded to provide U.S. police departments with smacking paraphernalia *freeware*—not a levered Mr. Mott has been known to come down in public. It is not in my facts that I spent thousands. I fear, but in sheer writing ability, Mr. Mott's projection of his machine gun's assumed role in rendering superior gracefulness of jackknives and their subsequent display come to mind. I have never been able to equal. As for the final tableau of his letter, set in Moscow where Mr. Mott negotiates a U.S. street price discount, while negotiating on the phone with his investment firm, some sense money into machine guns... just no, Mr. Mott, just no.

CORRECTION: Two photographs illustrating A Significant Little Guy by Andrew St. George were incorrectly captioned. In the upper right photo on page 76, Mariachi Cosella is not holding an M-10 but a Tin snare drum. The caption for the lower left photo on the same page identifies the man with the gun as "Bomber Reeves III"... investment banker.... The

man depicted in the photograph is actually Reeves' father, Romeo Reeves Jr., who has no business interest in the August M-10 and M-11.

The envelope, please

America's *Wicker Man's* Up, *Who's Dead?* (August) causes one to reflect upon which of the literary lights who closed judgments might be measured against the same standard.

To wit, Willie Morris, who, on the strength of a sophisticated satirist's parody (North Texas' *Howl*) and a brief stint at *Harper's*, was elevated to the rank of major critic and commentator, particularly on matters southern. In fact, he is one of the most overrated men of letters to come out of the South since Stark Young. On the other hand, Wendell Willkie (whose comments reveal that he is onto the game) is seldom appreciated for his ability to surprise the wheat from the chaff. Like John Leonard of The New York Times, Wendell came his work seriously but refused to take himself seriously, a refreshing thing in a critic.

Red Huey
New Orleans, La.

Re Jeremy Bernstein's selection of the most overrated American writers: He chooses Hemingway and then adds, "The *Senses of Man*... has not, I feel, more courts—including myself—off to Kenya and Kilimanjaro than any other piece of writing."

So what other short story has lately lost out halfway around the world?

Bette J. Radwin
Barnstable, Fla.

Today, a friend pointed out a little spot in *Esquire* by Dr. John Kenneth Galbraith concerning my late writing. Thomas Wolfe. Galbraith suggested that Tom was all but gone from the reading of America. As one of the best to the state, I am sure Dr. Galbraith that Thomas Wolfe is still being read. After all of these years, one gets a little tired of watching the face of this world nibble away at the human.

R. Beta Wolfe
Louisville, Ky.

May I submit my two unutilized choices for contemporary greats? Tom Robbins, for his remarkably clever *Audacious Bookish* *Autobiography*, and Frederick Boly, for *A Fox's Note* and *Pages from a Cold Island*.

Phil Smith
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Esquire wants to hear from you. Let us should be mailed before the 15th of the month. The *Send* and the *Fury*, *Esquire*, the *Madison Avenue*, New York, New York 10022

'TIS THE SEASON TO PLOP PLOP FIZZ FIZZ FAST FAST



ALKA-SELTZER

Alka-Seltzer for upset stomachs with headache the plop plop fizz fizz is fast fast. Read the label, use only as directed. **AA** Miles Laboratories, Inc. © 1991

WINE

The best of the whites

"Glam of white wine, please." The phrase, about as far from its Russian relative, seems to have become the latest national pastime to a passion that is supposed to refresh. On a recent trip with a reformed young editor—reformed from the Jewish and soda habit—who never varied her white wine order, in airport lounges, on planes, at middaying breakfasts, before dinner and as a midnight soother, I took the liberty of tapping the distasteful taste from each glass. The normal quality, with some changing exceptions, was about equal to that of ninety-nine-out-of-a-hundred wines, which are available at their original



Russian varieties (before shipping costs, import duties and markups) at about thirty cents a bottle. Since the price charged in the average U.S. bar is seventy-five cents a glass, there would seem to be some slight room for improvement in the value offered. But my editor friend didn't seem to care. The medium wine was "lighter" than the whiskey that she had given up, and the whole point of ordering at the bar was that no "flair" was to be made.

I think that the white-wine explosion is a real matter of self-interest that we're giving up too much to avoid. My friends among retail-store owners tell me that most customers will take a bit of more coloring red wine, but when it comes to whites they tend to say, "Oh, just an ordinary white, nothing expensive." They look around for the cheapest bottle they can find, hardly bothering with any careful checking of labels. Come to think of it, we are all guilty of selling white wines short. When there is something to talk about white and about great

wines we have treated, the discussion is always of reds. The great vintages of the century (1961, 1966, 1949, 1945, 1917, 1929 . . .) are all measured in terms of reds. Yet there are very great white wines, and if we do not recognize and taste them, if we simply regard them only as ordinary three-quarterers, we are missing some of the greatest sensory experiences to be had from wine.

A few months ago, I was in the almost out-of-the-way cellar of the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti in Burgundy with the admirable cellar master André Nohet. Moving along the rows of bottles of supreme reds—the 1845 Les Tche, the 1848 Les

wins of 48 points out of 50*, which makes it virtually the greatest white wine I have ever tasted and places it above most of the greatest of the reds of the last hundred years.

Between this tour de force and that plain glass of white there are thousands, if not tens of thousands, of good to great white wines. Before you become tired of the plain glass, let us briefly review the pleasures you might be missing, as I found them on two recent sailing trips, to California and France.

For several years, heavy publicity has worked around Monterey County (which is quite a way south of the traditional vineyard area near San Francisco) as the new frontier of pristine California wines, and new vineyards have been sprouting along the Salinas Valley faster than wild mushrooms after spring rain. But one Monterey vineyard has been there, virtually unpublicized, for almost a hundred years, on the highest slopes of Mount Chabon, in the remote and wild Gabilan range. This particular piece of land was discovered for the planting of the vine by a Frenchman who was convinced that the unique combination of cliffs and limestone soil here was the nearest thing to could find in California to the earthy style of Burgundy. Successive owners of the Chabon vineyard first sold the grapes to various wineries and then, later, made barrel wines to be sold to wine makers around Santa Clara.

Finally, hardly more than ten years ago, three brothers, Dick, John and Peter Gird, took over Chabon with the determination and the know-how to make and bottle under their Chabon label some great white wines. They success, as many aficionados already know, has been so dramatic that as soon as I reached San Francisco, I decided to climb the mountain and question the accolades of Chabon.

About three hours north of San Francisco, the road through Salinas begins climbing into the wilderness of ponderosa chaparral hills. From a way to wet bushes and brushwood the road becomes a dirt track. The signs are odd-shaped bits of plywood,

Last year, Technics gave you everything you wanted in direct drive. This year we're giving you less.

Introducing three new Technics turntables: The SL-1600 automatic, the SL-1700 semi-automatic and the SL-1800 manual. All with the Technics direct-drive system. The system FM stations are and direct drive. And all with performance specs even better than last year's.

Less Acoustic Feedback.

This year we did more to give you less acoustic feedback. With Technics double-isolated suspension system. A floating system that not only damps out external vibrations at the base but also from the platter and tonearm. Combined with our new sensitive gimbal-suspension tonearm, it dramatically reduces feedback. Even at high music levels.

Less Wow & Flutter.

Amplified, even the smallest fluctuations in platter speed can be your biggest problem. So this year with a B-G speed stabilizer built into our 32k element

one-chip IC, you get infinitesimal wow and flutter equal to Technics professional level. An incredible 0.05% WRMS.

Less Rumble.

The less noise your turntable makes, the more music you hear. That's why professionals loved Technics last year. This year, we're even more lovable, because there's even less rumble, -73 dB (DIN B) to be exact.

For Less Money.

Even with features like oil-damped curing, A computer-analyzed S-shaped universal tonearm with anti-skirt control, rich controls variable by 90°, and detachable dust cover, Technics turntables cost less this year than last.

Technics. We're giving you less. And that means you're getting more.

Technics
by Panasonic



*The only comparison we could find for the quality of the sound of a white wine (Salinas) was the 1945 vintage of Chabon. (The 1945 vintage of Chabon was sold for \$100.00 per bottle. The 1945 vintage of Chabon was sold for \$100.00 per bottle.)

mostly blown around so that they point in the wrong direction. By look, you find at last the ruins of vines in the clearing now. If grapes must suffer to make great wine, they have a plenitude of adversity here in the wind, sparse soil and the unshaded heat. The winery is a group of fairly new, descript concrete buildings, the living quarters are camp-style cabins.

The Griffr brothers have almost obsessive vines here. All water is carried up in a tank truck from the Salinas Valley. There is no telephone. Dick said: "My brothers and I like this life, first, because it is a remote and wild place, but also because it is so varied. We are not only wine makers, but also barrel makers, bottlers, cement masons, machinists, mechanics, plumbers, carpenters, lawyers of mood and character of vines." These young men represent a new generation of California wine makers motivated by an aesthetic passion, which was dramatized by the first vintage. A 1975 Chateau Chandon's a Pinot Blanc, a 1975 Pinot Blanc, a Great 44, a 1975 Chardonnay, a Superbly Great 45. Each was the best California of its type I had ever tasted.

We sat down to a lunch of a magnificent whole salmon caught a few hours before in Monterey Bay. With it, I was offered an extraordinary blind comparative tasting. A 1975 Chateau Chandon was poured alongside a Burgundian 1975 Bittard-Montrachet of the Domaine Leflaive,

and a 1969 Chateau Chandon, beside a 1969 Corton-Charlemagne of Louis Latour. It was a mini-battle of giants, and the key to its interest was the fact that the vintage of each pair were the same. I confess that I knew within a few months which were the Burgundians. The Californians were at once big and brash, with magnificent balance and self-assurance. The Burgundians were lighter, slighter, less assertive, more distant, but after a few sips they, too, began to show that they had just as much balance and beauty of bouquet, complexity and taste. Judging these four great wines became one of the most difficult tasks I've ever had.

All four had the superb aromatic quality of the "smoke of oak" from being aged in Burgundian-made Limousin oak barrels (which the Griffr brothers bring from Burgundy to Chateau). Some California producers overdo the oak. I think the Griffrs have hit the balance almost dead right. Yet the two Californians were truly American in style, that is, actually less than any traditional character, produced to the personal pleasure and taste of their makers. By comparison, the French wines seemed, in a way, regressed by the traditions and typifying of the conventionalism from which they came. As a last step, I compared the wines point by point on color, bouquet, taste, and sugar balance, body and structure, maturity and so on. My final scores: the 1975

Chateau, Great 44; 1975 Bittard-Montrachet, Great 44; 1969 Chateau Chandon, Great 44; 1969 Corton-Charlemagne, Noble 45.

During the next few days my taste buds determined that the excellence of Chateau is by no means unique. With almost every grape variety and wine type, California is now challenging the world. The sensitive Gewürztraminer grapes was once found at its best only in Alsace. Now its vines are thriving along the damp, foggy banks of the Russian River in Sonoma, where, at the Best winery, the 1975 vintage is prospective 48. I tasted an equally good 1975 Gewürztraminer (48) with a magnificent 1975 white Riesling (45) and a quite wonderful 1976 Pinot Chardonnay (44) when I dined with Fred McFies at his superb biodynamic vineyard in the Napa Valley. It was to be the last time with Fred. That great Californian wine master died peacefully in his sleep a few weeks later. His wife, Eleanor, is carrying on the legacy well again. I moved on to a multiplicity of Pinot Chardonnay tastings that proved beyond doubt that 1975 was a truly great white-wine year in California. Among the top 1974 Chardonnays were at Los Berrys (45), Chateau Montelena (45), Fessenden Abbey (44), Mayacamas (40), Spring Mountain (40), Robert Mondavi (39).

The overriding impression one brings back from France is that for too many vintners, there are spending far too much time trying to imitate California. The testing and discussion of the white Californians goes on all the time. In several other vintages, American-style low-temperature, slow-fermentation equipment is being installed. The idea is, of course, that if the French can consistently export to the U.S. wines that have the bright fruitiness and the refreshing punch of ours, they may be able to recapture some part of the enormous American market. To me, this seems a sadly regrettable point of view. So many regions of France have lovely and unique wines, wines born out of a local climate and soil, wines created out of local techniques of production, wines that have an inimitable character and personality. This is the richness and strength of the French vineyards, and it will be a shame if their elevator is lost. It was on these uniquely French wines that I concentrated my tasting. *Revisited*—In modern times, Bordeaux has been unlucky with its whites. In the luxury era of the Victorians and the Edwardians—the *Centenary*, *Demosthenes*—the white Graves was the accepted wine with the fish at dinner, and white Burgundy was almost unknown. But then Cal-

Never buy a Bordeaux by the bottle.
Buy a great, velvety Bordeaux by the label.



The B&G label.

B&G, 250 years of winemaking history from all the great wine regions of France: Bordeaux, the Loire Valley, Beaujolais, Côte de Rhône and Burgundy. Now B&G brings you Pinet-Latour, a great velvety wine from Bordeaux.

Superb. But affordable.

Just buy it by the label. **B&G.**

Letters of recommendation from France.

APPROVED BY BUREAU OF PRODUCTIVITY, NOT VINEYARD PRODUCTION, APPROVED BY THE FARM.

YOU CAN SEND THIS BRAND AS A GIFT. SEE PAGES 144 AND 145.

A MURDER OF WEST TULSA AND LONG BEACH

My Uncle Henry

sports his last service day
in the long beach of Long Beach,
picking up trash,
smoking from the night before,
here once

And his woman next more and more divided
as they find out their life
in the tender past,
where she cleaned the toilets
and changed the light bulbs,
she didn't love, I know it,
more beautiful than Helen of Troy—
I don't think of these but sighs

in West Tulsa

when he must have been the luckiest
man in the world

just to be the first to be,
kind enough to be loved
or making the first she'd let down.
So far inland, and yet that was where
I first heard the heavy sighs of the sea
and the rolling joy of infinite possibility.

—DORIS EAT

less changed and Bordeaux Graves were thought to be too soft and sweet, some not enough to give the wine refreshment. Now, with new production techniques, Bordeaux is staging a comeback. The secret is the brilliant blending of two grapes, the Sauvignon Blanc, like the juicy, fleshy white-meat, and the Sémillon, which provides, after some aging, an aromatic interest, a spicy complexity. Two vineyards in the Graves produce this wine to perfection and their names should be on every wine lover's white priority list: Château Latour-Bordeaux (the 1973 is a projected 40) and Domaine de Chevalier, recently at 30 (warning: the latter also produces a red, expensive wine). At the lower end of the white 1975: Château Loudenne in the Médoc (35) and a new blend of Graves wines and some from other parts of Bordeaux called La Côte Pavillon Blanc (31), newly arrived in U.S. stores. This is a blend, drawn from long sources of tasting, including the 1973's of Château Oliviers (37), Carbonneau (33) and Contin (33); the others did not meet my requirements based on my knowledge of what we have on the U.S. market.

Burgundy: The dry whites are better than they have ever been, improved by more careful harvesting, more efficient vinification. The range of qualities and values is extraordinary. You cannot claim to know dry white wine until you have explored the Burgundian loop from its highest to its lowest levels. At the top of the supreme hill of the golden slopes is the always great Le Montrachet. Just below it are the vines of the Chevalier Montrachet, of which the most elegant part, tasting faintly of lemons, is "Les Dommées" (the 1975 of Jadot rates 43). Still lower down the hill, the Blaud-Montrachet (the 1975 of Leroy, 39) makes up, with the famous Gervais Chalmerey, the supreme quartet of Burgundian whites. (I also tasted the still unharvested 1976 Cortes-Chalmerey of Renee de la Motte, a prospective 44.)

Below the Joe Garcia come the first Gravells. There are so many to choose from that I have to play my favorite: the 1974 Clos Blanc de Vougeot, a prospective 36; in Dezize, the 1974 Clos des Hautes, a prospective 30; in Moreuil, particularly the 1975's of the "Charmes" of Leroy at 44, the "Furieux" of Jadot at 40, the "Gervais" of Hosten-Magnon at 34, the "Sauternes" of the Marquis d'Angerville at 37; in Puligny, the 1974 "Les Comtes" of Jadot, still unharvested, at a prospective 38.

When we come to the large-scale Burgundian whites, I feel compelled to tipple past Chablis and Pouilly-

Fumé, two wines that, like Corderie, have had their heads turned by being sales to the prime's bell. Now the multitude of their American admirers is prepared to pay absolutely any price for them, they are now entirely beyond the reach of my wallet. Certainly, the poor quality of some Grand Cruvill and First Growth Chablis makes them more or less worthy of their great prices, but the same cannot be said of any Pouilly-Fumé. It is nothing more than a light, single, refreshing little wine, and the pretentious ones it has drawn around itself is absurd. For this kind of light refreshment, I prefer to turn to the excellent, crisp, young whites of the district of Beaujolais (in which the French wine authorities have now legally established an alternative to Pouilly-Fumé), or to Bourgogne Blanc, or to Bourgogne Blanc.

Finally, there are the occasionally successful basic whites of Burgundy from the southern district of the Maconnais, where the universal grape is the Pinot Chalmerey and the wines may be called Maconn Blanc or

Maconn Blanc-Village of the grapes come only from certain highly defined villages of superior reputation, or the label title may include the heightened name of one particular village. I found three attractive examples in the 1974: Maconn Blanc-Lugny "Les Charmes" (33), the 1974 Maconn Blanc-Village of Jadot (33) and the 1974 Maconn Blanc-Pinot Chalmerey of Latour (38).

So what price the glass of white? When I mentioned here and told my friendly neighborhood barman about my white-tasting adventures, he said, "Now I guess you're going to give me a hard time about my bar glass of white wine." My barman is benevolent, but he knows the game as it is played in most bars across the country. My proposal is a simple change in the rules: instead of serving the cheapest possible wine at the highest possible price, wouldn't it be lovely if bars everywhere could offer a choice of better white wine—perhaps five of two or three different types, to suit personal tastes—by the glass, at a range of fair and reasonable

WHERE TO FIND THEM

Some of the wines mentioned are widely distributed; the availability of others is more limited and it sometimes takes a determined effort to find them in the stores. You can get information on California wines by calling the Wine Institute in San Francisco (415-396-0871), which represents almost all California wineries. Good retail wine shops in major cities do carry a fair selection of the finer wines of both California and Europe. Here is a list of some of these stores.

Barry-Johnson
679 Madison Avenue
New York City 10021

Louis-Lohry
1215 Madison Avenue
New York City 10028

Morrell & Co.
307 East 54th Street
New York City 10022

"62"
379 Columbus Avenue
New York City 10023

Gourmet Liquor Shop
1114 Madison Avenue
New York City 10028

Forest Hills Liquor Corp.
135-49 Queens Boulevard
Forest Hills, New York 11375

The Chicago Wine Company
609 West Oakdale
Chicago, Illinois 60607

Sandberg Wine Cellar
1626 North Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois 60610

Barry Hoffman
413 8th Street
Denver, Colorado 80202

A. & A.
3621 North Haskell Street
Dallas, Texas 75244

Richard's
2124 South Shepherd
Houston, Texas 77029

Otto's Delicatessen
4158 S.E. Woodstock Boulevard
Portland, Oregon 97202

Village Cellars
c/o Olympic Hotel, 6th and Second
Seattle, Washington 98101

Martin's Wine Cellar
P.O. Box 14106
San Antonio, Louisiana 70113

Wolker
111 Market Street
San Francisco, California 94104

Wally's Wines
30831 West Foothill
Los Angeles, California 90064

The new Zenith Mini-Wedge. It'll change your mind about how much a good stereo should cost.

Sound this good hasn't any business going around with a price tag this small.

Part of the Mini-Wedge secret is the Zenith Allegro tuned-port speaker design. It lets out rich bass sounds—the kind other types of speakers can trap inside.

In fact, Allegro speakers work so efficiently that comparable-size air suspension designs need fully twice the amplifier power to equal Zenith's overall sound performance.

But there's more to great sound than great speakers. Mini-Wedge models give you a solid-state amplifier for cool, reliable operation. A Hi Filter to reduce noise and distortion on older records and tapes, or

weak AM/FM stations. A ceramic cartridge with diamond and sapphire stylus. An AM/FM Stereo FM Tuner-Amplifier. Your choice of cassette or 8-track tape player/recorder with Automatic Level Control, pause and fast-forward controls. And a lot more.

In short, the new Zenith

Mini-Wedge is a lot more than you'd expect if you heard the price.

So come in to a Zenith dealer soon and hear the price. Then hear the splendid Mini-Wedge sound.

ZENITH Allegro
The quality goes in before the name goes on.



Shown: The Mini-Wedge, Model ZB-207E, with Allegro 10000 speakers. Illuminated wood cabinet with oak veneal-grain finish.



Somebody's wearing Timberline.



Timberline® toiletries for men. Also available in gift sets. From \$3.

Encounter

austria

I flirted with Lady Luck in Kitzbühel

She stood in the casual Kitzbühel tavern draped in a beautiful girl's hair. I knew she was really Lady Luck, ruler of roulette, business of blackjack. It was no time to be shy. I took the plunge and asked her again for a glass of wine. She nodded. My luck changed for the better. Dinner in Austria after hours.



prison. My barman and I discussed the hard and rousing numbers. Absolutely the cheapest white wine in bar on tap—let's memorize (note it says) o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o, at wholesale, just about eight cents to fill a four-ounce glass. Many bars—far too many—sell this glass for seventy-five cents. That represents an incredible markup of 87.5 percent and a profit of sixty-seven cents on an eight-cent outlay. Now, instead of this highway robbery, suppose the bar were to offer, at the reasonable level, a California Chablis costing the bar a fraction over thirteen cents per four-ounce glass and selling with a hardly extraordinary three-hundred-percent markup for fifty-three cents a glass. Next, there might be a California Pinot Noir, selling the bar about nineteen cents per four-ounce glass and selling with a not fifty-six-cent profit, for seventy-five cents, then, say, an imported French Muscadet selling at about a dollar per four-ounce glass. Finally, there could be a choice of either an Alsatian Sylvaner, a Burgundian Meunier Blanc, or a California Pinot Chandonay (excellent whites that sell at about \$3.15 a bottle in the states), which would cost the bar about thirty-six cents per four-ounce glass and could sell, with a profit margin of eighty-nine cents, for \$3.25 per glass. My barman and I believe that men, who are wine drinkers, presented with these fair alternatives, would choose the high road. It might even be worth making a law to bring this about. ■

PRISONERS OF THE SUN

In an old story, the alchemist changes his daughter's hair overnight into gold, and he is surprised to discover what they all seek. I was in the pretty coral where it's lovely, but still. I dreamed we're turning gold after seven years in this town. Last night my first job here. That's what our sunbathers are in our sunbathers, trapped in the road into where is a job search across our town when we sleep on their way to other lands. I was explaining this fancy to a friend when the pencils on the lawn opened their ribs, so how could it go on? I've not I break my hair. I read's look in the mirror. I think it's the sun reflected in love in my eyes. —MICHAEL STEVEN

Free for 10 days: von Karajan conducts Beethoven

To introduce the ultimate Beethoven Collection: all 9 symphonies plus 7 overtures including Leonore and Coriolan... 50 violin, piano and cello sonatas... 8 concertos... 66 folk songs... 23 string quartets... 41 dances... 52 lieder... 7 marches... 8 arias... 6 bagatelles... Missa Solemnis... Fidelio... and much more!

Time-Life Records

Introduces you to a perfect marriage of the arts of composing and performing great music. Beethoven's symphonies conducted by Herbert von Karajan.

Beethoven: the arch-romantic—the music like his romanticism surging with fiery emotion. von Karajan called “The perfect maestro”—cool precision, overbidding whether on the podium or in the studio all his previous art.

Two more different genres are hard to imagine. Not the precision of their collaboration: in their magic—as you can now discover in this edition of Volume 1 of the Beethoven Beethoven Collection.

Hear von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic play the last 6 symphonies—free for 10 days.

In his elegant bond set of five 12 LP master discs, recorded in Europe by the famous Deutsche Grammophon, you will hear the stirring Leonore Overture No. 3 as well as his complete symphonies, including them. SYMPHONY NO. 1: Eroica? A heroic struggle waged in sound—described by Beethoven as the great single step by an individual composer in the history of music.

SYMPHONY NO. 5: The wild plaintive symphony of all the most devastating because of the brooding drum taps and weeping violins preceding.

SYMPHONY NO. 6: Pastoral? An escape! Into the country—completing with nightingale (like a cuckoo) (cuckoo) and quail (cuckoo).

And that is only the beginning. If you decide to subscribe, you will enjoy five additional further volumes in the definitive Beethoven collection. They include the remaining symphonies Nos. 6-9 again by von Karajan, the collected Mendelssohn and Schubert Appassionata, piano concertos, the “Immortal” Triple Concerto for piano, violin and cello.

In all 17 tapes based on 84 LP 12 records over 325 different works—virtually every major composition the master ever wrote!

No-risk or obligation.

If you are in doubt with Volume 1 as we think you'll be, you may keep it for only \$19.95 plus shipping and handling. See important additional details on the card attached. Here and mail it to us by postcard (no postage required). If you agree, we'll ship you Volume 1 free. (We'll ship the rest of the series by air, Chicago, IL, 60611)



The ultimate Beethoven Collection: every important work he wrote, performed by today's foremost virtuosos

WILHELM MENDELHIN

Renowned violinist and concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic, Menzel has explored all forms of music and played in many of the world's great orchestras.

BRIGITTE NILSSON

One of the world's most famous sopranos, Nilsson has performed in many of the world's great operas.

WILHELM KEMPF

One of the world's most famous pianists, Kempf has performed in many of the world's great concert halls.

DIETER FISCHER DISKAL

One of the world's most famous conductors, Fischer has performed in many of the world's great concert halls.

PIERRE FOURNIER

Renowned violinist and concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic, Fournier has explored all forms of music and played in many of the world's great orchestras.

THE AMATEUR QUARTET

The brilliant Mendelssohn Quartet, one of the world's most famous string quartets, has performed in many of the world's great concert halls.

KARL RICHTER

Renowned pianist and conductor, Richter has performed in many of the world's great concert halls.

Send the information please.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

For more information, please contact:
METRO, music information center, 1000
Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020
METRO, music information center, 1000
Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020
METRO, music information center, 1000
Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

GETTING AWAY

Best bits of Britain

I can remember when special celebrations were of manageable duration—a day, a weekend, a week at most, periods of time with which civilians could cope. Those were the days when it was possible to make vacation plans around some festival or other, participate in the event, and then spend the remainder of a holiday seeing the surrounding countryside. But those days are largely gone. Lately, travel has been afflicted with Twentieth-century, hurry-lendle celebration overruns whose contribution to the betterment of mankind is manifest extension and anticipation of noteworthy events. Their crowd scenes founded in a belief that anything

will continue until the very end of this year and anyone still interested in participating has a single opportunity to do so—at a fraction of the millennium cost and with far fewer fellow travelers. As any excuse to visit Britain is acceptable in my book, this seems no good a rationale as any.

Knowledgeable travelers have always preferred to visit Britain in fall and winter, and would-be jubilee joiners will find about thirty exhibitions and shows geared to the twenty-fifth anniversary theme scheduled for the last ninety days of this year. The jubilee notwithstanding, this is the time of year when London is most itself, when the crowd on the streets

goes ride down Pall Mall in one of her fifty-tile coaches, complete with tuniced guards who give "up!" and "polish!" new meaning. It's quite a sight for kids from the colonies.

Pull also means plays, ballets and concerts by the score. Just covering the theaters of London's West End means checking out fifty or more attractions. That's about two and a half times the average on Broadway at a similar time, so there's obviously plenty from which to choose. And tickets can readily be purchased on relatively short notice, much like going to a movie in America, though the biggest hits require some advance planning. The so-called show teasers, a staple of most airline package plans, provide an additional means of ensuring that desired tickets are obtained.

Lafayette has gone a long way toward mitigating the effects that the decline of the British pound has had on the American visitor's purchasing power, but there are still lots of bargains to be found shopping at such houses of costume and trend as Harrod's, Fortnum & Mason and Selfridges will yield about twenty-five percent off comparable imported items in the U.S., though if I had to do my Christmas shopping in Britain, I'd concentrate on foraging around Marks & Spencer. The famed "Marks & Spencer" can supply you with your weight in woolens at a fraction of the price you would pay elsewhere in Britain, and their St. Michael's label bagging has a staple in my sweater drawer.

If all this sounds like pretty busy stuff, it is for a very specific purpose. The recent inauguration of low-cost, no-frills air travel between the U.S. and Great Britain will cause more than a million visitors to descend on London then at any previous time since the Norman Conquest. Some of these visitors may never have set foot in Europe before and should, I think, have some basic information to guide their fledgling steps. The following is a list of the ten things that a first-timer absolutely must see in London, in a followed by a list of things one should be sure to miss. First, the musts:

- *The Changing of the Guard:* Potentially the best way to experience yourself you're really in London.
- *The House Guards:* More of the phis-



that's successful for a single day must be proportionately more successful if extended to a full year. So they react about merely knowing things way out of proportion. Their efforts usually result in completely unbalanced results—and in joyous from prospective participants.

The American tourist will be the festival crowd's flesh here. No one in this country had any clear idea of what was going on. I'm convinced that there are still huge numbers of well-intentioned, patriotic folks who would have loved to push their kids and help with the U.S. a happy two hundredth birthday. Problem was, no one knew when or where the party was being held.

It's possible that the British learned a bit from our confused inquiries, for they've done quite a bit better with Queen Elizabeth's silver jubilee. But even so, my mail has been full of questions all year about where the jubilee is to take place and how to get tickets to the party. The fact is that events connected with the celebration

are likely to be ubiquitous and prices for goods and services most reasonable.

Those next three months are Britain's traditional best—sweetest periods—the weeks between Christmas and New Year's. The much-trumpeted atmospheric mantle of a Dickensian Christmas is, I'm afraid, mostly myth, for Brits tend to make Christmas strictly a family affair. With Boxing Day (the traditional time for charity), when Christmas seasons and other believers are hoed up and brought to the post) immediately following, there are actually forty-eight consecutive hours when it's hard to find a good restaurant that's open, much less a celebration to join.

But, with this one notable exception, fall and winter are the times when London's shops glow brightest, the theater marquee are at their most glittering and the atmosphere in local pubs is the most irresistible. For those who need pump and pauperism to make Britain seem real, November offers the spicing of Parliament, when crowds line the streets to watch the



CHANEL
FOR MEN
COLOGNE

being seen, but on horseback on the west side of Whitehall each morning at eleven o'clock, two o'clock on Sundays.

• **Fortunator Abbey:** The most imposing of British churches, when the longships of the Vikings of the Empire were crowned, married and buried.

• **The British Museum:** An extraordinary, astonishing, fascinating everything from the Mona Lisa and the Rosetta stone to the pilfered Elgin marbles.

• **St. James's Park:** Merely the best (with Hyde Park) of the thousands of great spaces that make London the world's most walkable city.

• **Spencer's Corner:** Near Marble Arch in Hyde Park, on Sundays, beginning about noon, anyone can mount a soapbox here and expound on politics, privacy or pedaling. It's a uniquely British phenomenon.

• **St. Paul's Cathedral:** Christopher Wren's masterpiece, where you should be sure to visit the upper balcony, the whitening gallery and the area below the main dome with Nelson and Wellington are buried.

• **The Tower of London:** The former prison that a Londoner must know as a tourist building, where several of Henry VIII's wives lost their heads and where the crown jewels are encased.

• **The Tower of London:** The wonderful Ceremony of the Keys, starting at 9:53 p.m., puts the tower to bed. Apply shortly before for permission to attend.

• **The Temple:** Virtually unchanged since it was described by Dickens as "the valley of the shadow of the Law." Set among gardens are the courts where the barristers of British justice have their offices.

• **Portobello Road:** Open on Saturdays only, this is probably the world's largest street market. Stands and pushcarts are full of everything from great antiques to vintage junk. Be sure you know the difference before you buy.

Despite the fact that London has increasingly started its reputation as one of the world's most glorious cities, there are many much hillybared attractions that aren't worth a farthing. In no special order, these include the Roman Wall, the Design Centre, Wren's, the Guggenheim Museum, the Toy Museum, Gainsborough Street, the three-hundred-crown-a-day climb up The Monument (erected to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666), the seven vendors on Sunday along the Baywater Road and the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tenebris.

As compelling as London obviously is, no visitor (even a first-timer) should restrict himself to the city limits. London is no more Great Britain.

New York is the United States, and it's far easier to get to the corners of England and Scotland than it is to get even a basic overview of the States. Britons are short by our standards, and though Londoners approach a rite to Britishness as though they were going to Burma, you can find dozens of easy, interesting day trips that will dramatically expand your perception of Great Britain.

Rental cars are easy to come by, though driving on the left side can prove disconcerting. It's not so much a problem on the open road, but traffic in urban areas and interstates where lanes to right and left are not so well marked can prove dangerous. Fortunately, Britain has a super rail network that goes to virtually every destination you might wish, and for far less money than you might imagine. The economy is the result of the British Rail, a one-time go-anywhere ticket that lets you wander the breadth of the British countryside, from Penzance to Thame, stopping where you will. The last-century-of-the-century in a series of railway tracks that travel at speeds of up to a hundred m.p.h. and offer a level of comfort that America's harnessed rail passengers can only imagine.

As with many mid-sized American, Londoners meet in the living world to a stunning extent, so my first foray into the British countryside was made in a vehicle of British Leyland manufacture. The ride is delightful, the roads are the most modern of roads, so the part of the countryside I saw most of was the highway network. A more sensible subsequent trip made by rail was not only quicker but infinitely more interesting and instructive. It's definitely preferable to ride the rails in Britain, especially now that the weathering pass costs only \$56.

The real question, then, is when to go to find the best bits and pieces of the British countryside. Each of the following short trips can easily be made in a day, though there's no reason why you shouldn't stay overnight and expand your rooming into the adjacent countryside.

• **Bath:** All trains for Bath leave from Paddington Station, leaving departure point for Sherlock Holmes and recently made even more famous by the "Watson's" last friend, Paddington Bear. Bath itself offers (among other things) Bath Abbey, the wonderful Museum of Costume and the ruins of the Roman baths that gave the city its name. Enjoy a walk down the Regent Avenue and a meal at The Hyde in the Wall.

• **Brighton:** Probably the most popular day trip for resident Londoners is the train ride south from London to Brighton. The British go to spend a

day at a not very stylish seashore; you, however, should focus on the grandly mock-up Royal Pavilion, which was constructed toward the end of the eighteenth century. It is really a look having absolutely no historical significance, it stands, rather, as the ultimate example of royal indulgence.

• **Stonehenge:** This is an obligatory stop for all Shakespeare buffs. If you'd like to stay overnight, you can also head north through the marvelously beautiful Cotswolds, Chipping Campden, Upper Swatton, Henbury-on-the-Water and Stonehenge.

There are, of course, many good guidebooks to Great Britain, but there is one new one that may be of particular interest to Americans. It is entitled *An American's Guide to Britain* (Bantam, \$6.95) and is by Helen Winitz. Echoing the anthropological approach, Professor Winitz has produced a book that is both perceptive and informative, a better-than-average survival manual for seeing a complex country. —

YEGAS LATER

There's no doubt about it. In my dream or so they dream, ordinary reality never is a state of complete and perfect knowledge.

It is difficult to open a letter, only, the envelope prints on the inside, in a single printing as a note. Such a printed

envelope requires a certain beauty. You try to open like an open, a miracle comes out of your finger.

Can I carry your, kind of dream that comes to you to find from now and now, so knowledge naturally?

I never dream or did I also you could write so regularly, about me the day by the medium, your letter

coming more often than the first letters that I had to open in my mother like words.

How I learned that in real time pitched, quickly moved.

—PETER JACOBSON

"My wife got me to switch to Vantage."

"I smoke. My wife doesn't. And she would remind me of the stories being told about high-tar cigarettes."

"Well, I began looking into those new low-tar cigarettes. I tried just about every one that came out. They didn't satisfy my taste."

"Then I read about Vantage. I didn't expect much but I tried a pack anyway."

"They were quite a pleasant surprise. They tasted really good and

they actually had less than half the tar of my old brand. "So now I smoke Vantage. "I get the taste I want, and the low tar that she wants."

David New
Seattle, Washington



Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine MINIMUM; 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine in per cigarette FTC Report DEC 79. FILTER 100's: 8 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine in per cigarette by FTC method.

OUTDOORS

Hunting, the safe way

Nobody I hunt with has ever shot a dog, a cow or a fellow hunter. Never, so far as I know, even had a gun go off accidentally. But more and more we talk about hunting accidents, of which there seem to be more and more to talk about.

Most accidental shootings are painfully straightforward. Somebody thinks he sees something moving off in the distance and fires blindly, killing or wounding another hunter. A gun goes off accidentally in the car. Or while the hunters are cooking a fire. These things happen routinely through the season and there isn't much you can say about them. Sometimes, though, hunters manage to kill and maim one another when they are not possible to stay alert. I once heard about an accidental shooting in northwest Florida that sounded more like combat than hunting. A man hunting alone was moving through the woods on a stick when another hunter saw him and shot, hitting him in the shoulder. Lying on the ground, wondering whether or not he would bleed to death, the wounded man heard a shout: "Hey, I think I got him. Come give me a hand."

Four turned to get him, and the wounded man decided that he, by God, was going to get him. When the two men broke into the clearing where he lay, he fired two shots. There was some return fire and when the smoke cleared, one man was dead and the other two were wounded.

You don't hear stories like this very often. What you are most likely to hear is some variation of the story that was told to me by a friend who was doing a general-surgery internship in northern Virginia. He worked the emergency room one weekend. It was Saturday morning, a slow time after the usual Friday-night or week-end bar brawl, and he was sitting at a table drinking coffee. He looked up and there was a man holding a young boy in his arms. "Can you help me?" the man asked.

They put the boy, who was about ten, on the table and my friend took a look. The boy was dead—shot through the heart. The next instant over him in bloody hunting clothes was his father and he had fired the shot. He had told the boy to stay put while he walked a ridgepole. Any deer that flushed would mean in the boy's



direction. But the boy had gotten careless and had gone to look for his dad. "My God, I can't believe it," the man kept saying. He had driven fifty miles to get to the hospital, his dad and with him in the front seat of the car. "You know, even though that was a clean wound, it was just about the worst emergency-room scene ever for me," my friend said.

But by far the most appalling story I have ever heard about a hunting accident didn't end with a dead hunter. I heard it in New Hampshire, where, if you kill a deer, you have to bring the animal in to a veterinary station. You can tie him over the hood of your car if you want, or you can hang him in the bed of your pickup truck, but you are required by law to bring him in to be sealed and to give the fish-and-game boys certain information that will help them in their work.

Later in the day in the early part of fall, a registration station can be a pretty good place to be. Especially if you've come in with a deer. Other hunters will be there and they'll want to hear how you did it. Some of them will have stories about big deer they saw and lost on a stalk. Or missed. Deer that outnumbered hunters. Hunt-

ers that outnumbered deer. Robbers or bear glimpsed in the woods.

The hunters and the warriors were deep into the stalk when a car pulled in and the driver got out to walk the animal he had looked onto the hood. His reluctance was transparent. The man was excited and proud. He had made it into the station. As he walked with the bucks, another hunter walked up and stood next to him. "Give you a hand?" the man asked.

"Thanks."

"That's good on you. Were you standing or stalking?"

"Stalking. Just came up on him. Caught him knowing."

"Look. I see you got a nice heart-king shot on those. Good deer kill."

"Dropped right in his tracks. Dead before he hit the ground."

By this time they had reached the station with the animal and a lot of the fish-and-game officers had come out to take down the weight and the other information he needed. He was perfectly instantaneous about all of it, asking questions and making notes on his clipboard. Finally, he looked up and said, "Waste, do you know that you shot a goddamned doe?"

In a better world that man would have been banished from the woods for life and sentenced to weeks of putting up trash from highway medians. More likely he is back in the woods with no better idea of what a white-tailed deer looks like than he had when he missed a doe for one. And there are thousands more who probably don't even have the skills to get within one hundred yards of a grazing doekey but who are out in the woods, armed and dangerous, convinced they are hunters.

In many states hunters are now required to wear clothes that make them visible to other hunters. There is no personal opinion involved here; if you want to hunt, then by law you must wear a Day-Glo orange vest and hat when you go into the woods. Studies have proved that the deer does not detect the color even though nothing remotely like it occurs in nature. The idea is that when a hunter sees a patch of Day-Glo orange he will know that it is in season's open or brush but a human, and will hold his fire. There is no saying how many

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise. Dark rum isn't very stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a better rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly in small batches. The richer taste lives with the time. And the price.

Still another little-known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's

to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planter's Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planter's Punch. Combine in shaker, 5 oz. orange juice, 1/2 oz. Myers's rum, 1/2 oz. Myers's A.I. top, superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry



Myers's Rum and Cola. Into a highball glass, add 1 1/2 oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon and lime, and ice.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's is a better rum flavor to food. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting last course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes so new, so delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear. Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's one you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Next to ours, a good shirt isn't good enough.

A good shirt only looks good until you compare it to a better one. We have a better one Van Heusen.

Our shirts don't cost more although they probably should. We labor over them, test them, refine them, more than any other shirt company we know. The result is that after 118 years of making better shirts, we're still making better shirts.

All shirts look great out of the package. Our shirts look great out of the wash.

One of our many tests is throwing our permanently pressed shirts and our competitors' into a washing machine, where they're pounded and scoured.

After only 5 launderings, we've got other shirts beat. Look at the 2 collars in this unretouched photograph.



TEST PROGRAM CONDUCTED BY RATION WOE CENSUS & TESTING INSTITUTE, INC.



Neither one has been ironed.

Yet ours is still permanently pressed. Theirs looks permanently unpressed.

What Paris could learn about shirts from Pottsville.

Paris is famous for fashion. Our development center in Pottsville, Pa. is famous for technology.

While we go to Paris frequently, we always make sure any new fashion ideas we learn there measure up to our standards of quality.

Because Paris doesn't have standards as strict as ours.

When our shirts are still bolts of fabric, we're already inspecting them for flaws.

In fact, we inspect shirts 29 times.

Then when we think they're perfect, we don't send

them right off to the store. We test them again.

To us, looking good is more than a matter of fashion. It's a matter of quality.

"I bought one of your shirts in 1937, and already the collar is fraying."

Inevitably, some of the compliments we get from our customers come in the form of complaints.

The reason we had to wait 40 years for this rather exceptional one, is that we test our collars unmercifully against fraying. We brush and sandpaper them for hours.

When you get attached to one of our shirts, we don't want it wearing out on you before its time.



A button seems like a small thing, until it's missing.

That's why we put 25 lbs. of pulling pressure on our

buttons to make sure they won't pull off. We also test them against breakage with a hammer.

We believe in putting as much quality in our buttons as we do in our shirts.

The only man who's ever uncomfortable in our shirts is our president.

When we test our shirts for comfort, we don't use our customers as guinea pigs. We use our president. He wears every new model of shirt for a week.

If he doesn't like the fit or the feel or anything else about the shirt, you don't get the shirt.

The reason we put so much into our shirts isn't just pride in our work. It's also common sense.

Because we know once you get a feeling for excellence, you'll never go back to good.



Investment Update

At mid-month I was on top of the world, all my little junk stocks and options flying high. My original Esquire-supplied \$10,000 was up just the \$11,000 mark in just four and a half months—and that after my having had to pay out \$900 in brokerage commissions (the head winds of financial flight). In the same period, the Dow Jones industrial average, which does not have to pay brokerage commissions, was down three percent. I wasn't feeling rich—\$1,000 on paper, before taxes, does not make me feel rich—but I was feeling smart. Smarter than average, anyway.

Then, tragedy. Some joker at Bethlehem Steel decided to sell the dividend in half (may he fall into Bethlehem's fabulous extended pension liability, never to rise), and every stock in the world went to hell.

Whitened in what I was—all my gains for the month, and much of the previous month's gains, just whittled away in two or three days. It was almost as if my stocks knew one another and had decided to act as a group.

What I should really do, I keep telling myself—and may yet—is stop fidgeting around with four hundred different stocks and just put all my money into one or two. My brokerage commissions would be only about half as enormous (I see a discount broker, but there is a minimum charge that eliminates most of the savings on small trades), and I would go either up or down in style.

Apart from being afraid it would be the latter, I have not taken this route because there are so many stocks that

seem to represent irretrievable value. Or speculative potential. Or some vague hope of turning around. And I don't need to see out as a thing. Of course, there is that old line on Wall Street about the bulls making money and the bears making money—but not the pigs. However, I'm sure this does not apply to me. Anyway, selling all my little positions would entail yet another round of commissions—and I know that the day I sold them, up they'd go. It would be too much to bear. So?

February 28 to July 31, 1977

Beginning balance: \$10,000

Current balance: \$16,238.75*

Beginning Dow Jones average: 853.43

Closing Dow Jones: 890.07

Transactions since June 28

Bought 200 Radiation Dynamics over the weekend at \$15 (it was quoted 4 1/2 bid, 5 1/4 asked). Stock immediately rose by thirty-three percent, to 4 bid, 7 asked. Sold it at 4 of the \$300 "profit" (the stock moved up 1 1/2 points and I owned 200 shares, \$150 went to the dealer who makes a market in the stock and pockets the spread between bid and asked and \$150 went to my broker for dealing with the dealer, which left a short-term capital gain of \$60, which after taxes will amount to nearly \$50. More! The transaction costs of buying lightly traded stocks over the counter are prohibitive. Only a fool or a columnist (not that the two are mutually ex-

*After commission of 44-1/2¢, estimate and interest of \$100 at 8%, but higher here.

clusive) would take such risks for \$10 after taxes.

Bought 100 Witco Chemical at 20 1/2. Smith Barney was making a special offering of 60,000 shares of this stock at 19—a special deal for their customers (no brokerage commission to pay—but hurry, hurry, the supply is limited). I have found that stocks almost invariably decline after special offerings, which is why I sold Witco short. For one thing, if the offer is in such a hurry, he might know something. Even if he doesn't, dumping all that stock always results of whatever damned them may have been, leaving a preponderance of potential sellers and a dearth of potential buyers. And the special-offering route is restricted to only when it is clear that some of the big institutional boys can be coerced into the stuff. ("Start moving the phones, now—we're gonna give the little guys a chance to get in on this one.") All 60,000 shares were sold to Smith Barney customers at 20. Nine business days later, Witco announced disappointing quarterly earnings (could the offer have had an inkling?). And I covered my short at 22. Two days later still, the stock was down to 20 1/2 (which is where I should have covered it). One wonders what Smith Barney account representatives were telling their customers then. Although the stock may well recover, it was undoubtedly a better buy at 20 1/2 than it was at 22.

Closed out my Gulf & Western option straddle by covering at 3 1/2 the four October 19's I had shorted at 4 1/2, hoping the stock would go down, not bud, and selling at 1 1/2 the four January 19's I had bought at 1 1/2, originally hoping the stock would go up when it went down, but now having second thoughts. Net net a tiny profit.

Bought 200 Cluett, Peabody at 12 1/2 (now 10 1/2)

Bought 100 Quaker Company at 59 1/2 (now 18 1/2)

Bought 5 Cluett October 30 calls at 3 1/2 (now 3 1/2)

Previously held

200 Anglo Company Ltd. (now 4; now 4 1/2)

200 Admet (average cost 5 1/2; now 4 1/2)

100 Brucan (cost 12 1/2; now 12 1/2)

100 Cramer (cost 5 1/2; now 7 1/2)

100 Cole National (cost 12; now 13 1/2)

100 Lafayette Radio Electronics (cost 8 1/2; now 8 1/2)

100 Midway Square Garden (cost 8 1/2; now 8 1/2)

100 Morse Shae (cost 11; now 10 1/2)

50 Stove Transmuting (cost 24 1/2; now 22 1/2)

Margins debit: \$5,429 **

—JERRY RABINOV

GARDENING

By Independence Day my father's green bean rows are thick with pods on three consecutive every night will hang thick and full on the days of a rich and moist soil.

Developing eleven and twelve inches tall, but over, but a rough frosty night has been, and now his tomato bunch like blue children's feet. It's late afternoon and my father will be in his garden soon.

Two hundred miles away his son and nephew like just developed head eyes from the stern walls of the university and play his father who comes as late as dawn with delicate night birds, toward the earth.

It's late afternoon and my father will be in his garden soon. And around parks at the ends of everything he has planted



Now A fragrance with the freedom of cologne, the force of perfume. Never before has she been able to charge herself with such fragrant energy.

CRISTALLE

A BRILLIANT BURST OF NEW FRAGRANCE BY CHANEL

Spray Liquid Powder Gift Set

IF YOU HAVE AN EAR FOR MUSIC, YOU NEED THREE HEADS TO TAPE IT.

2-Head Cassette Recorders made home recording convenient.
Now the 3-Head Fisher CR5120 makes it professional.

It really isn't far to compare the Fisher Studio Standard CR5120 to other cassette recorders. Its superior flexibility and performance are comparable only to the most sophisticated reel-to-reel tape decks. The CR5120 combines the conven-



ience of cassette with 3-level tape source monitoring. The CR5120 delivers exceptional performance with important recording features like Dolby® noise reduction, signal limiting and LED peak and clamp meters.

Eliminate Guesswork. The only way to make consistently perfect high fidelity recordings is to compare the quality of the tape directly to the original while the tape is actually being made. Studio engineers call this "monitoring," and it can only be accomplished on a 3-head tape deck. Monitoring subjects every inch of tape to tape monitor analysis by the three separate acoustic decks available—the "listen" deck—leaving a perfect "take" without guesswork.

Better Sound. Nearly all cassette decks have two tape heads—an erase head and a record/playback head. Even the best of these exhibit certain unavoidable compromises due to the combination record/playback head configuration. That compromise, almost accepted by the industry, were not acceptable to Fisher engineers. They created the CR5120, a major advancement in cassette deck technology utilizing three separate precision long-life ferrite tape heads: erase, record, and playback. Fisher engineers developed a wide gap

4-micron record head for high output with an incredible 50dB signal to noise ratio, and a playback head having a very narrow gap (1.6 microns) for extended frequency response—30 to 10,000 Hz ±3dB. The result is sound recorded as the CR5120 is exactly like the original. No more, and no less.

A recording studio engineer would never consider recording without the improved performance and monitoring capabilities of a 3-head tape deck—and neither should you. The CR5120 gives you a tape/erase/monitor switch for instantaneous comparison while listening.

3-Head Dual-Capstan Tape Transport. Professional recording requires tape alignment exactly perpendicular to the tape heads. To accomplish this, Fisher engineers equipped the CR5120 with two capstans (perforated rollers) and rollers, one recording the other following the tape heads. Both capstans are micro ground for absolute concentricity and each is fixed with a heavy dynamically balanced flywheel for smooth operation. The capstans are driven by a servo-controlled



Half-Effect DC Motor for absolute speed accuracy independent of fluctuations in AC line voltage. A second DC controlled motor provides the proper hold back tension. This configuration, standard for professional recording equipment, is so responsible for the CR5120's exceptionally low wow and flutter specifications of 0.04% WPMs—performance superior to most reel-to-reel decks.

Dolby Noise Reduction For Tape and FM. The CR5120 utilizes Dolby noise reduction to suppress tape hiss, engineering recorded dynamic range up to 10dB. It incorporates separate record and playback Dolby IC circuitry so that both the source and monitored signals are independently Dolby processed—a feature found only in the most advanced recording systems. Dolby circuitry is also provided to decode Dolby FM broadcast.

Other Professional Features. Separate input and output controls for each channel provide maximum flexibility. Two illuminated VU meters, each with an LED peak indicator, calibrated to +3 VU for accurate visual monitoring. Switchable limiter circuit prevents distortion due to tape saturation. A three digit counter with memory is included to quickly automatically locate the start of a recorded program. Four preamplifiers are included—two for recording and two for playback. Twin-head decks use only two preamplifiers.

The Real World. The unique Fisher CR5120 is priced at \$1950. Available at fine audio stores or the audio department of better department stores.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Frequency Response	20 to 20,000 Hz
Record/Playback	20 to 20,000 Hz ±3dB
Standard Tape	20 to 20,000 Hz ±3dB
CR5120 Tape	20 to 20,000 Hz ±3dB
Wow & Flutter	0.04% WPMs
Signal to Noise Ratio	50dB
Distortion	0.1% at 100 Hz
Play/Stop	

MORE gears—with 5-speed transmission standard or optional automatic.*

MORE rubber—with wider 116 steel belted radials.

MORE stability—with a front end absorber.

MORE interior selections—with tartan plaid or brushed solid nylon broadcloth.

MORE control—with a lower suspension.

AND STILL MORE: 2-liter overhead cam engine. Rack and pinion steering. Full instrumentation. MacPherson strut front suspension.

Power-assisted front disc brake. A cockpit wider than a Corvette or a 2-Door's. Triumph TR7. The shape of things to come. Now with more power.



TRIUMPH

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call 800-447-6700. In Illinois call 800-323-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Lyons, N.J. 07002. *Automatic transmission not available in California.



THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro 100's are 100%
the way you like 'em.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©1997 Philip Morris Inc. All rights reserved.

Macho. It's b-a-a-a-d.

The powerful scent
for men by Fabergé
Macho is b-a-a-a-d.
And that's good.



Macho is by the Macho decision.
Macho is by the Macho decision.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

The issue of *Esquire* should perhaps be dedicated to old soldiers. We might even want to refuse that and say that it should be dedicated to World War II veterans. James Jones and Norman Mailer were two of the most celebrated storytellers to come out of that war and the words of both men appear in this issue. It is far from the first time that their names have been linked. In fact, they have appeared in the same issue of *Esquire* on four previous occasions.

Jones and Mailer both wrote big novels about the Second World War. No doubt there are still people around who think that Jones wrote *The Night and the Day* and that Mailer wrote *From Here to Eternity*. The confusion extended into their public lives as well. Both were handsome guys and no-struck-by-violets. And for a while they were friends.

But the men parted as their work did. Jones continued to write large, sprawling books and was at his best when he wrote about war and soldiers. Mailer became Mailer and wrote about the staff of his times.

James Jones died last spring and left a nearly finished novel, *Waste*, which includes part of the World War II trilogy that began with *From Here to Eternity* and *The Thin Red Line*. *Esquire* has excerpted a chapter from the novel and we publish it as *Miles-Dollar Wound*. We think it is James Jones at his finest, working with his best material. (Jones fittingly did the illustration of Jones on this page is by Bill Mauldin, the *Star* and *Stripes* cartoonist whose feeling for the common soldier matched James's. Mauldin, of course, best remembered for his characters Willie and Joe, the quintessential doughboys.)

Norman Mailer's long essay is called *Of a Small and Modest Malapropism, Warmed and Brothed with Dots*. It is about television. It is, we think, Mailer working with his best material: studying deeply some aspect of American culture through the medium of his own experience. Nobody does this as well as Mailer and it is a shame that as many writers try.

Mailer, James Jones *Esquire* . . . James Jones on World War II . . . Mailer on television. There is something a little brazening about all of it.



James Jones by Bill Mauldin

Elaine Randolph has never before appeared in *Esquire*. Her first appearance is with *The Carter Complex*, a piece about the President. She is a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune's* Washington bureau, and when she first arrived at the paper, she was sent to cover "what's his name from Georgia who's running for President." It was, she says, "their way of getting rid of a girl who spoke with a southern accent."

Before she became the new girl on the Carter campaign, Randolph was a general-news reporter for several different papers, including *The Saint Petersburg Times* and *The Chicago Sun Times*. But experience is not enough to guarantee that you'll be taken seriously, especially when you are one of the new persons on the line. "At first I was getting all the good stuff from Elizabeth Jordan and Jody Powell. None of the other reporters could figure it out, but it was simple. They'd talk to me because I had a southern accent, but wouldn't talk to me seriously because I was a girl. So they'd say about anything in front of me and I'd pretend."

Randolph is still in Washington and still watching Jimmy Carter. Her relations with Randolph and Jody have cooled considerably, but there are plenty of stories in Washington. In fact, we plan to publish one or two of them ourselves. In the meantime, enjoy *The Carter Complex*; it is in the tradition of *The Gant* and *The Dark Side of L.A.* by James Dickey, both of which appeared in *Esquire*. Along with Jones, Mailer and a long and distinguished list of others.

—G.N.



THE LIBRARY IS VIVELLI. THE ATTITUDE IS GANT. IT'S RUSSO. NATURAL. BOTH THE GANT, SHIRT AND THE GANT VIVELLI. A TRIMMED SWEATER. FIRE. AS VIVELLI AND AS SHIRT. AS ONLY VIVELLI. GANT. BY GANT. INCORPORATED. NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT 06510. VIVELLI.

© 1980 VIVELLI INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. VIVELLI INC. NEW HAVEN, CT 06510.

THE GANT ATTITUDE

BOOKS

Political superstition and the intellectuals

Last March a group of Hausti Muslims occupied the East 87th building, the Islamic Center and a municipal office in Washington, D.C., killed a black reporter, held one hundred forty-nine persons hostage, nearly all for thirty-one hours, seriously injured several of these detainees, people and verbally tormented in many ways. At the trial more than a hundred witnesses testified for the prosecution, including a man who had been paraded from the west door when police fired a shotgun blast lodged against his spine.

Hassan Abdul Khauli, the head of this Muslim group, who was convicted in July on twenty-eight counts of armed kidnapping, assault, second-degree murder and conspiracy to commit kidnapping, was the sole witness for the defense. He said that his only purpose had been to stop the showing of the film *Mohammed, Messenger of God*, but his men had carried him into the building as "purely a defensive move" and that it was not he but Allah who had directed the rage.

After the great blackout of July 13-14 in New York, when in the course of a single night and morning mobs of looters ran at will through black neighborhoods in New York, killing more than a thousand stores and businesses and taking dozens of rape and deaths, Herbert Goldhamer, who is probably the best living authority on labor history and black history, published an outburst piece on the top-of-page of *The New York Times* concluding that the looters and arsonists were being called animals. He pointed out that in 1902, *The New York Times* had similarly berated immigrant Jewish housewives who in protest against the sudden price increase of kosher meat had rioted against butchers and had even destroyed some meat. The parallel does not exist; it is heinous and vile offense.

On July 14, 1977, *The New York Times* Book Review carried an on-front-page attack by a Princeton professor of politics, Sheldon Wolin, on Jean-François Revel's *The Totalitarian Temptation* (Doubleday, \$9.95) that named not only its target (Revel) as a shallow technocrat but to show past the inquiry at the heart of Revel's important book. Why, Revel asks, do Western "elites" consistently revile democracy and under one al-



giance or another make every possible defense of Communist totalitarianism? Although he hastily admits that Revel is not "wrong about totalitarianism," Professor Wolin makes it clear that totalitarianism does not require any more discussion, elucidation, intellectual opposition. We already know all about it. He charges that the main target of Revel's book is Euro-Communism. Not so. Although Euro-Communism is an uncertain, unwell, possibly bogus disagreement with Mother Russia on the part of (mostly) Italian, Spanish and French Communists, Professor Wolin seems to see such great things in it that Revel, by raising questions about Euro-Communism, is made to seem as empty of sense.

The hopelessly enlightened Khauli, whose family was horribly butchered by rival Muslims, says that it was not he but Allah who directed the Washington siege. Professor Goldhamer has not a word of sympathy for the hundreds of men who totally rioted by the looters as for the rape and deaths injured by arsonists and murderers. But though the wild mobs running through Bushwick, Brownsville and

East Harlem trouble him not at all, he is so outraged by the angry rebel attacks on the looters that he reaches back to 1902 to show how the same bitter language was once used by *The New York Times* about rioting mean great women.

This proves what? That looters and arsonists are innocent because they are called animals by their victims? Or that looters who are called animals in 1977 can be no worse than housewives who were compared to a pack of wolves in 1902? Professor Goldhamer knows a lot of facts, but after reading his defense of mob violence and robbery and his ridiculous suggestion that every murderer and arsonist is a mob equally duped by (the same?) economic deprivation, I can no more trust his political intelligence than I trust that of Khauli, the Hausti Muslim.

The language of politics is often rhetorical, overbearing, false. But over since economic exploitation became more real to millions through socialism than through religion, political superstition has become more common among intellectuals. I have loved every crime on the grounds of the subject's personal anatomy, then among the masses, slaves, rapists, terrorists, Allah did it. History does it. Capitalism does everything we can think we do. Yet therefore, our self, our supposed freedom, are nothing. We are at the mercy of magic, mysterious outside forces, the so-called system.

In an earlier book, *Without Mass or Jews*, Revel makes a stirring defense of America as "a liberatory society," the harbinger of open society everywhere, of the widest cultural and religious pluralism. His defense of America as "revolution" was contained, of course, by his many critics as a defense of the Vietnam war. He does not defend it. What Revel keeps harping on is *The Totalitarian Temptation* in Why do Western democratic intellectual keep faking their own evil? Why, in fact, should a professor of politics in a great American university review *The Totalitarian Temptation* by (a) labeling Revel with the Vietnam war, (b) ignoring the totalitarian danger that is the subject of the book and (c) maligning Revel's fairly reserved brief for democracy by denouncing Euro-Communism on page 14?

Reviewed by Randall Kent



CHOW DOWN!

Smirnoff

leaves you breathless

SMIRNOFF VODKA IS A TRADE MARK OF SMIRNOFF LTD.



THE 1978 RABBIT.

It's just a wonderful car. True, we had a big advantage: we started with a wonderful car and made it even better.

Over a million people all over the world have been impressed enough to buy them.

What's so impressive? Easy. If you trade up to a Rabbit from a Mercedes-Benz 280E,¹ believe it or not

you'll get better acceleration. If you trade up to a Rabbit from a Cadillac Seville, you'll get more trunk space. And there are 32 cars you can trade up to a Rabbit for more people space.²

The Rabbit is so roomy, there was even room for improvement.

The '78 Rabbits look better than ever. Handsome metallic colors. Touches of chrome here and there

to make them even snappier.

The biggest news of all for '78 can't be seen. And barely heard. We've refined the Rabbit's fuel-injected engine to make it quieter and more efficient.

All in all, we are very proud. Once we were famous for making a car that looked ridiculous.

Now we make one that makes the others look ridiculous.

**VOLKSWAGEN
DOES IT
AGAIN**



1978 EPA estimate 28 city/35 hwy mpg. Actual mileage may vary. Always wear your seat belt. ©1977 Volkswagen of America, Inc.

JOHN SIMON

THE LANGUAGE

The wit and wisdom of catch phrases

Let us forget about grammar and syntax for the moment—everybody else is doing it. The *South-ey* dictionary for Alfred Lust in *The New York Times* (August 4) begins: "Alfred Lust, who with his wife, Lynn Fontana, retired for nearly 40 years as the leading couple of the American stage. . . ." If Alfred was, as this sentence would have it, a leading couple and had a wife to boot, the Lusts must have been the starbur on mumps it took of the American theater. Or look at the front page of *The New York Times Book Review* of July 17, and you read that in a review by James Altman: ". . . [a] 'homosexual person' for whom writing was incidental to the dominant preoccupation of his life: to punish. . . those whom he deemed had 'provoked' . . . [him]. . . ." If that several "whom" were the object of "punished," it would indeed have to be an accusative "whom." It is, however, the subject of "had provoked," e.g., those who, he fancied, had provoked him, and so takes the nominative case. (But, then, there is not much copy editing at the *Book Review*; otherwise, on page 3 of the same issue, Francine de la Hays Gray could not have gotten away with a reference to the women regime "Joss of Norwiche." That 18th-century reformer was called Julia, or Juliana, of Norwich.)

So let's get away from all this for a month and advert to a fascinating subject raised by Eric Partridge's *A Dictionary of Catch Phrases*. Eric Partridge, an Englishman with a French accent, is not only one of the great lexicographers of all time, whose important dictionaries and linguistic studies are legion, but is also a literary scholar, editor, and actor. Resident at New Zealand by birth, he has lived and worked for many fruitful years in England and is still going great guns at age eighty-five. The three books of his I have found particularly useful—indeed indispensable—are *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*; *Grogan: A Short Etymological Dictionary of Modern English*; and *Usage and Abusage: Guidelines to Proper Usage of the English Language*. Partridge's *Everyday and a Comprehensive Gloss* is not for behind in handbooks. But any one of Partridge's dozens of books is bristling with the most helpful and most



lightly were erudite, set forth with a humor and humanity that wonderfully feed on each other.

The new lexicon deals with catch phrases British and American of the last five centuries and has that admirable virtue, common to all of Partridge's publications of being a good deal more than the title implies and thus of interest to people who may not run a two-wheel catch phrase, but who will find themselves unable to tear their eyes from the pages at this capacious and captivating book.

What is a catch phrase? One may ask at this point. Partridge is humble enough to claim not to know exactly how it differs from a proverbial saying, famous quotation, or even cliché, although he accepts the definition of a French "a phrase that has caught on and places the populace." Arriving it, that is, with two em-dashes. He prefers "saying" to "phrase" and "phrasal" to the translation "popular."

A saying that has caught on with the public, then, Partridge begins his all too brief introduction with a citation from Part II of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Vagabond*. Partridge: "May is a season who lives not by bread alone, but principally by catch

words." And here, in Partridge's dictionary, they all are—well, perhaps not quite all, but a lot of them from five centuries and four continents (Australia, South Africa, and Canada are represented almost as copiously as Britain and the United States), gleaned from the listing of Partridge himself and his many friends and correspondents and from countless books (books on the present subject and on related matters, but also books of fiction and nonfiction of every kind), as well as plays and movies.

Take a typical entry: "I wouldn't trust him (or, the occasion demanding, her) as far as I could throw him (or her). This c.p. [catch phrase], applied to a spectacularly unreliable person, dates from c. 1870. In April, 1907, Dr. Douglas MacLennan told me, 'I recently encountered "I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw an egg in a swing!"—a Canadian remark. Then there's the South African I read. As far as I could throw a piano, 'which I heard from a Springfield in the Western Desert in 1947' (Yehudi Menuhin, 5 May 1975).

"I've no further remarks I wouldn't trust him with a half money bag (specifically, utterly dishonest). C19 [twentieth century]; and I wouldn't trust him with a red hot iron with an unnecessary accept remark."

That is a better known catch phrase; here now is the entry for a less familiar one: "I didn't ask what keeps your ears open. This loc., very witty e.g., dating since c. 1940, is the delectable counter to the less common, or repander, belch or belchful, answers? Probably suggested by its more obscure (or belch) look here, 'I take that.' 'Didn't ask does—po'd mean find the hole of three you have read it' is an arm drill sergeant's admonition to recruits as they huddle to fix bayonets—when praised, they don't need to look like C19-20. Belch and 'perilous'."

Many catch phrases are etymologically (including some that sound harmless enough, like, say, "Pop goes the weasel"), and most of them are witty, or at least clever, even if their silliness is no longer readily understood. Some are absolutely graphic, e.g., "Like a one-armed paper-burger with ribs" or "If he fell in the dirt he'd come up smelling of roses." Properly caught such phrases are elusive

How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?

Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol. Switch to Salem for enjoyment.

Salem King & Salem 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

CHD 100's 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report DEC. 79.

seis-mic

Webster's
New
Collegiate
Dictionary



Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. It's where the words live.

America's best-selling dictionary doesn't just define words—it brings words alive. So you won't have to guess in the face of "seismic" or get frustrated over the use of "personae" or feel defeated when you come across "hang lo." For this is the dictionary that offers thousands of quotations and usage examples plus scores of illustrations—all arranged to make meanings clearer than ever. Just \$10.95 whenever books are sold. Merriam-Webster, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

FROM MERRIAM-WEBSTER*

*1988-1989 YEAR

KNIZE TEN

ONE OF THE GREAT LEATHER SCENTS OF ALL TIME



ONE OF THE GREAT LEATHER SCENTS OF ALL TIME
available in a complete line of men's toiletries
and hand-tooled leather accessories.

KNIZE

320 West 13 Street, New York, NY 10014

in origin, for example, "I said that like I said a hole in the head" or "I should live as long!" These Partidge correctly identifies as being primarily of Jewish descent. Catch phrases may also have a clear origin and can be interesting because of their sexual implications, as, for instance, "Some of my best friends are Jews," an obviously anti-semitic locution ("cannot move the early 1980's, with equivalents in other European languages"), though one that, as Partidge reveals us, can be, and has been, turned as easily against other groups. It is typical of this dictionary that Partidge, in the best (albeit best) tradition of lexicographers like Dr. Johnson, will permit himself speculations or cautions; thus he muses upon this last one: "Sometimes one wonders why, there being as much moral prejudice and even hatred about, there hasn't been even more words. This one mistake, the enduring mistake, the greatest mistake of all, is that, so far, the humor man has succeeded in surviving the human race; clearly the age of miracles is not past."

This refers, of course, to another catch phrase. "The age of miracles is past," which, Partidge informs us, "was enthusiastically used by revolutionaries during C18, challenged by reactionaries during C19 and by all groups and most skeptics in C20." That is a good specimen of the evolution of catch phrases and of the several implications underlying them, implications that are sometimes not quite obvious. Take the entry "Smoking only in the washroom—be (or she) has won. Applied—in 1960s denotation of two many permissiveness (see also regulations—go to camp, stand-up!)" British and American since the mid-1960's. Also, in reference to one's mother (or, less violently, a clearly loved sister) making love, usually with "the hotel help," in a washroom or other outcast. "It had never occurred to me that this was a dig at psychiatry—and I am still not entirely convinced that it is—best if I simply disregard the existence of psychiatric awareness with a society."

Occasionally catch phrases involve more than a little legerism. Consider this one—and I give it also as an example of a large entry in the dictionary, although some of the most informative and stimulating ones are those of four times as long (and, for that reason, not reproducible here): "Hygienic sex relationships! Literally. Let there not be a condom—coming by the elephant!"—Don't let the bastards grind—hence, wear—frilly, get—your jeans or break your spirit! carabundum (jetron carabundum), being extremely kind, is used in greeting and (Continued on page 15)

Sport Grip invites you to watch the great ones race!

Win a trip to the Monaco Grand Prix and the French Riviera, plus \$1,000 cash.



2ND PRIZE:
THREE
19" ZENITH
COLOR TV'S



25 SETS OF BYNOMO II MAG WHEELS

4TH PRIZE: 100 SUPER SPORT GRIP STEERING WHEEL COVERS

Win and receive a 1978 trip for two to the world famous Grand Prix in beautiful Monaco, and the Cannes Film Festival on the fabulous French Riviera!

This trip of a lifetime includes round trip air fare, hotels, ground transportation between Monaco and Cannes, and selected meals. Plus \$1000 spending cash!

Or you may win one of 125 other prizes. It's easy to enter, so do it today!

sport grip
The World's Largest Selling Steering Wheel Cover

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. An official sweepstakes for which a \$1,000 prize pool is being set up by the company. The prize pool will be used to fund the sweepstakes. The prize pool will be used to fund the sweepstakes. The prize pool will be used to fund the sweepstakes.

2. Winners will be selected by random drawing. The drawing will be held on the date specified. The drawing will be held on the date specified. The drawing will be held on the date specified.

3. Prizes are subject to change without notice. The prizes are subject to change without notice. The prizes are subject to change without notice.

Grand Prix Sweepstakes



1-800-451-1234
Ext. 100-100

SUPERIOR

Industries International, Inc.,
Van Nuys, California 91410



Introducing sheer pleasure.

It's called Sapporo. And you've never seen anything quite like it before. It's an intriguing concept, so you decide to explore it further.

You like Sapporo's sophisticated styling. It looks warm, everything you'd be told. But you're pragmatic enough to ask: How does it feel? How does it go?

When you pop open the hood, you find Chrysler's exclusive Slant Sixt engine, one of the smoothest and quietest 4-cylinder engines available anywhere. And you learn about innovations like Sapporo's new MCA Jet System . . . an air injection system that gives you great mileage and great performance.

Okay, so you're almost convinced. **40 mpg city 29 mpg hwy.** But you're going to spend a lot of time in your car. And if it doesn't feel right, it's just not going to be your car.

As you settle in behind the wheel, you appreciate Sapporo's reclining bucket seats with adjustable lumbar supports and console-adjustable headrests. After all, you shouldn't have to adjust to a car. It should adjust to you.

There are other niceties like full instrumentation, forced air ventilation, the convenience and security of an inside deck release, and an overhead console with digital clock.

Sapporo . . . from Plymouth. It feels good. It looks good. And it goes. Oh, how it goes.

Now there's just one more thing you need. You need some open road. Cause there's no way to appreciate their pleasure when it's standing still.

Buy or lease at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.



MPG estimates based on Sapporo 1.8. The highest and lowest transmission. For actual mileage, see other Sapporo models. For actual mileage, see other Sapporo models. For actual mileage, see other Sapporo models.

Sapporo

The sophisticated new car from Plymouth.



THE HOLLAND HOUSE TASTE TEST. IT'S MORE FUN THAN THE PEPSI CHALLENGE.

Sink into a comfortable chair and sip a tart, lemony Holland House Whiskey Sour Or taste the paradise of our tropical Pina Colada. Maybe you'd like to try our zesty Bloody Mary on for size. Or our wonderfully wild Pink Squared.

Now compare with the common garden variety drink. The kind that just puts ice cubes or soda between you and its taste.

Congratulations! You've just discovered drinking can be delightful and delicious... the Holland House way.

What's more, there are 40 different Holland House Cocktail Mixes that will do wonders for your spirits.

And you don't need a Masters Degree in Mixology to make a Holland House cocktail. You simply add your favorite liquor.

Now, make a pitcher full of your favorite Holland House cocktail—liquid or dry. And invite all your friends over for a Holland House Taste Test.

In other words, throw the best party you've had in years.

HOLLAND HOUSE COCKTAIL MIXES.



RICHARD REEVES

MEDIA

Society's biggest engine

I have always thought that careful viewing of a single night of prime-time television could tell you almost everything you need to know about everything. I did it on a Monday night, August 16, and found out I was wrong—at least, I hope I was wrong. Switching from ABC to NBC to CBS, I took eight pages of notes—mostly work notes on the order of the one that has an Italian boy wearing a Mexican girl out for “a punk and a damn margarita”—but I found only one sociological pattern: Of the first two networks I saw, mine were far more into your growth and two were far things designed to help your body absorb the first six.

In crisis, ABC and CBS offered me Bobbie Yon, Canada Dry grape, six, Mickey Yon, Kool-Aid, Crest toothpaste, Borden Hines cake and Allen Soltar.

Nothing else was clean. I began with The Primary English Class, an ABC pilot of a possible series for 1978 about a high-school class for immigrants. The message, I think, was that foreigners are stupid because they don't understand English well enough to come up with double entendres like the one from the teacher who, after saving the one from Italian and the Mexican girl looked in the closet, quipped, “Penny how those little things pop up in classrooms?” Next came NBC's Little House on the Prairie, a fairly show that brought tears to my eyes, probably because I realized that I could never be in good a father as Michael Landon. Over to CBS for Hawaii, a featureless picture carried by Ben Arthur's camera. Goodness knows he is to be said for a woman who can make soiled college chocolate—a native nation—who is a wholesaler and so. “Here you come out in this thing and talk like that!” What the old classmate then says to Maude is, “This smoke has been had none and good news. The bed scene is I'm paralyzed. The good news is my husband left me.” Then, some network, came 60's Fair, a show, of sorts, about Washington. The message, I think, was that Americans are stupid, particularly liberals and conservatives. Kenny and Char ended the evening, again on CBS, with Kung Kong (Char in his pants) racing Dr. Joyce Brothers for apocalyptic help—the skirt probably could not have been done better. It was not, however, done as well as the General Motors

commercial that followed, in which an engineer said, “I don't think anybody wants to move away from the freedom you get with personal transportation.” A summer reminder of Roosevelt's fifth freedom, freedom from autism.

Is that what we want? Yes, according to the fellow who runs one of the television networks, Julius Goodman, chairman of NBC (a network for which I work), but used a call for networks, stations and advertisers to “bind together” against government and other outsiders who try to “break further the network's ability to provide the kind of program service the public wants... a service that is widely en-



gaged and endorsed by the public... and the evidence is in the fantastic growth in television buyers and the huge people spend watching television.” The system works. It was Queen Victoria in 1847, I think, or a guy I know in Jersey City, who first said, “Potatoes are widely enjoyed and endorsed by the Irish. And the evidence is in the fantastic amount of growth in the number of families eating them and in the huge spend during for them.”

Paul Klint, who also works for NBC (he is the network's program vice-president) once said, “You view television through the prism of the content of the program watched... you take what is fed you because you are compelled to receive the medium.” I like the Irish and eating potatoes. I suspect that he is quite right, and that much criticism and analysis of television—and potatoes—are much too complicated. On the day I chose to watch seriously, as seriously as possible, the United States Commission on Civil Rights issued a one-hundred-eighty-one-page report complaining that television perpetu-

ates racial and racial stereotypes. The commentators made much of the fact that Mary Tyler Moore called her boss Mr. Gribble while one on her show called her boss Mr. Lee. The point not that sophisticated (although I do have an idiosyncrasy about M.T.M. makes compared with those Lee men), and I tend to think television has had only two overriding social effects. (1) It has led to ethnic arrest by continuously showing half of as how the other half lives and has progressed as for instant gratification, or at least regulation of financial and other problems, within a half hour, less commercial. (2) It is turning us into morose. Television, as it exists, is our Sams—and

the three networks are the major pushers of Huxley's brain new drug. That's about all I saw in one report on television and other problems, really only nothing, merely passive time passing. To try to expand my mind about what was happening in television, for several weeks this summer I read Broadcasting and Variety, the industry's trade journals, which is how I picked up Mr. Goodman's—Julius's—speech. It was television talking to itself, and made like the spectacle of Julia Child. A self-portrait of the staggeringly big complexion, with a bit of paternal confusion, about reports of a little activities in the jungle behind their golden temples. Most of the trade talk was about money, self-congratulatory talk about the devolution of the sports (profit of network-owned-and-operated stations have reached an annual rate of one hundred eighty-one percent of their tangible value), and there was also a scattering of indignant comments about the misguided observations of outsiders like the government, school-

teachers and parents. Thus, Goodman sees us as saying, "The public interest will be better served if they [impertinential] are corrected from the inside, by broadcasters who have the tools of knowledge and experience, than from the outside by those who don't." CBS broadcast group president John A. Bresnahan dismissed parent-teachers-magistrate complaints of violence on television as "a laissez-faire myth. They are getting more sensitive P.T.A. messages than they've had in many years."

The major immediate problems facing the industry, judging from the pages of the broadcast industry and the entertaining *Variety*, are substantive talk about banning television advertising of products containing nicotine and an internal debate about how much ads the networks can get away with during the 1977-78 season.

The network stations are \$52,700,000 a year in commercials for last season and much. (That is out of a total of \$4,500,000 of annual television advertising revenue, projected to reach \$13,600,000,000 by 1985.) The trades are filled with talk about the "First Amendment rights of advertisers."

It's not that the industry is not responsive to criticism. Sex, for instance, is its answer to the violence complaints. There is great discussion about how much soft-core porn the feds cut there are ready for this season. "People in the U.S. basically shy away from talking about sex and pornography," and CBS-TV president Robert W. Benson. "And yet they don't want sitting

down and watching a bit of it . . . A little bit of titillation, I think, is what they probably want but never want to say it." In defending a bed-hopping new series called *Soap*, Fred Silverman, the president of ABC Entertainment, said the show is "completely redeeming" in that "no character in *Soap* is ever rewarded for immoral behavior . . . The clear message is not 'Do what they do' but 'Learn, enjoy and learn what not to do' . . . I'm confident that we'll have a winner on our hands." ABC network president James Duffy, asked whether *American* was ready for explicit sexual stuff at nine-thirty each night, answered, "I would think probably by as putting it on the air . . . America is ready for it, yes." They'll tell us what's good for us—potatoes in bed—and if we don't like it we can always turn to CBS or NBC for their signals.

They'll also tell us what's good for them. In what's bad. What's bad, they say, is in Federal Communications Commission proposal to add four new VHF (very high frequency) channels 2 to 13—stations one each in Charleston, West Virginia; Johnson, Pennsylvania; Knoxville, Tennessee and Salt Lake City, Utah. It seems that the F.C.C. has figured out that the original allocation of channels in the United States, designed to prevent overlapping signals and across images, was hampered by the presumption that the country is flat. Because of rocky mountains, if turned out, those four cities can each handle another channel. Wadsworth's report on the proposal reads: "The thing is likely to be

granted with more than the usual discretion by broadcasters, since it comes as F.C.C. chairman Richard Wiley proposes to leave office and pass the issue to others."

Money and Cheesecake—and disarray—are about all we can get from television as it presently constituted. The system works, as Goodman said, but because of the limited number of channels, it has to work for the benefit of the three networks that provide the programming for and reap the advertising benefits from all but about thirty of the nation's five hundred stations VHF stations—and, more notably, the networks and other station owners will oppose adding any profit-sharing stations, even four small ones in place of his Johnsons.

In the end, I think, you can't learn very much by watching the prime-time series or even by attacking network programming because you don't happen to like it—many more people, even without choice of fare, like it very much. The questions, and future battles, are not about current programming but about future development of technology.

Over the next ten years or so there will be a series of struggles—extremely important political fights—between those who want to preserve the present system (the networks) and those who want to expand it as they can make a few bucks (the advocates of cable television, ultrahigh-frequency channels and pay television). Although there are very real problems with it, the technology exists, or could be developed, to allow most American access to twenty, forty or perhaps eighty television channels.

The networks will do their damndest to keep their battle as quiet as possible in the hope that technical/legal questions, or new federal regulations will be settled by bureaucrats and staffers working arm-in-arm with deals provided by ABC, CBS, NBC and the National Association of Broadcasters. People not quite satisfied with the status quo (often money) will have to try to make those questions the stuff of a national debate—a loud, angry one. If television seems not expanded—and I can think of no reason why anyone but a network executive would not want it expanded—we are all going to be faced with a Hobson's choice. Leave things as they are, with a very low probably well-earning people like Goodman, Silverman and Wadsworth in control of what may be the society's biggest engine—where lies there is become rather banal, making a nation fit their interests; or, in have the government, which cannot spend without such concentration of private power, take the whole thing over—which would probably be worse. *

The 1978 Concert Season is on at your GM dealer.



Hear exciting new Delco Stereos by General Motors.

You're test driving a brand-new 1978 car from your GM dealer—and you're switched on the Delco-GM sound system.

The music that surrounds you is full and clear. You could almost be at a concert. Front row center.

That sensational sound is a big reason for ordering a factory-installed Delco-GM sound system in your new GM car.

We're automotive sound specialists, here at Delco. We know what it takes to design a sound system for the

demanding automotive environment that includes temperature extremes, electrical interference and more.

We work closely with our automotive engineers every step of the way—to give you a sound system built to GM's exacting quality standards.

Delco Electronics



Division of General Motors
Warren, Michigan

And the selection has never been better. Depending on the GM auto you buy, you can choose a Delco AM radio or one of our sensational Delco AM/FM Stereos with CB, Cassette or 8-Track Tape.

But hearing is the true test. And you can do that on your Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac or Chevrolet dealer. Make sure you get a GM sound system in your new GM car. Tell your dealer "Delco."

Then, sit back and enjoy the concert.

ANIMAL GRADES

Her jaws clamped on the baby's body, she calls from deep in her throat to her sisters, explaining, "He was out, and this is a mouse." She lets them pull the grey devil far and keep watch. "He left soon." He watch out for her, but my children, remembering their lessons of mice in the museum, snort the body publicly by the tail end of the mouse. A *klonka* has filled with noise makes a long snuff.

When I move bicycle clips, I put my hand in a row behind the fence. A dog, a mouse, turtle and out, with sounds and out noise makes, bled in the air and the noise washed away everything. Today, she looks in the air, but in a mouse in a paper corner. My girl runs the dog, and by the fire, until they are flat. A noise of noise, noise then. They speak with the blower of silence.

—RICHARD FROST



BILL FOX ON AIR-INDIA:

**I'VE FLOWN AIR-INDIA
TO LONDON AND BACK
150 TIMES. THAT'S ABOUT
149 TIMES MORE THAN I'VE
FLOWN OTHER AIRLINES.**

Bill Fox is an engineer on the move. He travels on business a great deal more than most people. He probably knows more about airlines than some people who work on them. This is what he says about Air-India.

I rate airlines on efficiency and on service. And crossing the Atlantic, Air-India is simply the best. Believe me I've flown them all and they're all good. But none of them matches Air-India for sheerly delightful service. I expect I'll make another 150 crossings with Air-India. In fact, I'm looking forward to it.

Bill Fox, engineer and businessman, has high standards. So do you. One airline meets them. Air-India. If you're going to London, why not go on the airline that gets you there with style?


See your travel agent or give us a ring.



**AIR-INDIA
TO LONDON AND INDIA
SPECIAL FLIGHTS FOR SPECIAL PEOPLE.**

1-811-Two Numbers. Continental U.S. (800) 227-7146. Outside U.S. (212) 754-4200. In New York City (212) 754-4200.

Introducing the pen you wear.



Finally there's
a pen designed to
take its rightful place
in your wardrobe.

Targa by Sheaffer.

Like a good suit, it has
trim lines. Like a good shirt, it
has fine details. Like good
jewelry, it has a beautiful finish.
And like any good fashion, it
has an uncompromising amount
of attention paid to the making
of every line. Every detail. And
every centimeter of it.

Targa comes as a ballpoint,
fountain pen, marker, pencil or
gift set. All refillable. From \$10.00.

Look for it in the best dressed
hands this season.

Targa by Sheaffer

SHEAFFER FOUNTAIN PENS
Sheaffer Sales Division • New York

INGLENOOK CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1975, WHERE ARE YOU?



OUR ESTATE BOTTLED Napa Valley Cabernet Sauvignon '75 won't be on your store's shelf until late 1979. But where it is there, you'll find it to be a very good wine. Full-bodied, deep and rich in character. Yet, our '75 will be an excellent find if you can find it.

You see, that particular year the sun didn't always shine like it was supposed to. So, that particular year Inglenook bottled only what was good enough to be bottled. A very small portion.

(Since only a very small portion was worthy of the Inglenook name.) This is the same kind of quality standard we apply to all our wines—including the ones you can buy right now.

Sure, you won't make as much. But when your label says Inglenook, you have a lot more to lose than just money.



Where you want to look for local retailers, our label is in it too.

INGLENOOK

Inglenook Vineyard, Redwood, Napa Valley, California

TIE ONE ON!

This year's status symbol is a six-foot long GG signature muffler of washable cotton acrylic knit.

Bundle yourself up in it! Available in camel with natural only at \$79.95 plus \$1.50 shipping and handling.

☐ Bill myself ☐ Bill my company ☐ Bill my friend
 New York, N.Y. 10001
 Please send me ☐ my expense multiplied
 by 10 in cash plus \$1.50 shipping and handling
☐ I require my check or money order payable to
 Bill my friend
☐ Please attach to my request with
☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Cash or Cash
 Account # _____ Exp. Date _____
 Name (please print) _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outdoors

(Continued from page 85) at last, much your pleasure depends on the suffering of animals. So you take more care with your pleasure, making sure all things like sharp arrows and tracking and finishing all wounded animals, even if you have to wait until night to follow a gobble deer.

The deer sometimes never enters into it, though he is when you enter the woods with your fiber glass bow and aluminum arrow. I remember better than any animal I've ever killed a fall day in Michigan when I came out of a grove of aspens onto the banks of a small stream. I had been walking and waiting and studying the woods for deer signs for several hours. I was tired and ready to quit. I dipped my face into the stream and drank.

The water was cold enough to make my teeth ache. But just as I washed three or four small currant buds holding against the current. Occasionally one would dart to the side to peck up a remaining currant, then return to its station. I watched a flight of geese working recklessly south, banking and shifting formation, but staying behind the one goose who would lead them over a thousand miles in three or four days. A small evening heron came up, bending the trunk and breaking the silence. I flushed a grouse on the way back to my truck, but even that could not startle me out of a state of melancholy awe. I can get the same feeling when you've had too much wine and work is still calling and not friends. I had hunted all day and had not shot at anything. I had washed five miles and seen all sorts of game, but no deer. I had eaten apples in an abandoned orchard and I had drunk cold water from a trout stream. I hadn't seen another human and I hadn't been lonely or alone. I had not even worried about being shot by a 30-06 and I hadn't worn a psychedelic vest. It had been a perfect day. *

Books

(Continued from page 42) Communism is verifiably not one hope for peace! Ruffa's point about Euro-Communism is, of course, that democratic pretensions are necessary to Communist parties in the West and that the scoring collaboration between Italian Communists, Christian Democrats and the biggest Italian newspaper shows that Communists do not have to govern to rule. The Italian Communist party in fact controls Rome and every big city north of Rome.

But why should intellectuals in the West support one form of Communism when, as an educated person should

THE MOST DARING OFFER IN SHAVING HISTORY.

The boldness of the guarantee that accompanies the new Remington® XLR is not born out of mere casualness.

It is inspired, rather, by a new three-part system that results in a real breakthrough in electric shaving performance.



1 The first head cuts the whiskers of normal length and sets them up for the second head by stretching out the skin, so that...

2 The second head can actually cut those same whiskers a fraction of a millimeter below skin level.

3 The stripe interferer™ cuts, a significant innovation, has a continuous action that disposes of longer-than-normal and curly whiskers.

The performance of the XLR is further enhanced by the degree of curvature of its trim shaving heads, which was specifically engineered to allow 60 strokes

steel blades to get closer to the skin than ever before.

And to ensure thorough closeness, the XLR is amazingly compact in order to reach the small crevices around the nose and chin.

Yet, despite all this efficiency, comfort is not sacrificed.

The two ultra-thin flexible screens that stand between you and the cutting mechanism are so protective of your skin, that, while you may hear whiskers being cut, it is unlikely you will feel it.

So even if, up to now, you've been a chronic skeptic of electric shaving performance, the Remington XLR will convert you into an avid supporter.

We guarantee it.

We're giving away a blade with every Remington XLR. If you don't think the XLR shaves as close as that blade (or any blade), we'll give you your money back.*



**REMINGTON
XLR**

SPENCER & STARBUCK

*The money-back guarantee is good for 30 days. Money-back guarantee is void if you return the shaver for reasons other than dissatisfaction. Remington XLR is a trademark of Remington Corporation. ©1977



DINO AT DINNER.

Style isn't anything you can practice.
It's something you're born with.
Like Dino. Very long, very thin,
very elegant.

Wherever you smoke Dino it tells
people you're a
man with a style of
your own.

DINO
BY GOLD LABEL



know after sixty years of Soviet power, its most notable achievement is the emergence of Russia as a military world power—at the expense of its own people. Russian rulers, Russian trade unions, Russian apparatchiks and the most elementary rights of the newly non-Russian peoples imprisoned in its empire? There is no greater enemy of democratic socialism—what other kind of socialism makes any sense—than the Soviet system, the Soviet Army and police. Yet, as Havel intended *The Toiletarian Tragicomic* to demonstrate, Western intellectuals constantly make every possible excuse for Soviet terror, repression, exploitation of small countries, while never letting up on the world they live in and usually thrive on.

Totalitarianism—in countries other than their own—is popular with many intellectuals. They may not admit it, they may not know it, but they are often partisans of some big idea because they enjoy the illusion of certainty, of being in the know. Dostoevsky wrote of a fictional revolutionary in *The Possessed* that he would do anything rather than render himself in doubt. And it is also true that political intellectuals like to think of themselves as being especially far the opposite, of being in a grand and noble struggle and critics of the existing order, so to be always in opposition, to criticize one's class, one's country, one's freedom, is to be ahead of the crowd. Talk about feeling your own nest! (Twenty-two years old and nearly blind, Jean-Paul Sartre (a writer unimaginable except in France) is still crying, finally, to get himself arrested as a dangerous revolutionary. Such total theoreticians and fantasists will do anything to avoid the seeming ethical and confessions of common sense and political reality.

Havel says in his valuable little book that the function of political science is to tell the shots as we see them, to discern existing reality in all political structures and behavior, to tell its desirability, exploitation, terror, injustice and how they right sources. Significantly, the main charge against Havel by the professors of politics from Princeton is that Havel is not theoretical enough, that he believes in "the technical utopia of technological modernity where everything is directly calculational." This is distorts Havel, a professional philosopher and a socialist humanist who is scared by the need to give socialism a human face again, that it renders my doctoral at Professor Wicks. What Havel opposes is not theory but measure politics—the one true and universal belief, as well as a global religion and global authority, the idea of the state alone giving meaning to life. As he says, the

Read this booklet before you talk to any agent ...even ours.



The rule sounds simple enough. Don't buy less life insurance than you need or more than you can afford.

But how do you determine how much income your family will need in the event of your death? Or what percentage of your current family income you can spend for this protection?

There are no easy answers to either question. But there is a booklet that will help you approach the problem in a logical fashion.

Offered as a public service by The Bankers Life of Des Moines, this impartial booklet provides the guidelines for determining a workable, affordable life insurance program relevant to today and tomorrow. It doesn't quote prices—ours or anyone else's—nor will it replace the experience and counsel of a good life insurance agent—ours or anyone else's. But reading it will make you better able to discuss your needs with your agent and, between the two of you, arrive at a wise decision.

The coupon brings you this new booklet free by mail. Unless you ask, we promise no one will call now or later.

THE BANKERS LIFE

BANKERS LIFE COMPANY • DES MOINES, IOWA 50307

Bankers Life Company is an Equal Opportunity Employer. Minorities and women are encouraged to apply. Bankers Life Company is an Equal Opportunity Employer. Minorities and women are encouraged to apply.



The Bankers Life, Consumer Services
Des Moines, Iowa 50307

Please mail me this booklet that will help me decide how much life insurance I need and can afford. I understand no one will call, now or later.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

IT TAKES A VERY SPECIAL CASSETTE DECK TO GET SO MUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC OUT OF SOMETHING THIS LITTLE.



The recording tape in a cassette is only an eighth of an inch wide.

Cramped into that eighth of an inch may be as many as 64 tracks mixed down to two. A hundred musicians. Countless overdubbing.

Not to mention the entire audible frequency range.

Any cassette deck can reproduce part of what's been put down on that eighth of an inch.

But the Pioneer 9191 was designed to reproduce all of it. Superlatively. Without dropouts, unacceptable tape hiss, or noticeable wow and flutter.

Take our tape transport system, for example.

Since the tape in a cassette moves at only 1-7/8 inches per second, even the most minuscule variation in tape speed will make a major variation in sound.

To guard against this, where most

cassette decks give you one motor, the 9191 comes with two. The first is used only for fast forward and rewind, so the second can be designed exclusively to maintain a constant speed for play and record.

All of our tape drive components—the capstan, belt, and flywheel—are finished to incredible tolerances. Which give the 9191 the kind of wow and flutter figures that no deck in our price range can match.

Of course, having a great tape transport system means nothing if you don't have great electronics to back it up.

We do.

The 9191 comes with an advanced three stage direct coupled amplifier that extends high frequency response and minimizes distortion. The built-in Dolby system can reduce tape hiss by as much as 10 decibels in high frequencies.

Our multiplex filter lets you record

FM broadcasts without picking up a lot of unwanted noise, or the multiplex signal every FM stereo station sends out.

Even our ferrite solid tape head offers the best combination of accuracy and long life you can get in a cassette head.

We also include a peak limiter to let you cram as much onto a cassette as possible without distortion. A memory that lets you go back to a favorite spot on the tape automatically. Separate bias and equalization switches for getting the most out of different brands of tape. And electronic solenoid controls for going from play to rewind, or from

rewind to fast forward, without hitting the stop button. And without jamming the tape.

Go slip a cassette into a Pioneer 9191 at your local Pioneer dealer.

You'll find it hard to believe such a little thing could come out sounding so big.

CTF91 Specifications

Frequency Response: Standard (H) tape: 20 Hz-20,000 Hz; DS (D) 20,000 Hz; +3dB; C90-A type tape: 20 Hz-20,000 Hz; DS (D) 20,000 Hz; +3dB
Signal-to-Noise Ratio: Dolby OFF: More than 50dB; Dolby ON: More than 62 dB; Over 5,000 Hz: Standard and H type/Wideband noise type more than 60dB; Signal-to-noise ratio is further improved by 1.5dB over 5kHz
Wow and Flutter: Maximum 1% over 180 Hz
Wow and Pitch Error: More than 0.05% (W/O 180 Hz)
Motor: Independently-controlled DC motor built in permanent 1.4A coil, speed drive DC, single motor 1.1 inch forward and rewind solenoid

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp. 85 Oxford Drive, Montclair, New Jersey 07042

PIONEER
High Fidelity Components



CT-F9191

down to corpse planners may be the nerve in human history. Socialism, if it is to mean anything, cannot replace all existing habits, culture, religion. It cannot be universal and universal without becoming tyrannical—or, as Revell says, Stalinist.

But, of course, most intellectuals are nothing if not slaves of theory. Writing as an antagonist of intellectual laziness and political superstition, Revell demonstrates the tyranny that in Stalinism even the "independent" Communist states like Yugoslavia. He shows in particular how Stalinism as a state religion exploits the people. By keeping them in economic bondage to the state, and Andrei Sakharov, the Communist resistance more freely in control.

Revell was trained as a philosopher and historian. As in *Without Honor or Fear*, he writes by arguing against certain dominant intellectual superstitions. His words brilliantly when he shows in close detail that Allende's minority government in Chile actually unleashed the military junta now in power by ignoring majority needs and opinion. It did not work as well when Revell contrasts the defenses of Stalinism with the benefits of capitalism. His facts are devastating, but his argument is really for human freedom in the largest sense. Presidents in

not so much a fact to be argued for as it is a climate of being, an inescapable gift of fate, that cannot be expressed by policy. There is no neutral self-interest in Revell's passion for debate. He obviously feels himself to be in constant dispute with the French intellectual left. It is funny to hear him say that "if you let out the anti-Americanism, you've earned righty percent of French political thought, left or right." But so much intellectual also argues that the other side is too strong for me. I was not altogether surprised when I read that "the new world revolution that started in the United States will probably fail—because the world steadily rejects democracy."

It is true that democracy is altogether cornered, that our task now is to battle not so much for the open society as against its enemies. Revell himself deserves this by the power of his reasoning and by the violence with which he recognizes the experience of many different political societies. Even during the Franco regime a Spanish official admitted to Revell: "All our quibbling about the nature of democracy serves only to delay its return. A ten-year-old can understand what democracy is. If you run down a bat that includes free elections, universal suffrage, freedom of assembly, free

speech and so on, he will realize right away that in any political system these are conditions whose existence or lack of it demonstrates the nature or absence of democracy."

Compare this with what Revell said to Castro twenty years ago about the Soviet concentration camps: "Like you I find these camps terrible, but I find equally intolerable the use made of them every day in the bourgeois press." Or with what the American correspondent of *The Guardian* in Hanoi wrote in 1975 about Solzhenitsyn: "Solzhenitsyn believes that all international relations should be forged on the basis of an intense personal morality—his own." As Revell says, this means that "the nature of the Soviet concentration camps is a personal belief of Solzhenitsyn's, an article of his faith." He finds the same character in the way French socialists and Communists exploited American demonstrators of Vietnam to tell the war the "bloodiest anthropology." American political scientists divided Louis Gendreau's attempted dictatorship on the ground that India could not accomplish elementary economic reform under democracy...

Freedom speaks only for freedom. Political superstition shows to speak for the world of things. Nothing and no one can do that and be satisfied. W

Eleven questions to ask yourself before buying a 35mm SLR.



Knowing what to look for now in a 35mm SLR can save you money and prevent problems later on.

1. How much camera do I need? Most manufacturers including Minolta offer a tempting array of features. Like interchangeable lenses and focusing screens, motorized film winding, self-timers and multiple-exposure capability if you'll be using them. Use it not, save yourself some money by opting out the side.

5. What is a "fast" lens, and do I need one? The more light a lens lets in, the "faster" it is. Faster lenses like an f/1.2 or f/1.4 let more expensive, but nice to have if you do a lot of shooting in dim light.



6. Why is the lens system important? Interchangeable lenses let you change over to a camera you can grow into. Minolta offers almost 40, from a 7.5mm "fish-eye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto. Minolta makes of its own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras.



7. How fast can I change lenses? You shouldn't have to miss shots. So Minolta developed and patented a bayonet mount that lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. And unlike other bayonet mounts, Minolta's doesn't require you to resign 1/stopps afterwards.



8. How should the camera feel? Solid. Comfortable. Not too big, not too small. Your fingers should fall naturally into place on the controls. Advance the film and lower it. It feels gritty or rough now, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?



9. How should it sound? Press the shutter button. Noisiness means either vibration or inadequate damping of moving parts. Or both. The newest Minolta shutters are a joy to hear because you almost can't hear them at all.



10. How do I judge craftsmanship? Compare. Everything should be balanced, rounded, even and unmarred. No scratching marks should be visible, even inside the camera.



11. What is the camera's reputation? Be sure to ask friends about Minolta. Since it's the best-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.



And if you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLRs, write to: Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.



The more you know about cameras, the more you'll love a Minolta.

SAFARI, NOVEMBER 1975

JEAN PHILIPPE DE MOUTON-CADÉ

The second most impressive thing about Mouton-Cadet.

The first.

As impressive as the label is, the ultimate mark of a fine wine is in its taste. And the taste of Mouton-Cadet is a delight.

The grapes used in Mouton-Cadet are selected from some of the best vineyards in Bordeaux. The result is a superbly balanced red. And a crisp, delicious white.

Mouton-Cadet. A fine wine because it's a Rothschild. And a Rothschild because it's a fine wine.

Mouton-Cadet
Red and White.

SAFARI NOVEMBER 1975

Captain Kelly Smoke Detectors turn smoke that can kill you into an alarm that can save you.

Government tests show photoelectric models react sooner to most home fires.

Captain Kelly® Smoke Detectors by Gillette are photoelectric.

July 1976. Government-sponsored tests determine the sensitivity and reaction times of home smoke detectors. The results of these tests could help save your life. (But before you read another word, let's get one thing straight: Any smoke detector, no matter what type or what brand, provided it is listed by Underwriters' Laboratories, is better than no smoke detector at all. That being said, we can move on to the actual test results. They provide powerful evidence in support of photoelectric models.

Although our current models were not in these government tests, an earlier version was. Since that time, we have improved our product substantially.



Photoelectrics—how they were tested.

In these tests which were conducted for the U.S. Government by a leading technical research institute, photoelectric detectors and ionization units were placed in a suburban home. The units were positioned in three separate locations: the basement, the living room, and on the ceiling outside the sleeping quarters on the second floor. Typical household fires were then started.

Photoelectrics—why they're better.

These tests indicated that in smoky, smoldering fires, the photoelectric models were superior in sensing the danger and sounding an alarm sooner than the ionization models. And these out of four home fires start as smoky, smoldering fires.



Smoke can kill you long before fire can burn you.

At this point, you should know that the vast majority of people who die in fires are not killed by the flames or heat, but by the smoke and toxic gases. And most of these fires occur at night.

The Captain Kelly® is photoelectric—it is optically sensitive to smoke—so it can give you extra minutes of warning that could save your life and the lives of those you love.

What's more, the Captain Kelly is the leading national photoelectric brand. And unlike most other smoke detectors, the Captain Kelly has a testing mechanism that not only checks its circuitry, but simulates actual smoke conditions. So you test the entire unit, not just one of its parts.

And the Captain Kelly Photoelectric Smoke Detector comes in both battery and plug-in models.

Photoelectrics—the differences explained.

Photoelectric detectors like the Captain Kelly are optically sensitive to smoke. A sophisticated, solid-state light source, called a light emitting diode, creates a beam of light inside the chamber. When smoke particles enter the detector, they scatter the light and a photoelectric sensor triggers an immediate alarm.

Photoelectric units sense the larger smoke particles from smoldering fires, particularly those particles found remote from the fire source. Ionization units, on the other hand, respond to the smaller particles found near hot flaming fires. This gives photoelectrics like the Captain Kelly significant advantages over ionization units—particularly when the detector is remote from the fire source.

Some other standards we meet.

Captain Kelly Smoke Detectors meet or surpass the applicable code or legal requirements for acceptance in every state including California and are listed by Underwriters' Laboratories.

This certificate can save you a lot more than \$5.

\$5.00 OFF Special Offer: When you purchase any Captain Kelly Smoke Detector, we'll send you a Home Fire Emergency Information Kit plus a special offer of \$5.00 off a free home fire extinguisher with a value of \$40.00. To qualify: 1. Buy a Captain Kelly Smoke Detector. 2. Send the dealer nearest you a completed certificate, and 3. mail return from the back of the smoke detector carton to: Captain Kelly Smoke Detector, P.O. Box 60526, Kenilworth, IL 60091.

Gentlemen: Please send my Home Fire Emergency Information Kit plus:

SELECT ☐ \$5.00 Rebate
OR ☐ Free Home Fire Extinguisher (a \$40.00 value)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Captain Kelly Photoelectric Smoke Detectors by Gillette.

ADDITIONAL DETAILS: Offer good on purchases between September 1, 1977 and November 30, 1977. This participating offer is applicable and must be received by December 31, 1977. Offer void where prohibited. © 1977 Gillette Company. All rights reserved.



In most home fires, photoelectric detectors react sooner than ionization units.



SPORTS

Football is art. Holding out is life

Gaffes spared with Dempsey. Flanagan accompanied with the Lions. Now I have held out with McBlount.

Blount, an all-pro defensive tackle, is someone I have known for five years. Since we are both from Georgia and have the same last name, we sometimes tell strangers we are brothers, although we don't favor each other much (the one thing, he is back like Hercules, only longer limbed and bigger enough for the outsiders) and we different colors. He once said to me, "Your great-grandfather probably owed my great-grandfather." I asked my father whether that was possible. "No," he said me, "your great-grandfather didn't owe his great-

of the term. Fortunately we N.F.L. defensive line or backfield had taken "The Criminal Element" as its nickname, so that term was able to carry some force of disapproval.

When Atkinson's suit went to court in July, the jury decided against him. But that wasn't the end of it. During the trial, Noll managed to say something that got him sued again. Under cross-examination, Noll was brought to account that flag shown by Atkinson's lawyers revealed some of Noll's own players striking blows as easily as Atkinson's. It must be said for Noll that few N.F.L. coaches entertain enough humane sentiments, pardon me, to get themselves

steed skills before the Pennsylvania primary ("I got more attention than he did," Blount said), but I wanted to see what it was like to hold out. The field is where a player proves himself as an athlete, but it is by contrast demands that he states his way in the world. Football is art. Holding out is life.

For three days I joined Blount in the Roker Isles development on Lake Potomac in Edgewater, Annapolis, where he has a nice house bursting with paintings of himself and honorary-deputy-sheriff proclamations and Steeler team pictures and many of the kids he has interned in the N.F.L. And here is what we did.

We got the deeper end. The sun came out right away, on a Saturday, when he realized who Blount was. "I love this little town, man," Blount said. "There ain't nothing I can ask for that I don't get." The only thing wrong with the republican's visit was that he said, "You know, the way that was great, it looked like you were using Noll for five million dollars. We got a big laugh out of that." Blount didn't say anything at the time, but later he said, "People are strange, man."

We ate a lot of wonderful gumbo and red beans and rice. We took a dip in the canal behind the house. We went to Blount's small farm nearby and looked at two of his quarter-horses. We drove around in his white 1967 Mercedes and his '68 Chevy ("This car is the same age as me"). I watched TV (where were usually two gang, a big one and a little one) while he ran two and a half miles in the Sunday sun. I watched him receive Rip Pacey to keep up the strength in his hands. At one point he looked at the living-room lamp whose base is a Steeler helmet and said, unemotionally, "I guess I won't ever wear one of these caps."

He called a friend of his in Pittsburgh. "I just want to find out if they've started throwing niggers off the bridges," he said. The friend reported that white linebacker Jack Lambert was now holding out and several other Stealers were expressing dissatisfaction. Blount felt a slight sensitivity. "Players never talk to each other about what they make, though," he said.

We stopped in at former N.F.L.



granddaddy, because your great-granddaddy didn't owe anything." I felt relieved.

As a football player, however, Blount himself was owed—by the Pittsburgh Stealers when their training camp opened this year. But he was withholding to survive. And demanding to be traded. And using Steeler head coach Chuck Noll for five million dollars.

The suit alleged slander. Last year Noll accused Oakland Raider defensive back George Atkinson of being part of "a criminal element in football" because Atkinson had belted Steeler center Lynn Swann in the head where Swann didn't even have the ball. It was brave of Noll to apply moral judgment to an act of football, and brave of Atkinson to acknowledge the gravity of the matter by suing Noll and the Stealers for defamation of character, and brave of Noll and the Stealers to refuse to settle out of court. It is good to establish that there is such a thing as a vicious tackle, in the strict, or non sporting, sense

into such a fix. He was led to acknowledge that Stealers occasionally could be included in his concept of the criminal element (the definition of which seemed to expand as rapidly as Andy Young's definition of racism—although it never included anyone white). Nettled, falling back on sarcasm and betraying a certain foppishness, Noll went so far as to say that Blount's behavior of Stealer receiver Cliff Branch when Branch didn't even have the ball was a "viciously" act. That looked bad in the papers.

"I always got along fine with Chuck," Blount said when I called him. "But how can I play for him after that?" In pro football, however, you can't change teams just because you don't think you'll be at your best playing for someone whom you've wronged by slandering. "Jimmy Carter keeps talking about human rights in Russia," Blount said. "He ought to take a look right here in the N.F.L."

I decided that the President would get involved, although Blount had not contacted him through Pittsburgh

More for you.

That's what More, the 120 mm cigarette, is all about.

(Because More is longer and burns slower. So there's more time for you to enjoy its smooth taste.)

And More is styled leaner. In rich burnished brown. So you get good looks on the outside and mild, satisfying taste on the inside.

Get More going for you. It's like any really good cigarette. Only its more.

And that's all the more reason to try it.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 21 mg "tar," 1.5 mg nicotine
MENTHOL 21 mg "tar," 1.5 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



1978 Buick Regal. Down-to-earth dream car.

Is it possible? Florence and reform—
is one car? How can such things be?

Well, we can assure you that
building such a car is no small feat. But
it can be done. And we built the new

attention to matters of efficiency and
function.

Consider, for example, the fact that
the new Regal is much trimmer than
last year's model. To make it more

down-to-earth quieter? All right. How
about the fact that it gives you more
trunk room, more head room and more
leg room than last year's coupe? How
about the new 3.7 liter (226-cu-in.)
even- firing V-6 that comes as standard
equipment? It got, according to the
EPA, an estimated 33 mpg in the
highway test, 19 in the city, and 23 mpg
combined, when equipped with a
manual transmission (powertrain not
available in California). Or an available
231-cu-in. (3.8 liter) V-6 with automatic
transmission that got an estimated
27 mpg in the highway test, 19 in the city
and 22 combined. (This V-6 powertrain

is required in California and EPA
estimates are lower there.) Your mileage
may vary depending on how and where
you drive, the car's condition, and how
it's equipped.

Regal Coupe and Limited models

**Why people love going
places in
a Buick.**



are equipped with GM-built engines
supplied by various divisions. See your
Buick dealer for details.

Anyway you get
the point: Regal is a
prissy amazing com-
bination of the things
you want and the things
you need in a car. And
we suppose we could stop
here.

But there's one more little bit
of Buick science and magic that really
makes our case. It's the Regal Sport
Coupe. It's powered by a
231-cu-in. (3.8 liter)
turbocharged V-6 engine

Turbocharged by exhaust gases,
it offers the passing power you want



It tells you everything.

from the six cylinders you need
Incredible

The new Regal.
What it is, is a little science.
And a little magic.
At your Buick dealer.



BUICK

A little science. A little magic.

**It doesn't take up
a lot of room outside.**

mid-size Buick Regal to prove it.
Outwardly, the shape is clean.
Uncluttered. Downright impossible not
to marvel at. And on the inside, it's pure
magic. In the way it looks. The way it
feels. And the effect it has on the psyche
of all in it, as we said, a dream car.

Yet, in this same dishing package,
you'll also find an equal measure of

**But it gives you
a lot of room inside.**

maneuverability in city traffic. Easier to
park. Want more evidence of Regal's



**Turbocharging: The power you want from the six cylinders you need.
Will wonders never cease?**

INTRODUCING THE BLACK MIST.



IF YOU HAVE
A TASTE FOR
HISTORY,
REDISCOVER THE
NATURAL TASTE
OF MEAD IN THE
DRINK THAT MAY BE
YOUR MATCH.

• The Black Mist.

• Equal parts
Imported Irish Mist and
dark Creme de Cacao
on-the-rocks.

• Uncommonly
smooth. Remarkably
delicious.

• Yet, not to be taken
lightly.

• For its potency
traces its roots back
thousands of years to
Man's unquenchable
thirst for the legendary

taste of mead.

• A zesty and pleasing
spirit touched with
natural overtones of
honey, herbs and spices.

• A taste rediscovered
in Irish Mist.

• Before or after
dinner, it is the perfect
balance of potency and
good taste one would
expect from "The
Legendary Spirit of Man."

• And, to "The Black
Mist," it brings a taste
of history.

• Imported Irish Mist.

• The natural taste
of mead. Rediscover it in
"The Black Mist."

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.

IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. © 1991 SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. U.S.A.

star Rocky Taylor for a New Orleans dance, the Big Apple, where the likes reside: else jockey, Emo, and things like 'Mad Blount over there. Great God! between records I asked Taylor, a former Delaware bank, what he thought about Athens's bid on Seaton. "What was it?" Rocky asked. "He clothed him," said Blount. "Well, you got to expect to be hit," said Taylor.

"Yeah," said Blount. "I was talking to Ed Bradley, the TV newswriter. He said, 'What do they think it is, flag football?'"

"As long as he's carrying the ball," Taylor said.

"He wasn't, though," I said.

"Oh," said Taylor. "Well, I hate to see that."

"Yeah," said Blount. "Well, it was a terrible hit."

Blount played Taylor *Is on My Side* and *The Power Ain't Right* on the piano. "That's some terrible music," he said, moving with it.

We went to see Richard Pryor in *Ground Lightning*. At one point in that movie a white roadblock owner says he wants the hero, a black stealer driver, to race at his track "because the whites will come out to see a nigger get killed, and the niggers will just come out."

"That's what they want me for in Pittsburgh," Blount said.

We both wanted to take off and go to Blount's big ancestral farm in South Georgia where he grew up, where any number of his relatives live and where he likes to harvest, crisp and run through the fields with his horses. His agent told him to stay put because something might break. But nothing did. The Steeles were waiting. Blount sat. His wife, Leslie, went to a beauty-product demonstration. Blount and I twined a jump rope for his eight-year-old daughter, Tania. Blount showed her how to jump properly and said, "Don't ever leave something the wrong way." Sunday morning before church we ate grits and eggs and watched *Real Bandwidth*, the evangelist, on TV, and Blount said, "God is right where he ought to be. He deserves it of my life. That's why all this don't trouble me."

If he wasn't troubled, though, he was amused from the town he had moved for seven years and in 1980 Super Bowl. The music, it became clear, was not simple (although not relaxing in court). "I might as well tell you the whole story," Blount said.

Blount now shaves his head because he has been balding for several years, although he is only twenty-nine. "You're not going to have any hair at all by the time you're thirty," a teammate once told him. "That's all right, I don't need any hair when I'm



This year, jeans will be more revealing than ever.

You'll probably be catching more flowers, posies, and pinstraps this year.

Because as the demand for jeans grows, more and more jeans are manufactured too fast. A phenomenon that promises something is going to give.

In order to find jeans that won't, you need to know a few facts about jean construction. Here are the four basics that give a jean strength.

First, there's double stitching. You should find it at all points of stress. On the inside and the outside of the leg around the pockets and at the yoke.

Next, look for bar tacking (Whipped around thread that acts like a lock.) It reinforces the edges of pockets and reinforces belt loops.

For a lasting performance, jeans should also have at least 10 stitches per inch to the seam. And a brass zipper to daily everyday use and down.

If you find all this in one jean, you've got inequality. And chances are, you've got a Big Smith jean. Because, Big Smith jeans are made to be among the toughest around. Because we're convinced most men would prefer to show off their jeans instead of their briefs.



BIG SMITH

It takes more than good looks to make a great jean.

Big Smith Inc., manufacturer of jeans, underwear and sportswear, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Photo by Steve Berman. Photo by Steve Berman.

thirty," he belatedly read "Twenty money."

That is part of the whole story, but not all of it. Blount made something like seventeen, eighteen and twenty-carats this first three years with the Steelers. His salary had just grown by leaps and bounds as of 1975, when he was named the Steelers' Most Valuable Player and the N.F.L. Defensive Player of the Year. Although his contract still had another year to run, he told the Steelers he felt his '75 pay was too low. He wanted to earn more. They agreed to give him a \$50,000 signing bonus up front and \$50,000 a year if he would commit himself all the way through 1978. Then he did it.

Then last year, before the Steelers' first game with Houston, which they had to win to make the playoffs, Blount sprained his ankle in practice. "It swelled up like a ball," he said. Taylor swept the organization because Blount's backup, Jimmy Allen, was in California recuperating from an appendectomy. Allen was hurt a week earlier, but, Blount said, "I went to work on my ankle with some kinesio-tape, and went ahead and played on it." He covered Rose Buehner, one of the league's best receivers, on a spreaded ankle, "and everybody was saying what a great thing I'd done for the team." Blount figured such a great thing ought to

be worth something tangible, so he went to team president Dan Rooney, who, Blount says, "said maybe they could work something out that would be good for me and help them with their taxes, too."

Blount suggested they lease him some money. He wanted to put it into the Georgia farm and into the employment agency he is opening in New Orleans. Rooney asked him how big a loan he wanted and Blount said \$165,000. Rooney said that was way too much, but they'd figure something out.

However, according to Blount, Rooney and Jim "Bud" Roscoe, the Steelers' trading secretary and negotiator, kept putting him off. Finally, they said they would sit down with him in New Orleans the week of the Pro Bowl game (of which Blount was the M.V.P.), but they didn't. Blount says he kept phoning them but they wouldn't return his calls. "And here I am one of their superstars."

Blount remained an agent, Ray Foster of New Orleans, who had been introduced to him by the president of his local bank, and who will get five percent of anything Blount signs for beyond what he has already agreed. They wrote a letter advising the Steelers to draft a defensive back because Blount would not play with

them again. The Steelers ignored this notice. A couple of days before Votta testimony in the Adkins trial, Buff Boston came to New Orleans to try to straighten things out. Foster and Blount, now worth \$250,000 a year, Boston said that was out of the question. Foster and okay, Blount didn't want to go back to Pittsburgh anyway. Boston responded, according to Foster's report to Blount, "You'll starve, then, because we're not going to trade him."

"Then the next thing I hear is that Chuck is saying I'm a member of the criminal element," Blount told me. "I don't know if Chuck might have told him something and that was in the back of his mind. . . ."

Dan Rooney called Blount to express his regrets and to say that NFL had been pushed into his statements. Steelers tackle Doc Green and retired Steelers captain Andy Russell called to tell Blount they'd hate to see him play for another team. But, essentially, it was neither solicitation nor appeals to turn apart nor even money that Blount was holding out for. Nor did he expect his lawsuit to come to anything. What he wanted was for football to fit his life better.

"That's not bad money they are paying me," Blount said, "if I could get it in the (Continued on page 80)



INTRODUCING THE RECEIVER YOU PROBABLY THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T AFFORD.

When you make a receiver with 40 watts of power per channel, minimum RMS, of 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion, it's quite a feat. When it costs less than \$300* it's unheard of!



KENWOOD

For the Kenwood Dealer nearest you, ask your yellow pages or write Kenwood, 15777 S. Broadway, Gardena, CA 90248.

How did we do it? That's what Pioneer and Marantz would like to know.

The new Kenwood KR-4070. Performance is now affordable.

*Nominally estimated value. Actual prices are established by licensed dealers. Kenwood, a registered trademark.

They obviously have good taste.
They brought Bombay.

I'd rather drink it.
Happy Holidays.

Don't you love
to read the label?

Bombay.
The gentle gin.

Imported by: Bombay Spirits, Ltd., New York, NY. 40 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

THE COAST

A long way from Philip Marlowe

There are two hundred fourteen private detectives listed in the Los Angeles Yellow Pages. No Archer. No Marlowe. No Spade. No Continental. Of 2 I needed a shamus for a writing caper (I had planned, Lendleton M.O., that sort of thing), I asked Nick Harris. I liked his ad: **CONSCIOUSLY UNDEVELOPED FOR PEACE OF MIND**.

"Nick Harris passed on," the secretary said when I telephoned.

"Who?"

"1943."

"Oh."

"I'll connect you to Milo."

Milo. The perfect name for a shamus. Evoking one of the greats. Miles Archer. Dressed partner in

walls and surging, baby blue. He is forty years old, he has run for mayor of Los Angeles on a law-and-order and anti-busing platform (the only fifth among the twelve candidates in the primary), and he shares the terrace beyond the glass doors of his office with the League of Women Voters. There is a large oil painting of a striking long-haired blond on the baby-blue wall opposite his desk, a self-portrait, it turns out, by his wife; two of her other paintings also hang on the baby-blue wall—one of a tiger, the other of a sun-dappled seascape. I think of Philip Marlowe's office. "A reasonably shabby door at the end of a reasonably shabby corridor

of slight, like a solid handkerchief, under a pile of linen you might come on a grail he was trying to forget." CONSECUTORY INVESTIGATIONS FROM TIME A BOOK FOUR PROFESSIONALLY DETECTED. HALF TRICKER. SENSATIONAL SPY'S. VARIOUSLY. INTERESTING. DETERMINED WHAT WAS DONE—WHERE A WHIP WHOR. The role card issued to introduce Milo Spengler's own personal evaluation of himself in the Yellow Pages: a LENDON in his OWN YOUNG.

We began with a case that was instrumental in making Milo Spengler a living legend: The Tabby case.

J.G.D.: Tell me about the Tabby case.
Milo: Tabby was the name of a rat and that was probably the biggest rat case ever held in this country.

J.G.D.: How did it come about?

Milo: Two officers, male and female, came into the office and told my secretary they wanted to see me, and me only, so reconnoiter a running cat. They had seen me on a press conference on television and they had noticed the crossed swords I have hanging on the wall in my office. They had recently gone to a very famous party where had told them a man with crossed swords was going to find Tabby. It turned out they were quite wealthy clients from London.

J.G.D.: How long had Tabby been missing?

Milo: About six months prior to our being brought into the case. We handled it like it was an F.B.I. case. We had about thirty agents working on it.

J.G.D.: A guesser's case?

Milo: No, certainly it was just as legitimate case, but it was very important to them. We see very good at animals. We get an average of ten or twelve dog cases a year. Dogs are much easier to find than rats. Right now we are running an eight-hundred-dollar reward in finding dogs.

J.G.D.: Why are dogs easier to find?

Milo: I don't know. They just seem to be. Cats we run less than fifty percent successful. The weekend case we never had in the animal field was a cat.

J.G.D.: You had to hunt a cat?

Milo: Which we did not find, yes.

J.G.D.: How do you go about hunting lost pets?

Milo: Well, there are no grade rules. We treat it like it was an actual

in the sort of building that was new about the year the all-film bathhouse became the home of civilization."

Milo is handsome. His voice is soft, barely audible, and he seems to disappear in the black Neophrase chair behind the U-shaped desk, his face still hidden by the smoke screen from the Keels. He has, he says, one hundred seventy-five opinions, and their names, depending on the complexity of the case and the qualifications of the personnel on it, run from twenty-three to fifty-five dollars an hour. His own name, when he works on a case, are much, much more. The client must sign a contract and pay a retainer up front, and as with Jack Amsterdam, there is a monthly charge for late payment of the balance. I glanced at the four-page rate card, scoping at a box headed **SIXTY-THREE**. It reminded me of *Swanee* in *The Mouse of the Motor*: "You never know in a search what you would find. A man's behavior was far prurient. He trying to draw you come on her. He's a little pretty man was tucked out



the partnership of Spade & Archer ("Miles Spade and I, personally, 'was a son of a bitch'"). Milo: The boss. Working in the great tradition.

Milo probed my phone. "Milo Spengler," he said. "Frank Simon."

Spaced Spengler's jaw was long and long, his nose a jutting V under the long, thin mouth. His mouth carried like a male mouth, usually, V.

He looked rather pleasantly like a blond snake.

—*The Motion Picture, DeWolf Hagen*

Milo Spengler looks like a serial "I." He is slight and red thin, perhaps five eight and one hundred forty pounds, a thirty-second-degree Mason who chews smokes four cigarettes and wears a diamond ring on his right pinkie with the Marlowe emblem on the right side and tiny diamond stones worked into the metals M.S. on top. His eyes are cool and heavy-lidded, his hair caramel-colored, his shirt a discreet beige print, his office, back

THE HALF-INCH REASON WHY OUR FILTER GIVES YOU MORE TASTE.

The L&M Lights Flavor Tube FilterTM delivers the taste of 100% virgin tobacco.

Unfortunately, most filters filter more than just "tar." They also filter away taste. So when we designed L&M Lights and decided to use 100% virgin tobacco "flats" for flavor, we had to create a whole new filter to deliver its taste. A filter that would allow taste to reach you. The Flavor Tube Filter, inserted in our filter, thus 1/2 inch tube channels a stream of unfiltered, full-flavored smoke through most of the filter length. The fiber filter surrounding the Flavor Tube keeps "tar" at a low 8 mg. Our Flavor Tube Filter. It's the reason why we can give you better taste.

REALLY REAL TASTE. ONLY 8MG. "TAR."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Flavor Lights Cigarettes 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.



Bolder Dimensions Emerging: New – Unique THIS IS CITIZEN TIME



A.



B.



C.



D.



E.



F.

A—Polar Quartz \$150 B—Thin Quartz Yellow \$195 White \$160 C—Quartz LC Chronograph, 15 Functions, Dual Time Zone \$195 D—Thin Quartz 5-Function Digital \$150 E—LC Quartz Digital White Alarm Yellow \$205 White \$275 F—LC Quartz 6-Function White \$100 The Citizen Mark is a registered trademark and design. Dual number water resistant Chronograph model \$250

The Status Watch for a Unique Life Style... Mine! My Citizen tells the world I'm a decision maker as well as connoisseur. I demand newer ways to measure and master time and Citizen responds with excitingly-executed new functions, higher plateaus of precision. Citizen is the Innovator. For the bolder new dimensions of me!



CITIZEN

Anything less
is merely time on your hands

Citizen Watch Co., Ltd. Tokyo, Japan



Two great imported coffee liqueurs. One with a great price.

Both Saleroso and Kahila are made from the finest coffee beans Mexico has to offer. Both are deep, rich, smooth, and satisfying. Everything you look for in a fine coffee liqueur. There's really only one difference. Saleroso costs less. Saleroso Imported. A great coffee liqueur. At a great price.

©1991 Saleroso Import, Inc. All rights reserved. Saleroso is a registered trademark of Saleroso Import, Inc. Kahila is a registered trademark of Kahila Import, Inc.

Beef up your snacks.



Take along Slim Jim® meat snacks. The chewy-all-meat sticks that come in so tasty flavors, fit right into your pack and keep you traveling light, but not empty. A little less than a meal. A little more than a snack.®



person—when was it last seen, et cetera, et cetera. There is a lot of folklore, unless we have photographs. And sometimes, even with photographs, it's hard to tell if you have the right animal if there are no tags on it.

J.G.D.: Where did you find Tabby?

Mitt: In the hills, about eighteen miles from where the chinto lived.

J.G.D.: Was it stolen?

Mitt: No. It had several animal tags on it, so it was only something it.

J.G.D.: What was your fee on the Tabby case?

Mitt: That particular case cost me twenty-five thousand dollars. But that was unusual. The average dog case runs about three hundred to four hundred dollars.

J.G.D.: We've talked about missing animals. What about missing persons?

Mitt: Females are harder to find than males. Because of the name change with marriage. But in the past ten years, this agency is working on a ninety-two-percent-fail rate. That means we find ninety-two percent of the people we're asked to find. And that includes people missing thirty or forty years. We have found them in just about half the states in the United States.

J.G.D.: Any particular case stuck in your mind?

Mitt: The six-wary case.

J.G.D.: The six-wary case?

Mitt: Right. One of the major universities in California took a six-wary of a bunch of girls. They wanted to determine the sex life of those particular girls. And then two years later, they wanted to do a follow-up survey. They couldn't locate five hundred fifty of the females in the survey and they had us to find them. The girls were sixteen years of age at the time of the survey and now they were eighteen, and those five hundred fifty had moved away from home and they couldn't find them.

J.G.D.: It must've been expensive.

Mitt: We were working on a volume rate.

J.G.D.: Because you were looking for five hundred fifty missing female persons?

Mitt: Right.

J.G.D.: How many did you find?

Mitt: Ninety-two percent. Which surprised the hell out of us. Because we're working on a ninety-two-percent average, which is the highest in the country.

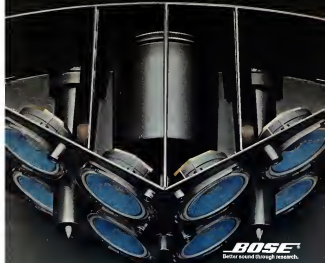
J.G.D.: How did you get into this?

Mitt: Well, I have a pretty interesting background. Prior to being a private investigator, I was a disc jockey and recording artist. I used to go under the name of Mad Mitt.

J.G.D.: Mad Mitt?

Mitt: Right. That was my profes-

No other speaker has ever looked like this, no other speaker has ever been built like this. And we believe no other speaker, regardless of size or price, can recreate the impact and feel of live music like the Bose 901 Series III. It is a speaker unlike any other.



BOSE
Better sound through research.

In one page we cannot begin to describe the 901 Series III and the technology behind it. So we've put together a comprehensive literature package that includes a detailed 18-page color brochure, a 20-page owner's manual, and a copy of Dr. Arne Benzon's paper on "Sound Reinforcement and Production," reprinted from Technology Today. It reveals this phenomenon, and \$19.95 to Bose, Dept. E318, The Picnic, Framingham, Mass. 01906. Patents issued and pending. California not subject to return.

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things.

The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little lime string.

Metaxa. Drink by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.

small name. I don't like, so I invented a new type of record. I would take a hot record—you can legally steal a few bars off any record—and I would lay it in a nine-note. You ever heard of Elton as Frost?

J.G.D.: No. Matt: We actually saw Elvis on trial on that record. I was sort of a judge. I would say, "Elvis, what do you have to say about such and such?" And he would sing a few bars of one of his hits. "Don't be cruel," he would sing, and so forth.

J.G.D.: It must have been lucrative. Matt: I made some money.

J.G.D.: It seems a long jump from Mid Milo to being a private eye. Matt: This might go along with the theme of your story because this is what really happened. Television was kind of interesting in those days. Peter Griss was the number one show and I thought I would like to be a private detective like that.

J.G.D.: Why? Matt: Because I was used to leading an exciting kind of life, like being in the disco-jockey field and what have you.

J.G.D.: I see. Matt: But you had to learn experience. I went to the Yellow Pages and called Nick Harris, but you had to have four thousand hours of previous experience before they even considered you. The next place I called, the same thing. Experience. The third place, I said I had (you and a half year) experience. And the woman in charge said her husband just died and she needed somebody.

J.G.D.: You said you had four and a half years' experience, but you didn't? Matt: Yeah. About two and a half months passed, and I became general manager of the company and stayed another four years. Then I opened my own agency.

J.G.D.: How many cases have you had? Matt: Way over a hundred fifty thousand.

J.G.D.: Way over a hundred fifty thousand?

Matt: Right. That I have handled or directed.

J.G.D.: Can you carry that?

Matt: No, not legally. Not in Los Angeles County. They don't issue you permits to expatriate.

J.G.D.: What do you do? Matt: We carry six cases we also distribute.

J.G.D.: What's it called?

Matt: We get dog repellent.

J.G.D.: I see.

Matt: It's red pepper with an oil base.

J.G.D.: In an aerosol can. Like Mace.

Matt: This is legal. Seventy-one-second shots. Do you can shoot it continuously?

ever been... kidnapped, my dear?

Can't happen? How intriguing.



This is the new Dodge Magnum XE.

Do you think I could see inside?



Magnum is... spacious.

My dear... you've been kidnapped.



INTRODUCING MAGNUM XE. AN EXCITING NEW CAR-NAPPER FROM DODGE.

You're looking at a magic means of transportation. The brand-new Dodge Magnum XE.

As much a statement of philosophy as it is a fine motor car, it is crafted in the belief that there is still room for luxury and impeccable road manners to live side by side.

Consider Magnum's cockpit. Thin-backed, low-profile bucket seats. Rich carpeting. Soft tailored vinyl. A most elegant and comfortable driving environment.

Yet there's another side to Magnum.

Sophisticated instrumentation. The optional tachometer. The precision of antilock brakes, front and rear. Heavy-duty 1800 cc. A strong V6 with Chrysler's Electronic Lean Burn System. Such things provide Magnum XE with considerable assurance underway.

Then there is all the electronic wizardry like headlights with clear retractable shields. An optional electronic digital clock with no moving parts. An optional 40-channel CB transceiver integrated into an AM/FM

stereo radio (even the antenna is automatically power-operated).

The new Magnum XE. A remarkable automobile that beautifully combines the attributes of a touring car with those of a luxury car. A car that is adventurous without being extravagant. It is a car that must be driven to be appreciated. And you can do that at your Dodge Dealer's.

*Always adjust first shown air vents on. That available in high altitude areas.



The 1990 Dodge Specialty Group
© Dodge, Chrysler Corp. Inc. 1989 Dodge Specialty Group

Magnum XE is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation. Dodge is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.

YOU CAN BIND THIS BRAND AS A GIFT SEE PAGES 188 AND 189



Don't forget your mail. A month before you move, pick up a free Change of Address Card from your Post Office or letter carrier. Mail the cards to your bank, charge accounts. Everyone.



REMEMBER: USE THE FREE CHANGE OF ADDRESS KIT A MONTH BEFORE YOU MOVE. U.S. Postal Service

The Language

Discarded from page 670 polygraphs owing to its apparently having the form (surface) of a Latin phrase, the word has prompted a spate of delightful misuses. From being an army intelligence c.p. of 1894-43, it became, as early as 1948, a more general army c.p., chiefly among officers. I have often noticed which dissonant scholar, artist and overboarded student in England, noted this twofoldness; and I like to think it was my friend Stanley Cassen, who, born in 1889, became Bender in *Classical Archaeology* at Oxford and who, after directing the army intelligence School early in WWII, went to Greece to lead the resistance there and was killed mid-April, 1945, a learned, witty, glibest scholar and man of action.

"The phrase had by the late 1950's gained a fairly wide currency among the literati. In 1960, Mr. Barry Prentice assured me that, in Australia, he saw it was by no means confined to those who had a taste for Latin."

In Morris West's novel, *Post Baby, 1968*, it occurs alternately thus: "Nil nonverbum, all right, I thought. Don't let the bastards grind you down, like it says in the book, but he was it so about 27."

It is curious that the book, who usually does not make a trick, seems unaware of Nil Nonverbum, the play by Henry Livings that the Haydn Shakespeare Company put on in 1957; otherwise, what a delightful entry, including the touching tribute to a dead friend, whether or not he actually coined the phrase.

But it is time to ask ourselves what the values of the *Dictionary of Catch Phrases* are. It does not give us a full definition of a catch phrase, after all, because it does not define what the difference between it and a cliché or a proverbial saying are. Yet in various entries Partridge will say that such and such is not really a catch phrase but a cliché, implying that he is working from unsorted criteria. In an earlier book, *A Dictionary of Cliches*, he gave us a rather explicit introduction, the introduction to the present tome-out of modesty, I presume—as rather too sketchy.

Nevertheless, this dictionary has obvious values, both positive and negative. One can surely enjoy or learn from a catch phrase without having a foolproof definition of it. Partridge's work disilluminates numerous catch phrases that might baffle as in our reading, especially of texts from the British Commonwealth. It also offers pertinent insights into the history of language, which is to say of culture history; and there are a good many entries that will alert hairy

laughter or heady speculations about political and social psychology. And there are some catch phrases left that are still less than well-known—at least in this country—and so can be traced to redundancy to the user's glory in much the same way that a good wit intelligence joke well told can make its paragon appear to be a witty fellow.

The book's negative value may, however, be greater yet. For these catch phrases are, rightly, some (only anonymous) person's inventions and are not for you if you would rather an inventor than a borrower be. Let your own creations bloom, if they are worthy of it, the catch phrases of whatever likelihood, if you see any sort of author writing about postwar years, you may profitably use these catch phrases to season the dialogue of some of your more under-directed characters.

For a literarily engaged reader, Partridge's dictionary has a strange, vital, indeed richly rich, value. Who knows—might I not have and something like "Formerly I could not sit still, but now I have nothing?" I would then, however, merely have restated a catch phrase already incorporated in *Dear Swath's Point Connection*. And, going from greenness into its afterlife, could I not, in a rare moment of imagination, and punning on "bird" and "lure," describe a lert as "the cry of an imprisoned bird"? Yet any congratulations from others or from myself on this book would be premature—or, rather, the opposite—for Partridge tells me this is a catch phrase from circa 1939 or a little earlier. The lesson, then, is a sadly useful mixing of verbal inventions already invented.

Still, there remains the pleasure of reflection to which the book gives rise, as what can come to realize how very many of these phrases originated in the armed services or among Jewish, black, and other minorities. This can lead us to insights into the very nature of wit. For these latter four verbal turns or wiles are my answer to someone, whether of army or ghetto life or worse yet, at wit. Wit becomes, then, an expression of human resistance, of compensation through word power, which the close proximity of fellow soldiers in army installations or ghetto provides with an immediate and enthusiastic audience and a sort of ad hoc Xerox process.

Or you might be led to speculate, for instance, about why so many catch phrases are ironic or pun down. Clearly, this is because the liberating power of wit is greatest when it offers a society or otherwise outnumbered person a chance to get even, at least verbally, with his oppressor. Not for nothing is the German word for "quasi-

"With our Superscope stereo radio/cassette Marikka and I waited for the smugglers to make their move."

day and night we staked out their hideouts, herd of smugglers. The 'n' and 't' and 't' even cut our Superscope portable stereo. My radio with a built-in cassette tape recorder, the tension might have been unbearable.

Instead we listened to broadcast music, enjoying the vibrant stereo realism from Superscope's two built-in speakers. We taped our favorite songs right off the air. And we also played American jazz tapes borrowed from the Nik Nik Klub. And with Superscope's built-in built-in microphones, we taped our daily reports.

Suddenly I spotted the Thelma making the fit move! Marikka and I raced down the stairs, snatched in the door!

A cassette tape lay on the broken table. We popped it into the Superscope portable and punched the "play" button.

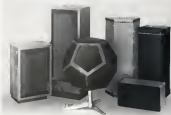
You are slow to choose Superscope products. And where there are people of such classes there is no place to hide. For it is written that in the world of sound, Superscope is everywhere."





Make it a Roman holiday

Write for 35 spectacular food and drink recipes with Sambuca Romana, Italy's delicious liqueur 84 pf. Salvatore & Lord, Ltd., Dept. HC, Kyrona, N.Y. 11759



Our speakers sound more alike than they look.

With four speakers, the compact center piece is a 100-watt speaker that produces rich, full sound throughout your room. It's a great addition to any stereo system. You can make it work with a stereo system or a single speaker. It's a great addition to any stereo system. It's a great addition to any stereo system. It's a great addition to any stereo system.



With four speakers, the compact center piece is a 100-watt speaker that produces rich, full sound throughout your room. It's a great addition to any stereo system. You can make it work with a stereo system or a single speaker. It's a great addition to any stereo system. It's a great addition to any stereo system.

wind," "holocausts," which is to say ready for battle, and, indeed, ready for battle. Similarly, the frequent allusion to sociology at these settings is explicable, I think, as either a nod to the social sciences or as a safety valve—Post-ap dooms can be softened most effectively in settings legitimated, as it were, by being such phrases.

Yet many catch phrases are good-natured and even humorous, e.g., "There's life in the old dog for 'old girl' yet," which has been with us since the mid-19th-century. The witwearer: A catch phrase is something to be both admired for its originality and avoided for its present staleness. A. Overmeyer of *Civilization* both smiles as to admire and helps us with the avoidance. 48

Sports

(Continued from page 74) South." What he wanted was to be traded to the New Orleans Saints. It would be an easy move, and he could come home in the evening and sit out on the porch. Blount likes warm weather and large bodies of water, so if he can't play in New Orleans, then he wouldn't mind Miami or Tampa Bay. And becoming a sports hero is what he has been in would be to his business advantage. Pittsburgh, whose team is set by white others, is not an ideal environment for black athletes.

If Blount and I had gone to his Georgia farm, we would have found the Atlanta Braves, where my kids were visiting their grandparents. When I advised my eight-year-old son of this possibility, he began to weep softly over the phone. "Tell him to bring his helmet!" he said.

But, looking out deepened my sense that whenever a given player's head may be cut, it is not bounded by his team's helmet. "My son will be disappointed if you play for anybody else," I told Blount. "He loves drawing pictures of you and other Steelers in black and gold full-body poses."

"Oh," said Blount. Blount said he owns some money, but no more than a brainiac should, and a lot less than Bert Lance. The Georgia farm, in which he has an interest, with some \$50,000 a year from tobacco sales, and it also produces corn and peas and peanuts and cattle. He and his brothers have converted an old barn on the property into a nightclub that has been known to do \$1,000 a night.

"There's a chance I won't play football again," he said. "But I'll go on living. Steers to drink! We grow enough food on the farm to feed everybody in Pittsburgh." 49

For the American body, the Scandinavian morning ritual.

As one man once said, "The morning is the ruler of the day." How you begin your day has a great effect on the rest of your day.

From Scandinavia, where men take care of their bodies as a mark of self-respect, to look good means to look healthy; we suggest you begin your day in the following manner:

Karén Soap and hot, steaming water. With lots of thick, zesty foam. Karén Soap is briskly scrubbed and mailed to last longer. To stand up to the way a man uses soap. And it has special emollients to help the skin. Next, a bracing cold rinse. Followed by a rough towel, vigorously applied.

Then, while the skin is still alive from the shower, the uniquely invigorating experience of Karén Pump Spray Cologne. Its cooling mist carries forward the benefits of the shower. And its manly scent deftly completes the process.

Karén Soap and our New Pump Spray Cologne.

The difference between simply getting clean and really getting started.

kanøn

From Scandinavia, the look, the feeling of health.

*Karlens Pump Spray Cologne, 4 FL. OZ. (118 ml). Karén Soap, 4 FL. OZ. (118 ml). Karén Soap, 4 FL. OZ. (118 ml). Karén Soap, 4 FL. OZ. (118 ml).



Chicanery Topples International Chili King in Houston Invitational!

A great champion steps down while a stunned nation and his mother weep

by Gordon Lish

BEFORE GOD made me a wonderful food writer, he made me a wonderful critic. I'm not saying I'm any where so good as the four internationalists I come from, but miracles you can't expect. Take it from me, I'm the best you know about—now that the internationalists are as larger in circulation.

But I'm not closing anything I haven't started, so close readers of *Keeper* will be the first to acknowledge. They're the ones who will remember when, in April, 1974, those pages were enhanced by an interview I granted under the title *A Few Words with the World's Greatest Chili Master*, which was me. And still is. Up until, that is, a few weeks ago. What happened was I went to Texas—which is always a mistake that to my eyes it was a really crippling one.

Oh, sure, I'd visited against Texas before. Texas and my country are so close I'll guess you know damn Texas whose place my Gord's Mad Dog Chili cleaned licking close. Near to mind, boys and girls, there was a time when your favorite food writer was a resident of Texas himself! Lived in Tampa, which is near Ringer's White Deer, in case you're having trouble placing it).

I just want you to understand what you're dealing with here when I tell you it's all over for me. And for Gord's Mad Dog Chili. I guess.

It was a fifteen-year-old girl who did it—and it was in Houston that she did it. How that all came to pass was that I'd gone on down there for a mano a mano against her dad—the usual sort of Texas brawl of a man named Ed Pastoral. Word was that this Pastoral put up a dish that was a pretty late ticket, and I soon figured I'd take him down to size before he got out of hand.

We met out there where everybody could see us—a place called Greenpoint, a shopping mall, so less—so there wouldn't be your usual Texas

bellyaching about things not being exactly as the spread-up, this Pastoral bringing along his daughter to help him cut meat and last push and whatnot. I could have called a motion for food right there—but I thought better of it as no time at all. After all, this was Texas. Let's not let ourselves be downed. Kne (that's the kid, all events) kept complaining as her dad let her be for a little bit, seeing as how she'd brought along her craves homework and enough was enough. You know how a fellow with needs who took their tea from a glass feels about education? I decided, Don't make a fuss—that could be a Socinian; whatever the percentage, it deserves respect!

I go ahead and do my usual Mad Dog, laying in a few last-minute variations mostly to crowd pleasure. I could see by now it was a good idea to make friends. Meanwhile, I can also see Kim with pencil and paper.

"Great ball!" I said to Pastoral. "Yeah," said Pastoral says.



Post-victory photo of new titlist, Kim Pastoral, and father Ed.

"I like to see a kid with the books!" I say.

"Oh, she's a homey," this Pastoral says.

I go back to doing the Mad Dog. Who needs a conversation like that? By and by (three hours later), all it wants to me last stir, the which I do with a little counter-clockwise flourish for the benefit of the one judge who's still awake. Jumped round, he gives me a little counter-clockwise cross as reply.

With all that time on a kill while my twenty-six ingredients get busy and execute the molecular handling I'm famous for, I wander over to where this Pastoral's leg got in going to town.

"Have about a little ahead?" I say, just to be sociable.

"Help yourself," the crowd father says, giving a dumbass spoon in my direction and looking over to where I came from. "Mm!" he says, choosing a stupendous wooden ladle and scooping off into the distance where the Mad Dog is.

"Go on your heart out," I say, as words to that effect.

This Pastoral can't get there fast enough, but he moseys, of course, which is Texas for walking. While his back is turned, I take my sample. I have to admit, it wasn't bad! But naturally, had had can't good enough to amount to much of a match for Gord's Mad Dog—and I am just about to lose on back over there is perfect against advantage when the dad, then Kim, the winner, God bless her (may she escape from Texas before it's too late), says: "What say you'll try mine?"

"Your what?" I say.

"Mm hrrm," she says.

"Sorry," says I, "don't drink when I work."

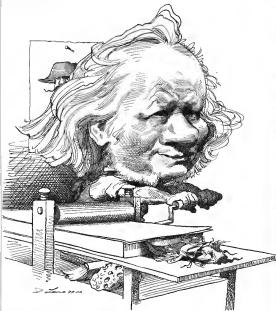
"This right above" the little upstart asserts, pointing to a second past squinting on a second Coleman already hidden from general view behind a huge pile of testbooks, all is to do with trigonometry, I am all of a

sudden noticing.

Evenings that memories are made of...



Compliments of the friends of Gordon Lish



Homage to Da Vinci: The greatest of nineteenth-century caricaturists pulls a page of Napoleon III. A contemporary wrote that Da Vinci "in a few strokes of the pencil gives eternal life to creatures whom future historians will be glad to consult in order to learn what the gorgeous exterior of our century looked like." Watch this space.



FORD LTD LANSING

The roomy 1978 Ford LTD. It could be just the car your family needs.



When luxury needs
greater class,
Ford gets to work.

Anyone who needs the roominess and comfort of a family car should consider the 1978 Ford LTD. Here are three good reasons why:

6-passenger comfort

You've come to expect luxury from the 6-passenger Ford LTD. And the 1978 Ford LTD is no exception. You'll find luxury details everywhere.

Then try the LTD with its wide stance—and luxurious stretch-out space for six! There's more hip-and-shoulder room than in Chevrolet Impala and Chevrolet Caprice Classic.

Roomier trunk

What's more, Ford LTD once again has a roomier trunk than a Chevrolet Impala or Caprice. It's a spacious deep-well trunk that accommodates eight pieces of luggage (including four men's 2-suiters) and two sets of golf clubs!

Greater rated towing capacity

For those who do heavy towing, here's good news: Ford LTD with the optional towing package has a rated towing capacity of 7,000 pounds—1,000 pounds more than Chevrolet.

So this year more than ever, consider a Ford LTD. You can put more into it, and get more out of it.



More room here



More room here

New Benson & Hedges 100's Lights

Who could make
light of themselves
better?



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11mg

11 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

There are signs that tell you where to go
and how to go.



This sign tells you that you've arrived.

Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

SEAGRAM BLEND: A BLEND OF SELECTED POT STILL DISTILLED. © 1991 B&B INC. BOTTLED BY SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

Zagreb

National Velveeta

by Aaron Latham

Las Taylor's latest race for the big prize



John Warner, Las Taylor's ninth husband, is trying to be the Republican candidate from Virginia for the U.S. Senate

It was headline and Elizabeth Taylor passed the salt. Once, years ago, when she was greener in judgment, Hollywood's Cleopatra passed a salad with a diamond in it in wetted on-lookers. Elizabeth Taylor is trying to be more discreet now that her husband is running for the Senate from conservative Virginia.

Over the lunch at their Georgetown home, the candidate and the candidate's wife, while most campaigning couples, designed on several points. They calmly argued a number of political questions but reserved their most heated exchange for the burning issue of how late they stayed out on their first date.

"I was invited to a small dinner for Queen Elizabeth," the other Elizabeth said, explaining how she met her sixth husband. "And I said, 'I can't walk in by myself. I really feel terribly sort of shy.' So they said, 'We'll get back to you.'"

The party for which Elizabeth Taylor needed a date was one the British Embassy was getting together for Queen Elizabeth II and President Gerald Ford on the occasion of the American bicentennial. When the embassy called back, Miss Taylor learned she had been lined up with John Warner, then the head of the Environmental Administration. She called her friend Annabel Zohed, the Iranian ambassador, to check Warner out. The ambassador reminded the movie star that she had met Warner once at the Iranian Embassy and again at a

dinner dance, but Miss Taylor could not remember ever having seen him before. So far as she was concerned, it was a blind date.

"He called for me at The Madison hotel," Elizabeth Taylor said. "My secretary went downstairs to come like. And she came back and said, 'Hey, he's not look looking at all. He's pretty dandy.' I said, 'Really? That's good luck.' And I went down and there was this very distinguished back with tails and gray hair. And I realized this was my secret, since he was the only one in white tie in the lobby. He turned around. 'Ah, Miss Taylor.' And I thought, wow!"

Telling the story, Elizabeth Taylor gave her husband a look that seemed to say he still wooed her. He is a rugged, handsome fifty-year-old man who resembles Hugh Hefner but is more virile, better playboy material. And he is quite trim. As forty-five, Elizabeth Taylor, on the other hand, remains one of the trademarks for Mike Todd's *Around the World in Eighty Days* the hot-air balloon.

She claims to get a sexual pleasure from eating (and refers to herself as a "lamp"). It is a tribute to her lechery that she remains striking in spite of the padding.

"We sat next to each other," John Warner said, "and we had such an enjoyable time. Bob Hope was at the table."

I asked, "Did you drop her off back at The Madison?"

"Yes, he did," Elizabeth Taylor said archly. "Are you enjoying my house?" She laughed.

"Just curious," I said.

"Mind your own business!" Elizabeth Taylor ordered. John (the candidate) Warner said, "I brought you

Photograph by Dennis Walsh/Wash Staff

ESQUIRE NOVEMBER 1991

here is a very proper fashion at a proper hour."

"Well, five o'clock," Elizabeth Taylor said.

I laughed. Lindsay Gault, who is a CBS correspondent and also my wife, laughed. And the candidate's wife laughed. But the candidate himself did not laugh.

"We went to Paris," Elizabeth Taylor recalled, "and we talked until five o'clock in the morning."

"No! No!" Warner protested.

"Joke! I remember! Come on, Senator. It's okay on our first date to sit up and talk until five in the morning."

"I don't recall that."

"Well, I do, stuffed shirt," Elizabeth Taylor said. "Good God."

"I'm opposed to chocolate either in reality or in dreamland," declared the candidate.

"Oh, chocolate's the when you show your legs."

"I don't show mine in public," the husband said sternly. "Nor will you."

"Cosobbb," the wife said.

"Yeah, that's true."

"Well," said Elizabeth Taylor, "I can document our

holding hands and sitting

up in Paris until five o'clock in the morning."

"No, no, you're wrong."

I asked, "When did you see each other again?"

Warner said, "We went out to my farm in Middleburg, Virginia, the next weekend."

"How much later was that?" I asked.

Warner said, "The next day."

"See, I held out," Elizabeth Taylor said, and then laughed loudly and merrily. "Oh, I love to drive John mad. He gets so squirrely."

Chapman has turned her back on the movies to campaign full time for her current Antony, who not only ran the bicentennial but also served as Secretary of the Navy. Of course, the original Antony went into politics with his Chapmans with tragic results, and John Warner, a history buff, may well have pondered the story how Chapman's ship turned and ran during the sea battle at Antares, and all was lost.

Our nation's capital has also pondered how it will all work out. War is the town, quiet now which ending to hope for. If Elizabeth Taylor goes Washington for keeps, does that mean Washington will go Hollywood just all redemption? Politicians use America's new stars, but will stars be America's new politicians? The man who sets the tone for politics today is Jimmy Carter, and no one could have been less a star, at the outset, than he. Celebrity is obviously not essential to getting elected in the media age. It may even turn out to be a handicap. But apart from all that, the big question is: Will Elizabeth Taylor stay to the end of the fight?

One evening, Mrs. Warner had seen to turn and run. At least she disappeared long enough to make Mr. Warner forget. It happened at the American Cancer Society Grande Ball at Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel. At the beginning of the evening, the Warners stood at the head of a majestic flight of stairs overlooking a table decorated with ice sculptures in the form of anchors. The movie star wore a low-cut orange gown with what

appeared to be another ice sculpture on her shoulder. This piece of ice turned out to be diamonds and emeralds. A receiving line resembling a centipede with some hundred twenty-five hands filed past Elizabeth Taylor. She shook all some hundred twenty-five. I counted.

Then the Warners walked arm in arm to a far corner of the ballroom, where only the most romantic were able to separate them. John Warner emerged from the men's room moments later and began his vigil for his wife. I kept him company.

"I'm here," Warner said, "because right after I came home from the Navy in 1946, my father died of cancer. Then my only brother got cancer, but he was cured. That's why I'm here. Period."

I asked when he would announce that he would be a candidate for the Senate in 1978.

"I'm definitely running,"

John Warner said emphatically, "but I won't announce until November."

John Warner is in fact vying for the Republican nomination for Senator from Virginia. His congressional

for the candidacy will probably be Richard Goodwin, a power in the Republican State Committee, and Linwood Holton, a former governor of Virginia. Goodwin, who supported Ronald Reagan in 1976, is generally considered to be to the right of Warner. Holton, whose gubernatorial campaign started with a meeting in Warner's study several years ago, is thought to be to the left of Elizabeth Taylor's husband. In the summer of 1978, the Virginia Republicans will hold a convention to pick one candidate to face a Democrat whose identity is still a deep mystery. All these contenders want to replace retiring Senator William Scott, who is an everybody's hat of the ten closest congressmen. Whoever wins, the average LQ of the Senate is bound to go up.

"We have forty dates in the next ninety days," said Warner, who was already running hard a year and a half before the election. "And we're adding more all the time."

While we talked, I noted that Warner was concerned about why his wife was taking so long. Had she fled out the back door of the ladies' room?

Meanwhile, Mrs. Warner stood at the center of a crowd in the ladies' room. A dozen women were simultaneously trying to help her fix the diamond-and-emerald pin, which had fallen apart.

The door opened. A woman in a wheelchair rolled into the pink and grey room and gave down on the crowd in front of the washbasin. Please, could she have an autograph? Mrs. Warner usually turns down such requests, but a woman in a wheelchair is hard to put off at a crowded ladies' room. She signed.

The door opened again. John Warner had sent a young woman into the ladies' room to check on his wife. She quickly discovered the problem and departed to tell the anxious husband.

"Your wife's pin is broken," she explained.

"I'm not interested in jewelry," Warner said. "Period."

A bystander said, "Even the best jewelry sometimes breaks."



"Yes," Warner said, "and I think she has some of the best."

Giggling and girlish, Elizabeth Taylor finally emerged from the ladies' room and handed her husband a long's ransom wrapped in a bejeweled Keweenaw. John Warner explained that I was from *Esquire* and would be following them around for a few weeks. Elizabeth Taylor looked at all her husband had arranged that Caesar's army had come to carry her off.

"I know you don't like that," Warner said, "but that's the way it is."

After locking me over, Elizabeth Taylor led her husband off to inspect a fabulous display of Cartier jewelry. The Caesar Society was to receive a nomination on all items sold. Walking among the cases was like touring a pharaoh's tomb. Mr. Warner tried to show an interest. Failed.

As the lunch is Georgetown, I asked whether he proposed to her or she proposed to him.

"He proposed," Elizabeth Taylor said. "We have a bill at the farm that we call Engagement Bill. We went up in the Jeep, and we had a bottle of wine and some caviar."

"Oh, we didn't have any caviar," John Warner protested. "We had a bottle of California wine."

"Too rich for the Republican stomach?" the candidate's wife asked. "The caviar was a gift from Aristotle."

"Ahhhh, that's a terrible story. I have no recollection of any caviar on that bill. We had a bottle of Paul Masson wine."

"I'm talking about caviar!"

"That's blasphemous!"

"Okay," Elizabeth Taylor said, violet light dancing in her eyes, "we went up with some ground grounding meat. A little moonshine. Oh, that's illegal. What do you call that really cheap wine? Gallo?"

Lady, my wife, said, "Moonshine."

"Moonshine," Mrs. Warner said. "Oh, a bottle of moonshine. Virginia moonshine. Virginia laws. Anyway, they were all Virginia products."

Lady and I laughed, but Warner didn't.

Then Elizabeth Taylor added some more mischievous-ly, "Virginia caviar. It's wonderful."

One campaign stop was at a children's hospital in Norfolk.

"Do you know who this is, children?" a nurse asked. "They know," John Warner said. "Don't you worry."

"Hello," Elizabeth Taylor said to her sweetest patients.

Shining hands with a little boy, John Warner explained, "I'm really seriously."

From the hospital, the Warners went to a Republican party reception at the Norfolk Sheraton. The world's greatest movie star fled into an ugly room with a low ceiling and lots of smoke. Here was the other queen being a buffet of shoulder chases against on toothpicks, the darkness of disaster in the junk-grocery department, a bed of paradise in a civilian coop. Here was Elizabeth Taylor meagering at the caviar-courtesan level. As

she shook her way through four hundred twenty-four startled hands, her own right hand grew larger and larger.

After the last painful handshakes, Mrs. Warner shook her finger at me and smiled. "What sort of meanly, devious things are you writing down?"

John Warner asked if I would like to come up to the couple's honeymoon/campaign suite to chat. I said I would.

"How could you?" Elizabeth Taylor asked me. "You should have said you knew how tired we were and that we wanted to get to bed."

I followed the Warners into the elevator.

"Elizabeth, I promised him what I said tonight," John Warner lied.

Elizabeth Taylor gave me her Virginia Wolf's stare, which made the elevator walls draw in on me.

"A person with a nurse like 'Auntie' should have better judgment," she said.

"That depends on how he spells it," Warner said.

"You spell it A-A-R-O-N."

"Don't you?" Mrs. Warner asked me.

"Yes."

"You should have better judgment."

I was beginning to sense the similarity and the difference between a movie star and a politician. A star and a politician are different in their reaction to the press. A politician is taught to run toward notoriety and publicity, while a movie star is taught to run the other way. A movie star can make her public in isolation, whereas a politician must reach his public through the press.

When the elevator door opened I hesitated, but Warner insisted I come along. I followed the couple down the corridor to their rooms. Elizabeth Taylor stormed off to the bedroom. Her husband and I retired to a sitting room.

"I have to work and charge twenty-four hours a day," John Warner said. "I can understand Liz. She has got it a hard day. When I was in the Pentagon, I got there every morning at seven-thirty and stayed until eight-fifteen in the evening. That's how I lost my first wife."

John Warner's first wife was Catherine Mellon, daughter of fabulously wealthy Paul Mellon. She left him four years ago—and left him wealthy. He got the house in Washington and the farm in Virginia. When I first heard that John Warner planned to marry Elizabeth Taylor, I thought he didn't know what he was getting into, but as I got to know him better, I thought differently. In a sense, John Warner had been in training for his marriage to Elizabeth Taylor all his life. Catherine Mellon had been a rehearsal.

"Warner?" Elizabeth Taylor yelled and began banging on the door. "Warner! Warner!"

The lock was stuck, but Warner yanked and twisted until the door finally came open. Elizabeth Taylor burst into the room wearing a shapely dressing gown that emphasized her weight. There was another top-of-the-art. On the one hand, Elizabeth Taylor defied the press. But on the other hand, she had (Continued on page 72)



Million-Dollar Wound

by James Jones

An excerpt from Whistle, his last novel

Baron's voice: James Jones's last novel, *Whistle*—from which the whole of Chapter Five is excerpted here—was nearly completed when he died on May 9 at age fifty-five. But, as his friend and neighbor Willie Morris wrote in an introduction to the forthcoming book, Jones "had already plotted in considerable and indeed almost finished detail his remaining material. . . . Had he lived another month, I believe he would have written [the last] chapters to his satisfaction. But he leaves what is essentially . . . a finished work." *Whistle* is actually the third volume in a war trilogy that started with *From Here to Eternity* (1951) and continued with *The Thin Red Line* (1952).

They came in just at six o'clock. Beldad chose the sun was lowering in the west. It turned everything in front of them a reddish gold. The great red bridge with its great bellying ribs of steel and fifty-looking cables suspended under it, visible from miles away out at sea, was golden in the sun. So were the hills at both ends of it. It was indeed a golden gateway into America, its twin supports towering up. Time seemed to burst as the ship slid along, humming in it. Phoning it, touch created old tropes with years of service broken down. Restrictions lifting the open upper decks to officers had been removed and everyone who could hobble or crawl was up there on them. In the channel, the great slatted bridge moved slowly, majestically, toward them. As the ship passed under it, hailing its arrival blasts on the ship's horns, the heads of the men craned back to look steadily up at it and a rapturous cheer went up. Inside the bridge was hazy ground, and they had finally reached it. Inside the channel, first Alexander and then beyond it Angel Island and Port McDowell, the place where most of them had started their Pacific voyage, separated themselves from the bay coast beyond. Along the shoreline the Eukalyptus glittered. The ship curved, then turned in slowly toward it. Behind the docks Telegraph Hill and Nob Hill made rising curves. Heavy fog staked every dock. This scene was about all at the Francisco and the Bay Area that any of them, almost without exception, would get to see. If the owners of the eyes had known that they would have studied each detail even more closely. At the docks Army and civilian ambulances were waiting for them, and continued to roll in a long line. As the ship nosed in, ship's medical personnel began to move through the crowds of hatched men on the open upper decks, telling them to get below.

The main impression they got was one of enormous growth. Urban, industrial, maritime, alive. Even men who had only been gone months, like Daniels, thought they could see a difference. While new forests

of eucalyptus seemed to have sprouted. Industrial smoke seemed to have doubled. Shipping had tripled. Truck traffic had at least doubled. There were many new institutions, and many more people, everywhere. To men who had been away one year, or two, or more, like Strang, it did not even seem the same city. Thus they were shocked below, handled above and hauled into the ambulances. From which they could see next to nothing. They were being moved around with all the anonymity of a stockyard delivery. Then, in a long stream, aided by policemen and stopped traffic lights which halted all cross traffic, the ambulances headed for the Army's Letterman General. They traveled in convoys of twenty and thirty, with sufficient distance between to let the hauled-up cross traffic through. Some of the ambulances made four and five trips. A few of the men, seated by the ambulance rear windows, caught glimpses of a ship.

Forty-eight hours later the vast majority of them were on their way east, or south, the bulk of them by train, a few, like the Air Force boy with dry gangrene, by plane.

One of the men the remembering was headed on was Bobby Prell. Although he said next to nothing about it, Prell was in constant pain from his legs. The pull of the traction he was in assured that. In addition, the slightest movement of the ship insensated itself through the weights on his feet up his legs to his shattered thighs. During the voyage, he had lived in mortal terror of a storm at sea. Fortunately, the weather had stayed fine.

From the moment the ship nosed into the dock, Prell feeling over a particular bump in a series of shocks through his broken bones, to the moment he was laid out in a hospital-car berth as the train east, Prell and his legs were taken out of traction brutes, carried ashore, jammed across France in a seemingly springless damped ambulance, moved twice in a rolling bed to different wards, rolled to the train station in another springless ambulance, loaded through a hospital-car window to his berth. Only other shakiness had kept him from crying out a dozen times. But he had kept up his mind he was not going to let anybody see him blubbering.

He had seen nothing of San Francisco, and he had had no desire to.

From the time he had been wounded and had put his legs back inside the flies, he had been nursed, tugged and stamped, ordered and respected, examined and cataloged increasingly the closer he got to home and any kind of civilization. In certain of his more memorable, it seemed to him it was more important to them that they keep track of him and not lose him there that they keep him alive. It seemed to Prell there ought to be a better



Thompson of the 24th Infantry returns from a patrol on Guadalcanal. James Jones was a reference with the 24th.

way to treat men who had given their life and limb for their country, but there didn't seem to be any better way of handling it. If there was, nobody had figured it out. He had come almost to feel that he was actually a piece of that "living meat" the curmies on the ship jokingly so liked to refer to themselves as. But so far he had managed to keep his mouth shut about it.

He had already gone through two major operations, and been wired and sewed back together. And would apparently have to go through another, to put the wires and screws out of him. When the first group of doctors at Letterman examined him, one of the younger surgeons studied his file and whistled, then sorted with admiring disbelief, the way a man might over a piece of brain sculpture hammered out by another. It gave Prell a certain thrill of pride.

Because Prell wasn't fighting only to save his legs, he was fighting to save his life. He had already made up his mind that if they took off his legs, he was going to let himself. He would shoot himself in the head. Or perhaps

in the heart. He hadn't decided which yet. But he certainly wasn't going to go on living around the clock in a veterans' hospital without any legs. Even if they took off only one of his legs, it would not be enough. He wouldn't live with one leg either. He didn't have to die, and he wasn't going to. So the way Prell figured it, he wasn't saving only just his legs. He was saving his whole life. And he wasn't particularly ready to let go.

So at Letterman the young surgeon's reaction was a shot in the arm. It meant at the very least that there was still some hope. There was an infinitesimal impossibility in the admiring until, but that didn't matter to Prell, since he knew the surgeon was looking at him as a job of work. He had no way of knowing how hard Prell had fought, and how many times, to keep them from negotiating. Prell did not tell him. He compressed his lips and kept his mouth shut again. Nor did he mention all the incredible, unbelievable pain all the moving around had caused him. Prell was playing his cards, the bad hand he had been dealt, as tight and as close to his

Prell wasn't fighting only to save his legs; he was fighting to save his life....
If they took off his legs, he was going to kill himself.

shut as he could, and was taking no chances. The severity of the pain might be a point in favor of amputation. The anesthesiologist, however, seemed to know. All Prell had in front of him now, he said, was the three-day train trip, and then once they would begin to be able to tell only three days on the train, then he could rest. The reason they were sending him so far, to Lantz, Tennessee, was because not only did they have one of the best hospitals there, but they also had the best postoperative team in the country.

"I can do it standing on my head, sir," Prell said cheerfully. But he was already sweating from the pushing and prodding.

The doctor gave him back a funny, arrogant smile. "Let us hope you don't have to," he said, in a softly superior way. Apparently he didn't like much confidence in potential amputees. Prell didn't care, or even get angry, since this was wasn't going to be making any of the crucial decisions. Through the sweat on his upper lip and forehead, he made himself grin.

It was, however, a lot easier to talk about the train trip than to do it. High pleasured pain that did not cease could cover a long enough period by supremely timing. To both the body and the spirit. It could drain the will away like an open sewer vent. The two days of movement from the ship to Lettermans to the train had taken an enormous toll from him, more than he had guessed, and by the time he was finally deposited, weak and sweating, in his berth in the hospital car at the station, Prell could only look ahead with a kind of stunned disbelief to the idea of three whole days in a jouncing, sweating train.

When you were very sick or very badly hurt, your very consciousness seemed to withdraw into the deep folds of you, until you were no longer aware, except vaguely, of any life outside of you. This by bit you were pushed further back into yourself by pain until your will was reduced to one simple-minded, single-minded, determined thought, which in Prell's case was that he would not cry out. He would not make a sound. He knew if he did, he would begin to bellow "Mamma!" Or start begging them to take him off before the train started, back to Lettermans, and amputate the goddamned legs. It was like these slugs in the jungle that pelted in their eyes acids and shrunk when you stepped near them or touched them with a cigarette. Prell had not had a mamma since he was eleven. And he did not intend to give up the only peg of legs he'd ever had.

Then, finally, even that thought left him. He slept, in sleep, waiting for the train, driven back to his underwear, most basic, bedrock consciousness of existence.

It was almost like a religious experience. That was the only word Prell could think of to use. He might as easily have said "ecstasy," but "ecstasy" was not a word Prell used, except in crossword puzzles. So instead he used "religion," loudly. It was as though the pain close by itself had made him drunk. As though the pain, by itself had effectively seared him off from other awareness, had turned him inward in a total, un-

interruptible concentration, as if he had passed through the outer yellow flame of a candle into its center, which was not hot but purple and cool. And in there with him in that cool center was an awareness of another person. Somebody or something was in there with him. It, or she, or he (it was not a personality), did not do anything. It was not an added strength. It was not an aid. Nor was it a detriment. It was just there. Prell realized that what he missed most was Strang, Strang, or somebody from the company. And it made him angry. Angry that they were not with him, and angry that he needed them to be.

The medical staff filled him with as much dope as they safely could before bringing him down, and Prell lay in a kind of delirious euphoria, more pain-induced than dope-induced, waiting for the job in flashes of the train starting, and thought about the company. And about his squad. And about their last patrol.

There were many ramifications. The patrol itself was the patrol. But everything after it had been added on to compound and complicate it. Prell insisted, in his ravaged state, that he could see through it all clearly now.

The patrol was the last part. Prell had no scruples or misgivings about the patrol. He had handled everything the best way he could. And as matter what anybody said, he had made no mistakes. The remark with the dead and the wounded after they had been hit he had handled superbly. Just getting the dead out was a feat. Not many could have done it. And he had made fucking damn sure he got the intelligence message back correctly. He had given it himself. It had saved the division a lot of men two days later.

The squad he felt less good about. But any soldier he had were not questions of conscience. Nobody liked to see their buddies they had lived with get killed and shot up in front of them. Nobody liked to command, then. But in a fire fight, men get needed, and they get killed. It was enough testimony and evidence about his squad to see how they had all made a special trip to come down, and get good-bye to him before he was taken out. He had got out of it with two dead, and two wounded, out of fourteen men, not including himself. Not many someone could have done as well.

All the rest of it had started afterward. With Wench. Or if not with Wench, with somebody else, and Wench had pushed up on it. Single gallery. As far as Prell was concerned that was what it was—jealousy. Although how anybody could be jealous of a poor son of a bitch about to lose both legs, Prell could not figure.

It had really started with the Lantanae island. He too had made a special trip down to see him before he was fired out. And it was something beside Prell's not in the bag yet, with his side and a couple of other men knowing these to later, that he had not wanted Prell to know that he was going to recommend him for something. He didn't know what yet, but something. Prell had been in too much pain, and too worried about whether he was



Wounded men are evacuated from Guadalcanal. Jones was himself wounded so badly he had to be returned home.

going to lose his legs, to give it much attention. He had said he didn't want any medal. But it had given him a certain thrill. He had thought, then, maybe a "P" Bronze Star, or maybe even a Silver Star.

Then it had been the regimental commander, at the New Hebrides Base Hospital. The Jap attack his patrol had foreshadowed that, and the resulting battle, had brought enough casualties in the regiment that the regimental commander had decided to make a quick flying trip down to the New Hebrides to visit them. Beside Prell's bed in the big ward he had said his own office was recommending Prell for the Distinguished Service Cross. He would, he said, have liked to have a celebration, but since that was impossible with Prell to be he had brought along an Australian imperial quart of Scotch whiskey as a present. Since Prell couldn't drink it, the American naval nurse had taken it and kept it for him until after his second operation, when he could drink it. Or at least a part of it. After that he had become the prize pet pig of the hospital staff, the nurses, the ward

boys, the doctors. And it was after that that the rumors went around the hospital that the division was recommending him for the Congressional Medal. One of the nurses had told Prell. It could well have been that the regimental commander's visit, and the Distinguished Service Cross recommendation, had helped him a lot with the doctors in his fight to keep his legs. Prell had certainly used his new currency to aid him when he could.

A D.S.C. was not something to start at. Prell did not honestly think he deserved a D.S.C. He had told the regimental commander he didn't think he deserved it. Still, it would, as the regimental commander said, please him, look good up between his chest alongside his two Purple Hearts. And Prell knew a Regular Army thirty-year soldier with a D.S.C. could pretty much write his own ticket in any outfit he went to after the war. As for the Congressional Medal, that was something in an entirely different category, and he simply put the name out of his head. Prell was a conservative about decorations,

it gave Prell a sudden thrill to know that he held the life of an important man in his hands.... He knew how political assassins must feel.

and believed with the old-timers that if you were alive and then to receive it, you did not deserve any Medal of Honor. If he did not deserve a D.S.C., he certainly did not deserve any Medal of Honor. Besides, he was much too busy fighting with the doctors, and everybody, about his legs. The whole thing had faded away, and had been forgotten. General Winch ignored it.

Prell had already heard that Winch was killing him a glory hunter. Somebody had brought it down from New Georgia. Then Winch had appeared in Ellice, not wounded, not even looking especially sick. And had started saying the same thing there. People were always quick to bring you that kind of news—they loved it. Winch was saying Prell had lost two of his squad killed, and two others badly wounded, because he was trying to save himself a medal for killing General Saeki. Fortunately, Johnny Strunge had arrived a week before Winch.

There was little Prell could do. About anything. Lying there trussed up like a chicken, in his plaster casts and ropes and weights. He certainly couldn't get around much. Winch had come in to see him, once, just after he arrived. Winch almost had to. It was almost a necessity, if he didn't want to create a serious scandal. They had just looked at each other. Then Winch had given his staring stare, and sort of contemptuously offered his hand. Prell had had to decide whether to take it. All his instincts told him to say, "Go back yourself." But he had to decide whether it would look better to take it, or look worse. If he did not take it, he was afraid it would look as if Winch's goings and comings were upsetting him. In the end he had taken it, shaken it once, and let go of it. After a just barely decent interval, and one question about his legs, Winch had left. Later, Prell wished he hadn't taken the hand.

If there was anybody around anywhere who knew whether the divorce was necessary, Prell felt for the Congressional Medal, it would be Prell's company commander up in New Georgia, and if the company commander knew, he first sergeant would certainly know, too. Prell himself would rather have died than ask Winch. Prell would not even mention it to Strunge. Winch, if he knew, was not mentioning it to anyone in the Ellice hospital.

Strunge's arrival at the hospital a week before Winch was a big lucky break for Prell. Prell could tell, just from the way Strunge treated him, that look up in the company in New Georgia at least, nobody was thinking badly of him. No matter what Winch was saying Strunge thought Prell was some kind of a dumb hero, or something. Strunge was a big help.

But all of that was just extra stuff added on the top. The patrol thing was still the patrol.

Whenever Prell thought of his squad and the patrol, a kind of fluttering quiver of apprehension rose in his stomach. It was not a quiver of conviction. It was a quiver of responsibility, dread and helplessness—a simple

reflex to cry out, *No! no!* It surged on, *prelie*. He always wanted to cry *No! no!*—and always, crying *No! no!* did not help or was too late. Their individual perimeters flashed across the front of his mind like no-motion close-ups on a movie screen. A head turning sideways to grin. A shoulder rising beside a smiling face in a portrait. Then the squarish head clearly focused mental pictures he had at the hurt ones, each man of them, would follow. Dead, or dying, or wounded. He would never lose them. That horrible, god-awful clunk that had given them away. A canon, it had sounded like.

They were not even Prell's own squad. Prell had been moved to them when the original squad leader was shipped home sick. But he found little to improve in or change. They worked well together without him.

The mission was to patrol out and seek contact. A large Jap force had moved away from the center of the line in front of Maunda and couldn't be found. Specifically, they were to find out if the Japs had reconquered a small steep valley on the right that they had previously abandoned but now, intelligence thought, might have moved back into.

It was an almost routine job. If you created it ordinary and routine to be walking miles in enemy territory along jungle trails that night at any moment be trapped or foot-corned in a jungle too dense to travel off the trails. It was impossible to describe the fatigue and exhaustion of that kind of walking. The narrow foot trails shrank away with mud. The valley they were to inspect they found empty.

On the way back, on a branch, Prell decided to take them on a little detour up a side trail, to look at a small side valley. The trail wound off to the left uphill two hundred yards through the jungle to a low ridge. And the trail had been heavily used lately. Both Prell and his patrol man sensed something was going on over there beyond the ridge.

Halfway to the top he had the squad and he and his patrol man crawled on up to have a look. The valley was strewn with Jap infantry. The opposite valley wall was a semi-cliff and there were some small caves and overhangs in it and Japs were crawling all over it. They obviously were preparing an attack.

Both of them recognized Saeki immediately. It wasn't hard to recognize a Jap general. Whenever he said anything, everybody else jumped. Saeki was a heavy-set man, well fed, with a thick greyish British-seller type mustache. His picture had been posted around the division, and a reward of a thousand dollars was being offered to the man who killed him. Prell and the others knew about him only that Insamans and Admiral Kuroki, joint commanders of the Jap Southwest Area, had sent General Noboru Saeki to command all of New Georgia after the Amami invasion. It gave Prell a sudden thrill to know that he held the life of an important man in his hands, and had come himself to kill him. He knew how political assassins must feel. Saeki was with a group of other men, (Continued on page 139)



ZIP-515, slightly in wood panel, 48 1/2" (Collection of David Burstein)

Cars Had Faces Then

by Jerry Flinn

No one ever had any trouble distinguishing the cars of the Thirties from one another. Artist Robert Bidner shows why in this gallery of portraits.

It was the first decade of the stylized and "streamlined" was their word. Early in the Thirties the cars were all boxes and corners, but by 1940, they were carrying like headlamps. Trunks came, round taillights were, wood and cloth were out, steel was in. Robert Bidner's earliest memory is of his father pulling into a Youngstown, Ohio, dealership in a shiny new 1936 Pontiac. Bidner's large paintings of the great old cars range from \$2,000 to \$7,500 apiece. Buyers often first spot them in the windows of the F&R Gallery on Washington's Upper East Side—47's as if these clients have been schooled into recognition of a great familiar personality.

The 1939 Chevrolet

King of the road, not fast or flashy like a Ford, but a family car—dependable. The no-trunk models with the spare hung on the rear were finally phased out with the '39. But the last \$720 Chevy before World War II still wore its headlights high on the fenders, still had running boards, carried a side-mounted fire on the wagon model and had the same old 85-horsepower six. Depression buyers liked their changes to come slowly.



1936 Ford V8 sedan parked on wood panel, 48 x 19" (left) and 48 x 20" (right)



1936 Ford V8 sedan parked on wood panel, 48 x 19" (left) and 48 x 20" (right)

The Phantom III

When Henry Royce died in 1933, the Rolls-Royce insignia went from red to black and has been in mourning ever since. The Phantom III was the first Rolls he had no hand in, but his tradition was upheld. It was one of the finest cars in the world. The V-12 ran to 50 m.p.h. in twelve and a half seconds and could touch 100. The ride was the best that \$14,500 could buy. Without perfect maintenance, however, there was engine trouble, and repairs often required the wealth of a Rockefeller, which owners often had. Only 710 Phantom IIIs were built between 1936 and 1939, but they were enough. Rolls survived.

The 1936 Ford

Ford temporarily lost its edge in the Thirties. The old man wanted mechanics, not engineers. Hydraulic brakes were newfangled, mechanical ones were good enough. He had old-style springing, no fuel tank, no hot-or-cold-weather tabs, no six-cylinder engine, and what the competition had was ignored. Still, Fords like this '36 (opposite) carried a V-8 and were fast (Alvin Karpis preferred Ford), styling was always sharp, and Ford underpinned the rest. The '36's ran from \$510 to \$780, with the trunk a \$20 option—if you didn't want one with a rumble seat.



A Lincoln as a LTD, complete on wood panel, 48 1/2" x 80" (collection of Avenue de Hollywood)

The Continental

It was just a rich man's whim, a one-of-a-kind something to dazzle the Palm Beach crowd, built to look "strictly continental." That rich man was Edsel Ford, old Henry's son, and his car caused such a stir the spring of '36 that he quickly put the Continental into production. Mechanically it was no marvel. The 120-horsepower V-12 just dragged the big car; the bodywork was rough; the price, \$2,840. Yet nothing ever was more graceful. No other car "so satisfied my soul," said John Stearbeck. Alas, it didn't fit in after the war and had died by 1948. Only 5324 were built.



Cord as a LTD complete on aluminum body, 58 1/2" x 80" (PAB Gallery)

The Cord

Stutz, Pierce-Arrow, Packard, Hudson and all the others with their inspiration and daring are gone. The sweetest dream was the Cord, a revolution on wheels. Its 1936 styling was a decade ahead of its time: no running boards, hidden radiator, headlights and door hinges, and front-wheel drive, which just now is coming into fashion. It did 110 m.p.h. with a supercharger but was high-priced—\$2,000 to \$3,500, when a Buick could be had for \$765. Fewer than 2500 were sold between 1926 and 1937, and Errett Lobban Cord's dream of empire—made up of his Auburn, his Duesenberg and his stunning Cord—faded away forever.

The Lonely Guy's

by Bruce Jay Friedman

Grooming Guide

It's important to look good. It won't make you feel any better, but it is still important

Who cares how I look? the Lonely Guy will ask. My groover? Why should I take the trouble to smell nice? Is there a line around the block waiting to smell me? All I ever do is slip around corners. Do I have to be well-groomed to do that? In sure, why should I be a Well-groomed Lonely Guy?

These are sound questions. And there is a cue to be made for had grooming. (You don't have to do anything. You just be there and not, etc.) But members: Good grooming sits away at the clock, that accepts of the Lonely Guy. Taking showers, opening up tight mouthwash bottles, trying to get underwear stains off a shirt—all this can look the hell out of a day. Before you know it, a week is gone. Ask any Lonely Guy what an advantage that is.

Good grooming also can take people into thinking you are not in agony. This is a Good Thing. If people ever realized how lonely you felt, they wouldn't stand by it, the way they couldn't take *Thelma&Louise*. They would break down doors in an effort to rid you of your loneliness, which, of course, is all you've got going.

With minimal effort, the Lonely Guy can be almost as well-groomed as a normal person. One example should suffice: Many Lonely Guys cut their towels and don't bother to catch them up in anything. They allow them to fly all over the place and take no responsibility for what happens to them. The Well-groomed Lonely Guy keeps an subway alongside his feet, like a target, and lets the towels curl off that. A pee-pee sound reminds that it is not altogether unpleasant. From this point on, it's a simple matter to collect the towels and get them the hell out of there. You won't be able to trap every last one. Is anyone saying that you're fat? But let's say you get right out of bed. That's right: towels you won't ever have to worry about again. Hate off and peed-

bye! No nightmares about a cute girl picking up a handful and saying, "What the hell are these?"

The Smell of Loneliness

Let's face it—Lonely Guys have a smell of their own. You've read about it in verse. "And I had a smell of loneliness about him." It's not bitter or sour or anything, but it is a little stink, like an old hemorrhoid oint. Nothing much can be done about it. It's soaked all the way in there. But the Lonely Guy has a responsibility to himself and to the community to go after that smell. This means taking a lot of showers. Round the clock, if possible. Under no circumstances should the Lonely Guy take a bath. It hardly requires pointing out here that many a Lonely Guy, snug and secure in a warm tub, will decide to stay right where he is, parking it in there and there. Confronted, there is no known instance of someone's deciding to get it all in a shower, any by putting up on his toes and smacking his head against the inside.

Any good-smelling soap will do, though preferably not one that's so slippery you have to keep running after it. Some Lonely Guys have reported good results from a dab of disinfecting detergent. The most important thing about soap is not to save up a whole bunch of slippery leftover pieces. Many an affluent Lonely Guy who would think nothing of buying a granch of *Perrier* will turn right around and start moving little pieces of soap. Or, worse, try to wash them together to make a whole new bar. When the soap gets around three quarters of the way down, throw it away and accept your loss gracefully. Rush time you start a new bar, you will experience a clean horn-again feeling.

While any soap will do, that's not quite the case with shampoo. One of the biggest mistakes a Lonely Guy can make is to buy a tar shampoo. Admittedly, it will make his hair smell fresh and outstanding. But it will also make him feel he is wandering around in the woods somewhere,

louder than ever. Worse, it might make him think it's fall, the hardest of all seasons for the Lonely Guy to get through, with falling hair a stake in his heart. Shampoo, when everyone else is going away, isn't so hot for the Lonely Guy, either. Neither, for that matter, is winter, when the whole world is out there playing with snow-machines and he isn't. The best time for the Lonely Guy seems to be the two-week span at the end of March, when not much goes on.

Before leaving the shower, the most important thing to do is to feel around the drain and pull out the hairs that have gotten caught in it. No one is saying you have to do this every single shower. But don't make the mistake of many Lonely Guys and let it pile up so that it has to be trucked out of there.

Main aim your towels are not only fluffy but large. What's the point of having a towel that will only dry one knee? You'd be surprised at all the Lonely Guys who will use thirteen tiny little towels for a single shower. So use a big towel, but not one so big that you feel lost and abandoned in it and wind up crying out for help. Some Lonely Guys like to warm up their towels, like dinner rolls. This is all right, so long as you don't drop them over a toaster. They can be heated up on a radiator or even put in the oven, but they must be folded neatly and placed in a baking pan. Do not get carried away and throw a grilled cheese sandwich in there, too.

Just because a towel is a little dirty is no place is no reason to rush it over to the laundry. There may be other places where it's still a little clean. Lots of other places. When these are used up, it will definitely have to go to the laundry. A cute girl can be invited over to take a shower and to use the suspect towel. When she's gone, the towel will smell fresh and pretty again, and you will be amazed and delighted to see how many showers it has left in it.

Talcum powder is essential for after-shower grooming as long as you don't snort or smother it. There is no known antidote to smothered talcum powder. The Lonely

Guy who has it in him will have to resign himself to a life with powdered internal organs.

In selecting a deodorant, the Lonely Guy should pass up the roll-on type and go for the spray variety. The reason for this is that the Lonely Guy usually forgets about the deodorant until his shirt is on. It's much easier to spray right through the shirt than it is to try to get the roll-on up through the sleeve until it makes contact with the armpit. And don't be afraid to spray a little underarm deodorant conspicuously—on your feet, for example. This is not an arrestable offense. "All right, men, put the cuffs on him. Guess where he put underarm deodorant?"

Many Lonely Guys who were bearded through the social approval of the Barbers have now returned to shaving. Only to run into that same old puzzle: how to deal with the Adam's apple. Most Lonely Guys have a prominent one, as a result of having to gulp down so much bad news. The Adam's apple is the second most delicate part of a man's body. For this reason, it makes no sense to keep nipping at the end of it. Lonely Guys with respectable dads learned early in the game that there is only one way to go at an Adam's apple: Push the skin out, swing it to one side, shave, then swing it back the other way and shave again. Simple enough. But how many Lonely Guys have reached the age of forty and been in the dark about this technique? How many, in this day, wear turtlenecks to cover up a lumpy Adam's apple?

To stop the flow of blood caused by shaving gashes, many Lonely Guys use little dabs of toilet paper, which they stick on there. The main drawback is that they often forget to take them off and have to be pulled apart at parties and told about them. Short of a strangulating tourniquet, the best way to stop up a shaving gash remains the styptic pencil, one of the few constants in American life. It is the only item in Western civilization to have outlasted no technological breakthrough. During the long years of early space exploration, many of us here on the ground wondered how it would benefit

Bruce Jay Friedman is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. His next book, *The Lonely Guy's Book of Life*, will be published by McGraw-Hill in 1979.



Drawings by Keith Meyers

the stygian period. The answer, sad to say, is that it didn't. A little longer, a little faster, perhaps, it's still the same peddled-old thing it always was.

The Lonely Guy who has finished up shaving would be well-advised to check his nose hairs and to consider trimming them back. Not after every shave. Not even once a week necessarily. But at some point. Does it make any sense to wait till you're tripping over them? No. A sign posted in the foyer saying "ouch" says more about you offed a guest or two but will serve as a reminder of this important grooming step.

To ensure excellent breath, a good mouthwash is recommended. The Lonely Guy with drooping mouth is not going to get very far in life. But do not use a mouthwash that kills the taste buds. One way to tell if your mouthwash is too strong is to see if you can still taste live-worms. Some Lonely Guys have given up mouthwash and gone over to Intervent... as a kind of mouthwash. Up in the morning, mouth a little sticky, eat a slice of live-worm, wash it down with Clamato, and you're in business.

An ongoing number of Lonely Guys go through life in terrible fear of swallowing toothpaste. This is ridiculous. It's just put you out of business, but you would have to wait down tube after tube of it, and who's going to take the time to do that? So get rid of your neurotic fear of swallowing toothpaste.

Cologne Again, Naturally

It's essential that the Lonely Guy pick out just the right cologne. It's not that easy, because it's hard to tell what a cologne is like when you're the one it's on. Many Lonely Guys choose their cologne on the basis of the bottle. If the cologne guys have come up with a terrible bottle, they must know something about cologne. The other way to look at it is: If they've spent all that money on a great bottle, there was probably no money left for the cologne. Or: They're using a wonderful bottle to pass off a crappy cologne. But this is the contemporary approach to American life again, and it should probably be kept out of colognes. Think in between. Choose a good-looking bottle. But it doesn't have to be carved out of stained glass by Dorsetshire frons.

One way to check out a cologne is to put some on, walk out of the room and then dash back in and smell the place where you were standing. Another is the time-honored elevator test. Apply the cologne and step into a crowded

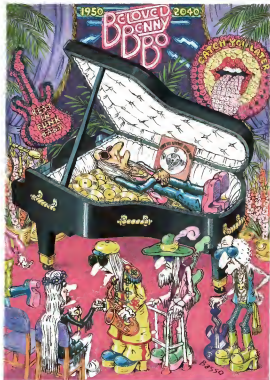
elevator at noontime. If the other passengers huddle in a corner and begin to sweat the air in front of them, you may be on the wrong track. If they shift from one foot to the other but steadily hold their ground, you are probably in the clear.

Once you've selected a cologne, stick to it. Don't put one cologne on your face and another on your feet, totally confounding the person who is smelling you. And stay away from colognes that are too warm and make you want to kick everyone in the stomach.

Beyond the Shower

The Lonely Guy must not only keep himself clean but also the clothing that he wears. His butt firmed in this department is Woolite, which can get any item in the world slightly clean. This product has virtually put dry cleaners out of business. When shaven a minister of Woolite, they have been known to punch it. To use Woolite, put your dry clothes in a sink full of cold water, sprinkle some in and let everything soak for around three minutes. It's the cold water that makes people suspicious. How can you get stuff clean with cold water? Everybody's a little shaky on the answer, but apparently what happens is that the dirt gets cold. And cold dirt doesn't seem to smell so bad as hot dirt. Something like that. In any case, it's important to make your return to the sink in three minutes. Don't worry about getting all the Woolite squeezed out of the clothing. Woolite itself has a nice smell and can be used as an emergency cologne. Every six months or so, take your clothes to the laundry. This will make them completely clean rather than only slightly so. Many Lonely Guys have bought extra in Vermont with the money they recovered by using Woolite. They became lazier than ever once they did that—but that's another story.

Many Lonely Guys have a favorite leather jacket they wear repeatedly that doesn't smell so hot after a while. No amount of Woolite can get through to it. For this problem, there is a special process called deep-detergent cleaning that penetrates right through to the molecular structure of the jacket and makes it sweat smelling again. This process costs as much as a Toyota, but it is worth it to the Lonely Guy who only feels secure in that one favorite jacket. Detergers, too, are best left for the dry cleaner. No Lonely Guy should ever attempt to sew a button on. When he tries and fails to thread the needle, he will be reminded of the cow. (Continued on page 124)



"Heavy, like wow."



Can a Complete S.O.B. ...



Be a Good Writer?

by Malcolm Cowley

*Whose words these are I think I know.
His character is rotten, though...*

Friends were arguing the other night about whether there is any correlation between character and art. They came to the conclusion—as reported to me later—that there is no correlation between the two: a scoundrel can produce a masterpiece and so can a saint. I brooded over the statement, isn't it much too simple and he'll there more to be said?

That's a saint one produces a masterpiece I know from having read St. John of the Cross. I haven't met any saints in the literary world of today and yesterday, but I have met some truly good men and women (Van Wyck Brooks, Marianne Moore, Raymond Brown). I have met my share of scoundrels in that same world. For instance, there was Henri the dancer, who liked to boast that there wasn't a man in New York he hadn't bedded, stolen from, or seduced—"Maybe you're the exception," he reminded charmingly. Henri went on to Berlin, which was the perfect setting for a scoundrel under the Weimar Republic. When he died suddenly, the whole artistic world attended his funeral. Also, there was Lincolnton the poet—that isn't his name—who supported himself for almost a year by collecting funds for his friend Erich to see for an abortion (she wasn't pregnant). After listening to another hot-luck story, we left him and Erich sleeping in our apartment while we went to our respective offices. They were gone when we came back and there were eggs in our breakfasts: Lindbergh, Seigler, Shelley, Spencer, Schwabach. Both Lindbergh and Henri were charming and rather gifted persons who might have served as characters in a novel, but I note that neither of them produced a masterpiece.

One of my best-loved in the chamber versus an argument is about using the blunt word "scoundrel." Max Perkins of Bantam's, a great editor, used to tell his colleagues "The trouble with American writing today is that there aren't enough scoundrels." Perhaps he was defending his young friend Thomas Wolfe, who was in truth something of a scoundrel, as Max would learn to his cost (though without losing his affection for Wolfe). But "repis" and "moral" are words also used with an undertone of playful or even admiring disapproval. There

Malcolm Cowley said his first article only years ago for \$100 dollars. His last deal, —And I Worked at the Writer's Trade, will be published next spring.

Opposite: A caricature of Malcolm Cowley descending from Rome with a set of commandments for artists.

is no such undertone in "scoundrel," which my big old Webster's defines as "a mean, worthless fellow; a rascal; a villain; a man without honor or virtue." The suggestion here is of unambiguous fraud and swindling. Real scoundrelism is a career in itself, like writing or painting, and it would take a man or woman of undying genius to succeed in both professions.

Artists who succeed are strong characters, which is something different from saying they are mean. Some of them—most of them!—do scoundrelous and even scoundrelously things, as we keep learning from new biographies of famous writers: all their secret sins are being put on display. Runged as it were in museum cases, the sins have lost their secret dimensions. "So it's true that Joyce committed incest," we say without waggling our heads. "After all, Lady Augusta was only his half sister." That Byron's adored Miss de Arden was really a boy seems rather less shocking than the fact that John Keats died a virgin. And George Sand should we condemn her for taking many lovers, including a woman, or merely for treating them badly? Our sexual standards are in such confusion that we have stopped trying to pass judgment.

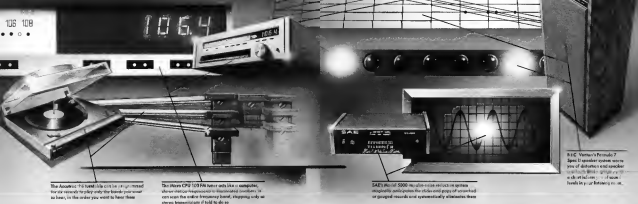
One learns in the course of years that artists and writers as a tribal group have certain defects of character. To be quite simple, they drink too much. All the older ones drink except the reformed alcoholics; the younger ones drink less, but most of them smoke no less or pay pills in the effort to stimulate their imaginations. Their sexual drives are probably stronger than those of the population as a whole and their inhibitions are weaker; I am far from being the first to suspect that there is a connection between literature and libido. They may or may not be loyal husbands or wives—though I have known artists' marriages that lasted forty years of complete fidelity—and they are often neglectful parents. Some of them are good citizens and even good neighbors, but they are not often loyal adherents of a government or a party (it is true that the Communists were angry to learn in the 1930's). Fortunately, the younger ones are not very responsible—as how could they be?—and they sometimes wreck the furniture of rented homes.

Is there any psychological or professional basis for this pattern of conduct? Perhaps there is; perhaps artists are more isolated than others to be egoistic and hence suffering in their personal relations. They need strong ego to do good work. Perhaps their working habits, if such there are, may lead them into a manic-depressive cycle. During the manic phase they write or (God forbid) on page 112)

Hi-fi Components That Think

by Leonard Feldman

The future is coming in loud and clear



The Accutrac 70 turntable can be programmed for six speeds to play only the bands you want to hear, in the order you want to hear them.

The Shure CPU 100 FM tuner acts like a computer, stores station frequencies in its internal memory, and can scan the entire frequency band, stopping only at chosen frequencies if told to do so.

SAE's line of 5000 Hi-Fi auto-tune circuits in stereo digitally auto-tunes the radio and plays or records or groups records and systematically eliminates them.

B.I.C. Venar's Formula 7 Space II speaker system sets the pace of definition and speaker capability. With a single control, it can be adjusted to suit a wide range of listening rooms.

Exactly one hundred years ago, Edison recited the nursery rhyme about Mary and her little lamb into a simple horn and mechanical diaphragm, and the recording industry was born. Today, the ability of a still infant high-fidelity industry to reproduce lifelike sounds in living rooms around the world has reached a state of near perfection that the recording pioneers could scarcely have envisioned. What's left for the audio industry to achieve?

Thanks to advances in solid-state electronics and miniaturization of circuits, audio-equipment makers are now able to unite superb sonic performance with operating features so sophisticated that some products are appropriately viewed as being made of their own-hi-fi components that think. With an eye toward enlightening some of these thinking components, we present here

Leonard Feldman tests high products and reports on them for a number of magazines, including *Audio Magazine*, *Radio-Electronics* and *Modern Recording*.

a few of the more mind-boggling entries in the audio-equipment field.

A Thinking Record Player

In some people's view, the long-playing record is a mixed blessing. Capable of much greater fidelity and playing time than its 78-r.p.m. predecessor, most mainstream LPs contain six, seven or more selections on a single side. But if you want to play a single piece, you must either sit through the side's entire output or risk scratching your record as nervous fingers try to position the needle over the first groove of the selection you want to hear. A few years ago, ADC, a B&K company, developed the Accutrac 4000 record player. Billed as the world's first programmable terrestrial system, this amazing unit permits the user to program selections to be heard in any sequence (for example, band three followed by band five, followed by band one, etc.). Furthermore, this programming can be done from your listening chair by means of a hand-

held remote-control box resembling a microcalculator. An interruption in play, selection of previously assigned playing sequences and repeat play of the same song are all possible. I remember suggesting (half jokingly) that the next logical step might be a programmable multiple-play terrestrial system, one that would handle several records in sequence. I had visions of records in a stack rising and falling from their supporting spindle above the platter. Well, ADC's second-generation Accutrac 466 actually does play up to six records in sequence and can be instructed to play only those bands you want to hear. Another new wrinkle is the ability to alter the listening volume by remote control. About the only manual task left for the listener is picking out the stack of discs to play.

A Thinking Speaker System

Selecting the right speaker system to go with your stereo receiver can be a traumatic experience for even the most seasoned audio fan. Aside from the never-ending audi-

tioning sessions at audio shows (you all over town, there's the nagging question of compatibility. Will your receiver or amplifier have enough power to drive the newly selected speaker to loud enough listening levels? Or will you zap the fragile speaker's diaphragm with too many watts, thereby causing irreparable damage? In your eagerness to achieve lifelike sound levels, will you inadvertently push your amplifier or receiver to the point where sound is distorted because you have forced it into "chopping off" or clipping complex musical signals?

B.I.C. Venar's Formula 7 Space II speaker system has some built-in monitoring safeguards to preclude such sonic catastrophes. The system is equipped with a device called an amplifier clipping indicator that, when calibrated to the power rating of your amplifier or receiver, tells you when the amplifier is delivering distortion instead of pure sound. If you own components that could pump more power into the speaker than it can safely handle, other light indicators warn you of that potential hazard. A series of blinking lights beneath a

collected chert into you know what sound levels you are reaching in your own listening room—from those of normal speech to the (apparently) high levels corresponding to the same of a jet engine seventy feet away from your ears. Still another built-in feature of the Promedia 1.3 says: If speaker system and other speakers in the S.L.C. Venturi line is something the company calls dynamic level balance, a circuit that automatically adjusts the overall level balance of the system, depending upon listening levels.

We know that at lower than realistic listening levels, human hearing responds less well to low tones and high treble tones. When you are forced to listen at those levels, there's a feeling that the music is thin and lacking in full fidelity. (That's probably why we usually listen at inadequate rather than normal listening levels.) But S.L.C.'s dynamic-level-balance compensation control actually monitors the level at which you are listening and takes the overall response of the system to compensate for that, quite in our hearing mechanism. Even at other levels, reproduced music continues to sound well balanced and right.

A Pair of Thinking Tuners

FM broadcasting and, more recently, stereo-FM broadcasting contribute radio's contribution to high fidelity and, with deficiencies by station management, can deliver music signals that are on a par with home disc and tapes. Unfortunately, all too few FM stations utilize the medium to its fullest potential. Even moderately priced FM receivers and tuners are usually capable of receiving and reproducing signals far superior to those typically broadcast by less than conventional commercial FM stations. With FM tuners and receivers capable of high levels of sensitivity (low distortion, low-noise background noise or static and more than adequate separation between stereo channels), a few FM-set manufacturers have turned their design efforts to convenience features that make FM tuning easier, more accurate and more automatic.

One of the most innovative is the new Micro CPU 100 FM tuner recently introduced by Sherwood Electronics Laboratories in Chicago. Looking at negatively angled on the outside, then marvelously engineered and in the fast tuner to employ a microprocessor, a device that virtually gives the tuner the programming power of a small computer. Frequencies of tuned to stations are displayed in brightly lit red numerals, and when a given frequency is displayed, tuning accuracy to that frequency is fully as great as the station's own transmitted frequency. But that's only the beginning. Since nonprogrammed humans have difficulty remembering the frequencies of their favorite FM stations, the tuner can be programmed to send out the four letters by which the stations are more familiarly identified. Up to forty-eight sets of station call letters can be filed in the "book" of the tuner. This is done simply by touching an unobtrusive electronic switch on the face of the tuner, then dialing the call letters with the same knob that you have used to tune in the station manually. Other sensing switches on the front panel can be used to select up to four favorite stations—which you have previously programmed—without resorting to manual tuning at all. Should you

prefer to listen only to stations broadcasting in stereo, you can tap another switch to eliminate all monophonic transmissions. For just plain station hunting, touch one of two scanning switches and the tuner scans up or down the frequency band, stopping at every suitable signal while your listening ears. If no suitable signals are interrupted, the scanning will proceed first to one end of the tuning range, then to the other, ending to rest at its starting point instead of continuing the fruitless search.

So versatile, in fact, is the programming capacity of the tuner that Sherwood plans to supply its servicing outlets with a plug-in servicing chip that, when inserted in the appropriate socket, will actually monitor the more complex circuits of the tuner to make sure they are all in good working order. If one is not doing its job, the defect symbol or number of the defective component will appear in the same area normally used to display station call letters. Best of all, this bit of diagnostic electronics is part of the two-year warranty and does not open forth a repair bill for its efforts.

Slightly less versatile (but also less expensive) is a digital FM tuner just introduced by Len Audio of America as part of its super-8 Laboratory Reference Series. The Model 1720 also reads out station frequencies with extreme accuracy and scans the FM band at variable speeds (so you can tell it to stop when you hear an interesting program). Unlike the Sherwood unit, it does not display station call letters, but it does allow you to store seven favorite stations for instant recall, as opposed to the four-station memory capability of the Sherwood. And both tuners have what computer people call non-volatile memories that is, you can turn them off and all the memories you've previously given are retained for when you next turn on the units.

A Thinking Amplifier

As we've already suggested, even the highest-powered audio amplifier can be fed with signals that force it beyond its power capability. When that happens, the amplifier either delivers highly distorted sounds or, in extreme cases, momentarily or permanently stops functioning. Not so with a new power amplifier developed by McIntosh Laboratory of Binghamton, New York. That company's new MC-2205 power amplifier has enormous power output (200 watts per channel over the entire audio frequency range at no more than 0.1 percent distortion) and features a Power Guard circuit that instantaneously monitors signal levels. If too strong a signal comes along, the Power Guard immediately reduces that signal's amplitude, keeping power levels within safe (and low-distortion) bounds. And to be sure you're aware of what's happening, a pair of little glowing lights on the front panel take you when this circuit has been activated. If you wish, you can then turn down the volume control and allow the Power Guard circuit to return to its dormant state.

Impulse-Noise Reduction System

What, if anything, can you do after the needle has accidentally hopped out of the groove and grazed a visible and audible scratch across (Continued on page 124)

Of a Small and Modest Malignancy, Wicked and Bristling With Dots

BY NORMAN MAILER

How dare it be suggested television gives you cancer, when what it really gives you is something a damn sight worse! Like that time on Cavett when it looked as if Mailer was going to rap Vidal in the mouth. But he didn't do it! You any idea how a thing like that dumps poison in the nation's belly? All that longing and yearning and expectation denied? Now that's what television gives you—a huge wanting and nothing to show for it but more of the same!



A miracle was visible—Nixon had become not a good actor but a great actor, great by the measure of actors like Bogart ... it did not matter what the truth might be, any more than one would find fault with a great actor for bringing life and splendor and passion to lines that were not his own.

He had always believed Richard Nixon was the most unbalanced actor he had ever witnessed, and Musker had also pondered the first misty decades since the death of Richard and Pat Nixon as an unusual time in American history. He had wondered whether Nixon, if he had been named senator in those early years as an actor, would have become at least like a politician more like Ronald Reagan. Instead, Nixon had become one of the few politicians to be elected president of the United States, a consistently abominable actor. His lack of conviction vibrated through the election, money, and, later, the testimony of every American actor, the message he gave was profoundly wrong. Musker, a "disorderly actor" who speaks in rhythmic tones to a jury well versed in the questions of law and order and the lack of reliance to justice (and the fact that the jury is not a judge), said that Nixon's actions have been a disgrace to the jury as of a person that encourages us to believe that there were any other means of averting authority, to Richard Nixon's inability to act had always inspired him to act. Musker said that the public must be strict in its actions, and he said that he had to accept his transparent lack of sincerity, his push-button smile, and his simple lack of ability to offer even that evidence of the threat which is the heart

Yet, in the interview with Frost that Mader narrated, a miracle was visible—Richard Nixon had become not a good actor but a great actor, great by the measures of actors like Bogart and Fonda and old Spencer Tracy, great—good God!—like Edward G. Robinson, like Edward G. Robinson playing Kuhl and Nixon full of woe as he had come to him from Watergate, and after thirty or forty minutes of watching Nixon,

did not matter what the truth might be, any more than one would find truth with a great stage actor for his living life and splendor and passion and the monumental echoes of tragic woe to know that he was a great actor. He was a great actor in his day or while starving, he had practiced these so well, yes, Ntass struck Amereus with a miracle—a Ntass actor had become a spiritual actor—yes, Ntass now went to the roof of good acting, where before he had been a great actor, but not a spiritual actor. Ntass said to comfort himself as if acting were a set of acrobatics and now frowned if any woman to look ahead, and glanced hurriedly to disconcert that your motives were to be seen, face-to-face with Frost, he said to the actor that he was a great actor to say that he put his words not through any effort to conceal himself. The great actor does not play a drunk by his

struck, he plays a man whose intellect is raw and whose brain is a blank. He is a man who believes he is alone and so will make every effort to convince others he is alone. The impression of alone-ness comes over the audience by virtue of the actor's intense concentration. This was Nixon's power on the night. What might irritate him was asking to be liked a moment? It did not matter after a while that a part of one's being could still remember many an intricacy of Watergate. The audience was not aware of that. That was like saying of Oliver an Atomized Man that he might be playing an atom. But actually he was still Oliver and here, Richard, what indeed did the truth of Nixon's pain have to do with the play? It was not that Nixon had become a powerful actor? A fact such as that was like to a miracle and wrenched the heart. So as Richard came forth with those beautiful and intelligent words, "I am alone," it was not that it was an example of the actor, not the playwright's art, as he said, "... it was springtime. The tulips had just come out ... it was one of those gorgeous days when you can feel the sun on your face and hear the birds and the wind in the leaves. And" — his voice went husky here from the effort not to be husky — "it was just awfully wrought up, and I remember that I could just hardly bring myself to tell Richardson that he had to go. I was just so happy that I thought I wouldn't wake up this morning." Well, it was an emotional moment. I think there were tears in our eyes, both of us. He said, "Don't say that! We went back to ..." Then he and good-bye to Helen and the children. He said, "I am alone." It was like, but I did it! No actor. It was, like, Richard, Jack Nicholson, or John Gielgud, could have given a better reading than he gave on the next line "I did not see one." Nixon was not. And that's not all of the

own." He nodded. "... You could run it all up," he said to Front, "the way one of your Welsh prize winners started it up, Gladstone, when he said that 'the first requirement for a prize winner is to be a good butcher.' Well, I think ... I did some of the big things earlier well. But I ... have to admit, I wasn't a good butcher."

(It would come out later that Nasser's version of these events was not necessarily accurate; first Elshikhman, then Haideman, would dispute what he had said—he was not cutting off his own arm so much, it seemed, as he was cutting off *their* legs.)

Yet with what a difference did he live! In the past, a disarming actor and a whimsical politician, Nixon had had with every dash light in his eye; now his eye was dull, he had learned to act like his mask of art.

The impact upon Limbo was immense. Limbo had many meanings and took many shapes, but on the rock that was its foundation were the words, Man like Richard Nixon are not redeemable.

[illegible]

Mallie had not have time to care. He knew only that Lambie was looser now and he was getting ready to move from the mansion, to an *on-on*—where to he did not know, a curiosity or a horror could await him next. He hoped only that somewhere—in the long tomorrow of Lambie—would lead to a normal place where the roots of his own might rock of wood-smoke rather than of the smelting of all those TV wires chafing the night.

It was on that note that he was allowed to think of a poem. The story was that it was by a poet, James Elroy Flecker, he could hardly have read before. Only the last two lines would stay in his mind. "Oh, no," said Maeder to himself.

*Is it the visit of the dead lover?
Or is it the dead man—November
even!* *

Why

11
12
13
14
15
16

Why Not the Best?

by Stephen Birnbaum

The most luxurious resorts in the world

At a time when cosmologists are labelling the earth and the law of diminishing returns has made bonosity the norm, it's appropriate to point out that style and elegance still do exist. So for those who have the benefit of resorts that remain devoted to beauty and service, where the perks of privilege are still about as up to a thousand dollars a day. The operative word here is "resort," which means in these special exclusive sanctuaries in a city of any size, and such judiciously guarded and cherished its own re-creation. What is surprising is that these small palaces very often change less for their opulent pampering than many larger bastions. These, then, are the ultimate ones, the world's most luxurious resorts in the world.

Lake Palace: Udaipur.in



The immense palace seems to float on the lake's surface, an apparent feat of aquatic levitation. The fact is, however, that the foundation has been firmly rooted since 1704, when it was sunk at the command of the maharaja of Mysore. The only label of its sort in the world, it has rooms that are nonsexually pedestrian, but the suites command special attention. One of these, the Karna Mahal (Lotus-Flower Room), has walls inlaid with floral designs, and part of it was included in the maharaja's own apartment, the Kshat Mahal (Pleasure Room) in which the queen reigned. All this excess is available to the visitor for \$35 to \$55 a day.

Las Hadest Manzanillo, Mexico



The place has it that it took an awful lot of tin—about thirty-seven million dollars' worth—for Bolivian mining magnate Alcides Fariña to create this Arabian fantasy land on Mexico's west coast. The extraordinary cost has, however, purchased a property that offers every amenity, from mosaic walls and lush gardens to a swimming pool the size of a small lagoon. The architecture is Mexican/Moorish: as soon as you enter the *Alhambra Night*. The world is gleaming white, resplendent in buildings, walls, furniture, dishes. The place is clean, as befits unadorned elegance, though there are tennis courts for the compulsively active, as well as what may be the world's best nine-hole golf course. Rates rise from \$42 to 190 per room per day. Climbing up from the pool or beach to the varied, tiered levels, one can sense here the true rhythm of luxury.

Hotel du Cap d'Antibes Antibes, France



As the gilded latticework elevator rises from the lobby, uninitiated visitors may feel they've stumbled into a *Blue Hunter* fantasy. This century-old hotel was the model for Fitzpatrick's *Hotel du Miramar* in *Twilight in the Night*. Though there's no beach, the hotel's Eden Roc Pavilion boasts the Brown's most talkable pool and a stylish restaurant with international cachet.

Glencoe Hotel Auchtermuchty, Scotland



It's hard to decide which is more striking: the immense stone structure or the seven hundred acres of beautiful countryside. The public rooms have the feel of royal breeding, the most feature screens from the *Top*, Scottish head from Lowland pastures and water from the *Crail*. Golf is king, through shooting, riding, fishing, tennis, squash and croquet are available here or nearby.

Costa di Volpe Costa Smeralda, Sardinia, Italy



This is luxury as the Aga Khan conceived it, now available to most mortals for \$150 a day. The supereccentric exterior barely hints at the opulent style within or the dramatic views that are so much a signature of the decoy. Here is where the most beautiful homes in the world come in season to lose their luster at one of more than eighty beaches strung along thirty-five miles of coast.

The Palace St. Moritz, Switzerland



Although guests are no longer strictly screened for wealth and position, as outsiders avoid the elite who gather here can easily feel overwhelmed. It's hard to imagine anyone more formidable, for this is the most renowned ski resort in the world. It's the place to see the sleek and to watch the wealthy of the world tuck up their stretch pants. *Restaurants recommended.*

Mauna Kea Beach Hotel: The Big Island (Hawaii), Hawaii



A lavish use of space is the outstanding architectural element here, and seclusion and privacy are the enduring attractions. The peace and solitude are not inexpensive—\$120 to \$325 a day—but that is an extraordinary halfway. Everywhere you walk, indoors or out, your views are interrupted by striking works of art—a seventeenth-century bedfin, a batik tapestry, a Thai dragon, a bronze Japanese carp. The elevated golf course follows ancient lava flows as canyons, gardens and distant snowcapped volcanic peaks provide a constantly changing backdrop. This is what Polynesian paradises were meant to be. The management here sets the standard by which the world's other hotels are measured, and the fresh tropical flavor that mysteriously appears in your pillow each evening is only a hint of the attention paid to tasteful detail.

Dromoland Castle: Newmarket-on-Fergus, Ireland



The fact that this former seat of the de la Roche O'Brien clan (from 1233) is now owned by an American from Parkersburg, West Virginia, hardly diminishes its regal flavor. For \$45 to \$63 a day, guests routinely accept as their due the castle's huge oil paintings, wood paneling and intricate stone carvings. The surrounding countryside is glorious, and for a memorable experience, call Burke's Stable in town and ask them to deliver a guide and riding horses (not hunters) to the castle door. There you can mount up on the quiet overboard-hooves' horses clattering us onto the only road—and then ride through the grounds as though ruler of this lovely realm. Irish hospitality is an integral part of the warmth and welcome guests feel. Nowhere in Ireland do you feel farther from the trials of the times or closer to the soft green landscape that makes this land treasurable.

The Word from Mamma Buff

by Lally Weymouth

*She never wanted to run the Los Angeles Times.
But she was needed so much...*

"When Otis was almost seven, I used to take him riding with all the rest of the nine little Pasadena children. That's one thing I did do to please Pasadena. And I was sitting in the station wagon and he was going around the track—this little dirt track. And it had these little low jumps. His sister, Mita, was older, two and a half years older, and she went around like that. Then here's little Otis, and when the horse went over one jump and turned to go around, the horse went the way and Otis went on the ground. He was just stiff and he didn't cry at all. So we put him in the station wagon and I grabbed my daughter. It's about six miles to the Pasadena Emergency Hospital from where we were. . . I was driving and I had one hand on the steering wheel and I was hanging on to Otis with the other. All of a sudden I felt Otis' head go, hands become completely rigid. I must have been gone about a hundred miles an hour. And I tore into the Emergency Hospital, tearing the horn, and they came running out and I said, 'My son is seriously injured. Help! Help! Help!' And I was yelling like that. And so they reached over, took his pulse and said, 'Lady, your son is dead.' And I just said, 'He is not.'"

With that, Dorothy Buffan Chandler picked up her son, Otis—who is today the publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*—put him back in her car and drove on to nearby Huntington Memorial Hospital, where Dr. Leon Campbell brought the young boy back to life. "It was a miracle," she explains triumphantly some forty years later.

Dorothy Chandler, known as Buff, is a legend in the city of Los Angeles, where for the past thirty years she has been a dominant force in one of the largest publicly held publishing companies in the nation, the Times-Mirror Corporation, which owns the *Los Angeles Times*. It is hard to overestimate the power of Times-Mirror or of the Chandler family, which controls the company. The *L.A. Times*, which provides almost forty percent of Times-Mirror's enormous revenues, is the most influential paper west of the Mississippi as well as the second-largest paper in the nation in circulation and the first in advertising income. The conglomerate also owns three other newspapers (*Newspaper*, the *Dallas Times-Herald* and the *Orange Coast Daily Pilot*), two newspaper mills, three hundred twenty thousand acres of timberland, two television stations and two radio-television franchises, as well as several book-publishing companies and other

companies that publish everything from maps and aeronautical charts to the *Los Angeles* telephone book.

In 1932, General Harrison Gray Otis, a Civil War veteran from Ohio, bought control of the *Los Angeles Times*, and since then one of his descendants has always been the publisher of the paper. Norman Chandler, the third in the dynasty, became publisher of the *Times* in 1945. For over thirty years, his wife, Buff, worked by his side—becoming a vice-president and a member of the board of directors of his company—and she had, in the opinion of many, a dominant influence on Norman. In addition to her role at Times-Mirror, it was Buff who brought culture to Los Angeles. She dreamed of a music center for the city and then single-handedly lobbied and raised the rich into donating over eighteen million dollars to build it. Going to Los Angeles to interview him, Chandler was somewhat like descending on a small little town in New Jersey in search of the local goldfisher. "Nobody messes with them out here," one journalist told me. Another said: "It's a one-company town and the Chandlers are much more powerful than the Sulzbergers [who own The New York Times], and there are a lot of people who won't talk about them. . . ." Such warnings proved well-founded. Very few people, even those with naturally nothing to lose, were willing to be quoted on the record about the Chandlers. Bewareful and powerful gentlemen reminded me over and over again of the possible harm they might suffer if it were ever known that they had talked to a reporter—even off the record—about the Chandler family.

There was one dramatic exception to this rule—Buff's own son, Otis. The fourth in the dynasty to preside over the *L.A. Times*, Otis was a short-pot champion at Stanford and still lifts weights today. He is good-looking—tall, blond and handsome—and while we talked he casually straddled a chair in the middle of his office. I found Otis curiously frank on his feelings about his mother. He spent an hour explaining that although he wanted to be fair to her, he also wanted "to set the record straight," to contradict a "legend that is being developed about my mother that gives her much more credit for doing many more things than she actually did and almost downplaying the role of my father and all of the people around him. . . . I really admire and love



Opposite: The publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, Otis Chandler, with his mother, Buff, on the steps of Los Tropez, her home in Rancho Park, California.

Lally Weymouth is member of America in 1976: The Way We Were, published by Random House last year.

Photograph by Jim McGray

my mother, but I don't like to see her get too much credit for things that my father did. ... It really bothered me that my father isn't here to defend himself and she is just getting all the credit. ..."

So what was his mother's role at the Times? Ott answered: "She has been concerned about the civic coverage, about the society coverage, and she has been helpful on the facilities on the downtown of Times-Mirror Square. ... These are the only three areas. ... People still think that Mother was Franklin Murphy [chairman of the board of Times-Mirror] or me. ... Absolutely untrue. She has never interfered, and any time she did try to intervene, why, she was repulsed. ... by me or Murphy or my father. ..."

Forty-eight hours later, Ott's mother gave me a somewhat different version of events. And after talking to Buff and to many people who have known and observed the Chandlers over the years, I began to wonder if it was not Ott's father (who Buff was so lovingly inside.)

Most people I talked to seemed to agree with the industrialist and art patron Norton Simon, who said that "anyone who thinks that Buff didn't have power and influence on the paper and in the city is just delusional."

There is one thing that everyone agrees on—that Ott once his powerful position to his mother. It was Buff who presented her husband to step aside and make them their thirty-two-year-old son publisher of the Times. The problem was kept a secret until April 11, 1962. On that day about one hundred people were invited for lunch in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Buff said that the guests thought they were invited to celebrate "the birthday of the Times or something. ... The place was just jammed. I put together the program, and we had banners out." Suddenly Norman Chandler rose to his feet and announced to his stunned audience that he was resigning as of that moment as publisher of the L.A. Times and appointing his son, Ott, as his successor. Not even Ott's mother, Gertrude, had been informed in advance. Buff remembers that "it was a big, big story in the town."

It was Buff's critical moment at the Times, the height of his power and influence. Moreover, it was a decisive personal victory for her in a latter, strategically struggle that had lasted almost half a century—as late as she had managed to outflank her husband Norman's brothers and sisters. And it was also a signal moment for the Los Angeles Times. By putting Ott as publisher, Buff shaped the future of that paper, which had been nothing more than an arm of the Republican party. Ott (as his mother knew he would) changed the Times from an extreme right-wing paper to a centrist one. While the changes pleased Mr. Chandler, they infuriated the rest of the family—all ultraconservatives. To the day, they have not forgiven the woman who upended the transfer of power from father to son and in the process outlived them.

The women who sat smiling triumphantly by her husband's side as he made his surprise announcement that

day in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel had not always had the upper hand with the Chandlers. In fact, on August 30, 1927, when twenty-nine-year-old Dorothy Huffman married Norman Chandler, the marriage was the most appalling. Young Miss Huffman was the daughter of a Long Beach merchant who owned a department store called Buff's. The Chandlers felt that the Buffs were their social inferiors, and they gave young Dorothy a chilly welcome.

When Buff married Norman, the Chandlers were already established as the wealthiest and most powerful family in southern California. General Ott had previously founded Los Angeles through various promotional schemes he had induced people to flock to the city. Then, in 1915, with the help of his cousin-in-law, newspaper and syndicate, Harry Chandler, Ott created a gigantic family fortune in one of the greatest real-estate empires perpetuated in this country, the deal in which the movie Gladiators was based. Ott and Chandler and some of their friends, using the Los Angeles Times and every other means available in their

permeated the Los Angeles taxpayers to finance a twenty-five-million-dollar bond issue to pay for the construction of an aqueduct to carry water from the high Owen Valley to Los Angeles. The two-hundred-thirty-eight-acre aqueduct was built, but the water ended up in the San Fernando Valley, where the Ott/Chandler group had bought up over a hundred thousand acres of land for about five dollars an acre. Overweight, the previously paroled son was worth a thousand dollars in size, and Ott and Chandler had become rich men.

The wealthy Chandler family did not become any of the fortune on the young Norman Chandler, except for the salary that Norman earned at the L.A. Times. Buff and Norman had not wife they were both students at Stanford. They dropped out to get married and moved to L.A., where Norman went to work on his family's paper. Recalling the sorry days of his marriage, Buff said now: "We lived quietly and modestly in a little apartment. ... We had very little money. My parents even bought my clothes for the first three or four years."

Buff gave birth to two children—Carmela in 1925 and Ott in 1927—and everything went along quite smoothly and she began to suffer from seven depositions. "All of a sudden I turned up my toes and wouldn't go anymore."

She blames these depositions on her rejection by her in-laws: "I am a sensitive person. I'm a caring person, and I did not realize how hurt I felt about his family's rejection to me. I had never been treated like that. ... And so I just went into my shell."

These depositions were serious enough for Buff to consult a psychiatrist, Dr. Josephine Jackson, and to enter a Pasadena psychiatric clinic. The stay in the clinic was the turning point in Buff's life. "Gradually," Dr. Jackson made me realize that I should not feel fault with myself. That it was not I who was the bad person. That I should not feel back with the ones who mistreated me, either, but understand that they had their side. ... to just go my own way and chart my course and not let them destroy me. It was a great thing to learn at that

age. You see, when the family later attacked me ... the hurt did not go deep, the way it would have if I hadn't learned that."

After a few weeks, Buff left the psychiatric clinic and went home. She says she has "been stronger year by year ever since."

It is hard to imagine the imposing seventy-two-year-old Mrs. Chandler lacking self-confidence, but Ott confirms that this was once the case. He believes that "from the experience of being rejected by the Chandler family, not being treated as an equal, she gained an inner strength and a desire to make it on her own and show them she was capable of doing her own thing."

Buff's first job at "doing her own thing" was working as a volunteer at the Children's Hospital, starting about 1930. Once a week she went down to a "mirage" shop in the worst part of town, sold merchandise and made money for the hospital. ... I was a merchant's daughter and I loved to sell; I would even strip my dress and Norman's to get merchandise as I could have the biggest day of anyone." She did not stop there. After taking a look at conditions in the hospital, she decided that the staff was being ignored: "I felt very sorry for the people that worked there. They had no vacation policy or sick leave." So she organized personal policies. "That," she says, "was the beginning of showing my feelings about people." For fifteen years she continued to work for the hospital and was such a success that, she says, she was asked to become its president. Buff accepted her husband's advice. To her surprise he said, "Please don't. I need you more than the hospital does." That began her long career at the Los Angeles Times.

So in 1948, Norman gave his wife an office next to his and the title of administrative assistant to the president. He wanted her, she says, to put her "feeling about the employees and their circumstances to work at the Times." The Chandlers had never been concerned for their careers about their employees. In fact, General Ott had been the leader of a violent antiunion movement that resulted in the dismantling of the Times in 1910 and the death of twenty-one workers. Today the Times is one of the few remaining papers in the country.

Buff's first big task was supervising the construction of Times Building South—one of the three large buildings that make up Times-Mirror Square—the home of the Los Angeles Times and of its parent corporation, the Times-Mirror Company. After a year of working at the Times without compensation, Buff went to Norman with an ultimatum: "Norm," she said, "I just have to go as the payroll. I won't stay otherwise. I'm just the home's wife getting her ass in, and I can feel it in the stovetop operations, even if I'm going to do a job, I just have to be an employee. The everybody else." She went as the payroll and stayed there until she retired a year ago.

She then set out to change the women's section of the paper. She held meetings with the society editor, the fashion editor and the gossip columnist to discuss what changes to make: "The tea-party thing was not what we were interested in going into, nor little gossip, nor just

who had been at somebody's house for dinner." She managed to expand the section to include coverage of books, music and theater.

In 1953, she created the Women of the Year Awards, something she looks back on with much pride. The aim of the awards was to "stimulate women into getting a job, doing something, whether it was paid or unpaid." The important thing, Buff emphasizes, was that they be "doing something, realizing their potential"—just as she was realizing hers.

I asked Mrs. Chandler if she had found it difficult to work for her husband. "Never had any problems," she answered. "I think our marriage and our lives were most unusual because I don't know anybody, really, whose you have a marriage that went for fifty-one years with a husband and a wife who were very compatible as far as their personal life, their sex life, their fun together ... and who are partners in business for thirty-five years."

She says that the reason the relationship worked as well is that "I was not sub-

merged by him nor he by me. ... We each had our own individual life. For instance, I was a reporter. I was on the Occidental College board and I built the Music Center. I had a full-time expression of my own life as a person. She and Norman "complemented each other," she says. "I was kind of a rebel; I was always looking the thing out there, and he was just going along. ... So, by my rubbing out, he was looking to get some of this."

Others see the marriage as a match between a mild-mannered, gentle, handsome man who was rather weak and a strong, aggressive, driving woman. "The truth is she was far more intelligent and dominant than Norman," I was told by Fred Dutton, a lawyer and a former Robert Kennedy aide who knew Buff well when they were both members of the University of California. "Long before Norman died," Dutton says, "she became the more assertive of the two. ... She steered Ott into this paper."

Ott says each took it nothing more than pure fantasy. "People write that she controlled my father and made all the difficult decisions for him. Untrue. He made his own decisions. He would listen to her because he loved her and respected her intelligence. ... But he would make the decisions, not she. Otto's decision was made. She was helpful in counseling him and encouraging him. ... Sometimes, when we had to live somebody, why she would say to him, 'All right, now, if you've decided to do it, let's do it tomorrow. Don't put it off. And if you need any help in writing down a couple of notes, let's make the note right now.' My mother ... she is brutal. Oh, wow, I mean she can destroy people. She's a tough woman. She means well, though. ... She's just very different from my father. My father would never get into anybody or into his voice. ... My mother is a different character."

The words "driving," "dominating" and "ruthless" kept cropping up in conversations about Buff. She says that people who characterize her as ruthless or tough don't understand her. (Continued on page 206)

"For Norman's sake and the sake of the Times, I had to push him. I did it with love, but I had to do it. ... But basically I was not doing it for myself."
—Buff Chandler

"A legend is being developed about my mother that gives her credit for doing many more things than she actually did."
—Otis Chandler



Beyond the Classics

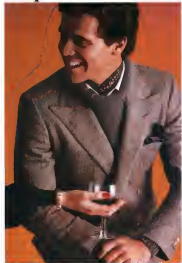
At least everyone would agree that fashion is to some extent cyclical, and after two years during which male attire has been inching its way toward the classics, we're seeing indications of a bolder, less circumscribed trend. The look is different, yes, but not bizarre. On these pages we'll show you the way a number of designers have put it together for fall.

Yves St. Laurent: Conventional elements were reinterpreted—that's the key. St. Laurent's sport coat, vest and trousers, opposite, \$385, bring together three wool fabrics of different weaves and textures for a look that's coordinated without appearing polished. The overcoat, in still another weave, is a traditional cut, belted, with raglan sleeves, \$339. The cotton pinstriped shirt by Bert Paltrow introduces more patterns. It all adds up to a fresh look that's sound and wearable. **Gloves by Guccio:** **Glenn:** In Optics **Cosentino:** Bal Consarini's natural-shoulder jacket of Harris Tweed, \$144, shows off a British styling secret—a collar, laid in the same weave, to be turned up for casual wear. The shirt of his cotton plaid shirt, \$26, are carried out in both the jacket and the double-plated wool-fabric pants, \$17.50. Even the bow tie picks up the same earthy tones, \$15. **Belt by Coach Leatherware:** On the off-camera model's wrist is a Rolex Explorer, for \$1,900, twenty-eight-jewel date watch, \$2,500.



Tassel Slip-on: We selected the shoe at left to work with either outfit on these pages. It's a buck-shoe tassel slip-on from Florsheim, \$85.95. The socks are from Camp Industries.

The New Shape of Tradition



Classic Wing Tip: To accompany the elusive knee, a good choice is the shoe at right, a classic wing tip in a smooth suede. By Nancy Koss for Wooten, \$95. Socks from Camp Industries.



Alexander Julian: Julian, one of the purists of the traditional school, upped his classical style with the double-breasted Scottish-tweed jacket at left, \$285. Vestless, with patch pockets, it's worn over a shirt and a heavy shirt patterned after a Welsh miner's sweater, \$35. The full-cord necklace allows for a shirt underneath. And with a silk scarf against the neck, the outfit is warm as well as comfortable. Julian traces these components with velvet-plated slacks, \$75. His bracelet, simple and tasteful, is by Aldo Cipullo.

Giorgio Armani: Even the jacket opposite, the most radical featured here, emits a subtle scream of traditionalism. Meant to be worn casually without a tie, this jacket of a soft, box-weave wool is completely unlined and unconstructed. Double-breasted and vestless, with a low button closure, it's styled with stamped, shawl and envelope pockets, \$405. A very lightweight sound-neck sweater (altered over a cotton shirt) The wool scarf is from Rialto High, \$20. Her bracelet is Aldo Cipullo. Glasses by Celine in Optics.



Suited for Business



Classic Cap Toe: The gray leather lace-up at right has a classic cap toe, more pointed than we've seen lately. The stitching here is a little higher as well. By Yves St. Laurent, \$79. Socks from Camp Industries.



Christian Dior Tradition is getting a revitalize even in the business suit. The double-breasted leather-gray-tinted jacket at left is unconstructed, unlined, with patch pockets, \$216. It's paired with pleated wool-tweed trousers in a darker leather gray, \$45. With a discreet white shirt, \$25.50, and classic pocket silk tie, \$12.50, a thoroughly tailored business suit emerges, put it's hard and easy to wear.

Bill Blase: At right, the bold cream, pewter and rust plaid of Bill Blase's worried sport jacket, \$135, plays against the very fine-scale voilet of tan-pleated slacks, \$45, and the soft gray V-neck sweater. Over the jacket, Blase offers the unexpected and imaginative solution of a voluminous gray wool vestier. As a look, it makes sense to him, and we say, why not?

Adolfo for Louis of Paris: Adolfo pairs two shades of gray in this jacket and slacks. The wool-blend jacket, \$115, is slightly shaped with side vents and well-defined shoulders. The lighter-colored panels are straight-in-cut. Especially noteworthy is the sleeveless vest in Ultracord with belt trim, \$125. It yields softly to the body yet gives the suit a pulled-together tailored look. The coat, a black wool British warm, is a simple, double-breasted style, \$275. All for Louis of Paris. Black cashmere-and-wool scarf, John Mendes, \$35. You will notice that these fashion combinations make particularly good sense if Americans ever accept the idea of wearing their thermatele d'ens.



Winter Whites



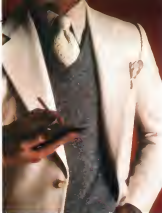
Jeffrey Banks: Whites and soft shades have traditionally been summer colors, but they're showing up as a strong statement in winter clothes. The double-breasted jacket—shaped, without vents and with the lower button closure—and vest at left are done in an Irish-wool knapsocking weave, \$179. The slacks are the same shade in wool/cashmere twill. They're pleated with straight-rolled legs, \$60. All for Nike Nik Clothing. The scarf and tie by Berkeley Cravat pick up the soft shades as well. Umbrella by Bettocchi. Her diamond and gold ring is by Aldo Cipullo.

Suede Lace-ups: This shoe is a very fine smooth suede in by Rothco, \$110. It, too, has the new pointed toe and slightly hiker look. Argyle socks from Ryford.



Donner: The truly fine craftsmanship of Piero Donner is onetime aside in his elegant shakere jacket at right. European in cut, it's the only example here of the true cape shoulder, \$425. Wear the jacket with a lizard's-wool vesper in a softer grey, \$55, and traditionally styled grey flannel pants, \$206.

Piero Cardin: Cardin takes a sportier approach in his suede liner at right, \$225. Double-breasted and with the lower button closure, it's worn with double-pleated straight-leg trousers in a winter-white wool, \$65. A sleeveless wool cardigan by Ryford, \$44, goes atop a quilt vest—also with knee pullover shirt with band collar, \$47.50. On the all-camera model's wrist, a bracelet by Aldo Cipullo. Glasses by Colson in Optics.



The Carter Complex

by Eleanor Randolph

Jimmy is really a very simple fellow. It's the reporters who are confused

It seems strange now, almost a year and a half later, that journalists like myself seemed so much about Plains and Jimmy Carter in the summer of 1976. Fifty reporters spent those long, hot months at a dusty little crossroads metal mine miles away from Carter's hometown, and far all the complexities about the heat and the bugs and the soft southern vegetables, as realized it was a very important time to be there. For three months we watched Jimmy Carter, his family and his town in ways that no journalist or outsider will ever see them again.

In this age when political journalism is supposed to see into the minds of the candidates they cover, we watched the Carters up close, often closer than some of us gathered at the time, and we had an opportunity to uncover some of the Jimmy Carter enigma by using clues that kept slipping out, sometimes almost smothered. Because many of us missed that opportunity, we need to go back to that period now and examine it a little less frantically and perhaps a little more soberly.

In the summer of 1976, Jimmy Carter put on a masterful political show, as American drums beat at a small-town boy who grew up and ran for President. With a few exceptions, the journalists around Carter documented the entire spectacle dutifully. We talked about Plains as worn-out images of the peaceful small town, and we offered the easy, available myths about southernness and their contradictions. Jimmy was the area magnolia; Billy was the good old brother; Cozzini Hugh, the worn farmer and entrepreneur; Alton, the uncle who still called them niggers; and Miss Lillian, the seventy-nine-year-old matriarch who reigned over her clan with wit, style, compassion and plain old backwoods spunk.

Three months, however, is a long time to put on a show, and even Jimmy Carter, a disciplined man, could not quite do it. There were small scenes, unscripted moments, for Jimmy Carter, the candidate.

Moreover, the other characters in the Plains tableau kept wandering out of their roles, showing new dimensions of themselves, of course, but also giving special insight into the character of their husbands, brother, cousin, nephew or son, Jimmy Carter. The most important of these and certainly the most visible was Jimmy Carter's mother.

In May of 1976, I was sent to Plains to write about Lillian Gerty Carter because my boss figured I had special credentials to write about this southern woman: I am southern, and I am a woman.

Being a woman, as it turned out, was not an advantage with Miss Lillian. She made it quite clear from the beginning that she did not like women in general because they are mostly stupid and boring and that she did not like women journalists because they are stupid, boring and rude.

Being southern stood me somewhat better. It meant that I had a decently tuned ear for southern language. I could, for example, hear the difference between the word "nigger" and the word "nigger."

"It wasn't fair to make a church like to exclude niggers," Miss Lillian said during the interview that morning in her parlor house.

She was explaining how progressive and brave her son Jimmy had been when he tried in the early Sixties to integrate the Plains Baptist Church and how she had been the one who had encouraged him to think that way. Somehow the interview was not coming out exactly as she had planned, and for a frozen instant, Miss Lillian stopped talking and fixed her apologetic, hard-baked eyes directly on mine.

"Now, listen," she blazed. "I don't know if you heard me right. I said 'niggers' and not 'niggers.' Some people use that word around here, but I don't. Never have."

I wrote "niggers" where Miss Lillian had said "niggers," and it was not until I saw the story breathlessly in print that I realized why I had shirked as tongueless journalistic duty in order to obey this bossy old woman. She was simply the kind of woman you obey—even if she is not your mother—and it is not hard to imagine what life would be like if you were her fiercest child.

Southern women like Miss Lillian are a special breed who are born into a hard, ungracious life believing their role is not to endure the South but to run it. They are strong, passionate women, like our Civil War matrons who manipulate their husbands, dominate their children and make it off as sweet somehow elegant. They make us proud. They build houses for those of us who grew up waiting through the woods harvest, thinking about Plains and worrying about picking up rings from.

These mothers and grandmothers of ours tell us that we should hold our heads high and never forget our heritage. They also suggest, however subtly, that the only places where our talents will be appreciated are cities like Washington or New York City, where we can have things that are hard to come by in the South, like power or love or a decent bed.

Jimmy Carter's mother planted this dream in her eldest son. If he read books, she told him, he wouldn't have to do as much farm work. If he went to church, he wouldn't

have to participate in the terrifying boyhood rituals through which young southerners soon get their first taste of cheap butt-bend whiskey and other dark forms of sin. If he was perfect, maybe he could be an admiral in the U.S. Navy. That way, if things went well, he could leave Plains for life.

Miss Lillian, who enjoys debasing her son's version of the family history, is not shy about letting people know that she and Jimmy didn't really belong in a small-minded place like southern Georgia. They deserved better.

They deserved better because they had land and money. And even though they had this money, they helped poor people and blacks, sometimes quietly, because Jimmy's daddy, Mr. Earl, did things that way, and sometimes more openly, because Miss Lillian occasionally liked to let people know she helped blacks—although probably, if the truth were known, more because she knew it rubbed people the wrong way than because she thought that someday it would be considered right. Miss Lillian emphasized that the Carters considered themselves ahead of their time and superior to their region because they thought reading was almost as good as working.

"I remember this lady, a real sweet country lady, who kept calling me because she wanted me to come see her new house," Miss Lillian said that spring. "I finally agreed, and she came to pick me up, and I went over there and looked around, and you know, it wasn't that the place was fancy or anything—I mean it was tacky, but I don't mind that—it was that there was not one single book in the entire place. You know, I have never been back to see that woman, and I never will."

Miss Lillian wasn't much wiser to let her life Rosalynn and her mother. After the election, as she sat rocking and nursing a cold, she was the town diplomat one day, a ruminator the next, a peevish old hag the day after. She was the worst. Miss Lillian nodded and turned the rock over, looking for a place to write. When she did, she spotted another signature. She looked closely, grumbled and then handed the souvenir back to the man.

"I don't sign anything that somebody else has signed," she snapped, and then moved on smiling to the next tourist.

The man looked puzzled, and a reporter standing nearby asked to see the rock. In it was the gentle, carefully written name of Miss Ellen Smith.

"Isn't that Rosalynn's mother?" the man asked the reporter.

"Yes."



Miss Lillian and her boy Jimmy in Plains, Georgia.

"I thought Rosalynn's mother and Jimmy's mother were friends," he said. Undoubtedly he had seen newspaper photos of Miss Allen and Miss Lillian smiling at each other at the Platts office.

"Guess not."

Considering the small-town squabbles that we did see in 1974 and imagining what it was like before we were evicted down there, forcing everybody to be reasonably decent, to one another, it is not surprising that Carter's backyard dream was to go to Annapolis and start a career that would keep him away from it all.

One of the most passionate sections of Carter's autobiography, *Why Not the Best?*, concerns his desire to go to the U.S. Naval Academy. He was terrified that his feet were flat or, more seriously, that a little drop of urine that always hung mysteriously on the end of his penis might be the overwhelming revelation that would deny him his dream.

In the end it was neither the chafing drag, as reporters referred to it privately, nor his feet that kept him out of the academy. It was his lack of math. Carter had to go to Georgia Southern University College in Americus for a year and Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta for another year to qualify for the appointment.

Finally the move to Annapolis came, although not deeply because Carter was smart, but also because his father was a big man in South Georgia who knew the congressman, Stephen Price. Price, like all congressmen, was allotted two appointments to the academy, and he gave one of them to the Carters. It is interesting to see how Carter, who boasted throughout his campaign that he owed "the political big shot" nothing, the people everything, "got his college education and his passport out of town."

"Jimmy got the appointment the way people always get such things," said one member of the family, who preferred to remain unidentified on this particular topic. "We did a lot of us kissing."

Although both Miss Lillian and Mr. Earl encouraged Jimmy to go, when the day came they were unable to show their gratitude. "I went fishing in one direction and my husband in another to be alone with our sorrow at losing our eldest boy," she remembered. "It was heart-breaking."

She also remembers Jimmy's letters, long, and outpourings of ways the other kids pulled him at a farm boy from Georgia. Miss Lillian kept the letters, she said that summer, and stored them in her attic. She never kept any letters from her other children. "I just kept Jimmy's; somehow I just knew."

Carter graduated from Annapolis, married his sweetheart at about two years, Rosalynn Smith, and had barely finished his career in the nuclear Navy when his father died in 1962. His decision to return to Plains must have been agonizing. His mother wanted him to come home and take over, although she says she never said that to him specifically, and his wife wanted to stay in the Navy.

"I cried and sobbed and screamed," ranted Rosalynn, who is as controlled and quiet now that such a scene is difficult to imagine, "but it was no use."

For Carter's wife the return would mean leaving the glamorous Navy life and returning to a place where, among other things, she would have to contend with her mother-in-law. Rosalynn has only hinted at the importance of this moment in her marriage when Carter, for all practical purposes, chose his mother's wisdom over his wife's. Miss Lillian, however, has spoken of it pointedly.

"Either she had to go or I had to—I realized that," Miss Lillian remembered. "So I left."

With his mother away as a housemother to a fraternity in Auburn, Alabama, and his wife trying to cope with the tedium of Plains, Carter perhaps found some solace in knowing that he would not only run his father's business but would control the town as well. But such solace, if they were rewards, have never been part of his version of that return to his hometown.

He talks instead about taking over the business and taking over the town as well. He remembers twenty-four years later that he and Rosalynn had to live in the town's bleak housing project, learning firsthand what it's like for those people in Watts and South Chicago.

It is interesting that the man who promised he would be the first President since Washington not to tell a lie has nevertheless stretched the truth to the point where it becomes dishonest to call it exaggeration. Most of us called it exaggeration of a willful kind of the truth, but in a lot of ways these exaggerations were just plain old lies. Little lies maybe, but still lies.

And while the segment Jimmy Carter ever got at anybody that year was when they called him a liar, there were those in the press corps who figured there was something missing about knowing that Jimmy Carter, the other politicians, as occasion dictated the truth.

Jimmy's version of his humble roots repeatedly irritated Miss Lillian, and about the return to Plains, she said: "It just ain't so. His father left them plenty, maybe, oh, twenty thousand dollars in outstanding credits that all Jimmy had to do was collect. They weren't hungry."

Maybe they weren't hungry, but the record shows they weren't content, and it became apparent very soon after his return to Plains that Carter would look for other means of escape. Southerners like Carter—smart, earnest, apparently ambitious people—have traditionally found solace by joining the military, writing books or entering politics. Carter did not seem destined for the military, by a term of fate, or for literature, at least if he is to be judged by his autobiography, so in 1962, he ran for the state senate, where at least he would occasionally have an excuse to go to Atlanta.

"He'd been away in the Navy, and all the work he'd ever done on a farm certainly (Continued on page 178)



How's This for Openers?

Coping with America's fear of the cork

Here's a dilemma. Winos buy most of the everyday wine drunk in the United States and most of the jug wine, too. And they're not helped by the effort it takes to pull a cork. So the makers of these wines have provided only screw tops and corks with knobs on. But winners of top-quality wines will do anything to disassociate their bottles from jug or everyday. So they stick to corks. Thus, if you want your share of the really good stuff, you must learn to pull with aplomb. Funnies insist on the device below, far right. And they damn well practice using it. But there are hundreds of labor-saving designs around to ease the corkscrew anxiety. Here are a selected few.

Effortless French design. Screw down with handle on top, then screw up with handle on side. About \$9.50

Most popular: toward a corkscrew. Twisting on top pinches cork and also lifts handle. Pushing handle down raises cork perfectly. Requires a horizontal surface for bottle, two free hands. \$4

Cute wooden model. Two-stroke handle: first, then turn larger one to raise cork. \$2.75.

Swiss Army knife corkscrew: muscle required. But same tool opens a tin of corned and seizes a freshly killed trout to go with the wine. \$16.95

When metal frame reaches rim of bottle, coarsened twist on the handle pulls out the cork about halfway. A final tug is required. \$7

Its bar design has double-grooved coil. But feature is portability: the plastic handle comes off to form a carrying case. \$9

Called the Ah-Su, this West-German design is the newest rage. Wiggle the prongs down between cork and bottle, then gently rotate and pull. Excellent for old, crumbly corks, also for resealing. \$4.50

The Zig Zag, made in France, provides a lot of extra metal to give added leverage. A screw-off device. \$9.95

A swiveling metal lug at the top of the Ossack model enables the cork to be pinched and raised by the same twisting motion. Myrtling but effective. \$17.50

This is the one if you're serious about wine. No wonder would be without it. Keeps out away corkscrew around cork, sharp coil pinches cork, and metal lip rest provides leverage. Do it all with one hand. Requires experience. \$7.75

custody, but at sometime she married Michael Winham, a man twice her age and a definite father substitute, as she readily admits. At twenty-five she married Mike Todd, perhaps the most macho of all her surrogate fathers, who had a son older than his new wife and he was Burt's father material. During the filming of *Cleopatra*, Mrs. Fisher was to be directed the way playing devoted Mr. Fisher. Then she refused Cleopatra married the official Anthony. She was thirty-two, he was thirty-four. The great actor at first appeared to be the perfect match to replace her macho Mike Todd, but Burton proved to have a fragile flow, a love of alcohol. Now John Warner has his chance to play the domineering father. So far he has succeeded where her real father failed: he has gotten Elizabeth out of three husbands.

"Of all your films," a student said, "the one that made the biggest impression on me was *Cleopatra*."

"Gasp!" said Elizabeth Taylor.

The Warrens' seminar entered the room to see that Rachel Davis, the French ambassador, was on the phone. Mrs. Warner took the call. When she returned, she whispered news even to her husband.

Warner quipped, "Michael David wants to do something that no self-respecting politician would do. I vote that."

I doubted he would tell me what it was that no self-respecting politician would do, but I thought his wife might if I waited until she and I were alone.

While I was asking my time, Warner suggested we adjourn to the living room for coffee. We sat down on cushions to the company of Burt, Mike, Dennis, French, Modigliani, Pennino, Uffle and an Andy Warhol Elizabeth Taylor. At first I thought this must be the Million collection, but I learned that all the paintings belonged to the new Mrs. Warner. Struck suddenly by her Van Gogh, I asked her how she had acquired it. She explained that she had been looking for just the right Van Gogh ten years, without success. Then one day visiting your son, her father, an art dealer, took her to Sotheby's in London. One canvas made her suddenly die her name gasp her hand.

Her father ordered, "Don't even change your expression."

Meanwhile, Elizabeth Taylor's child eyes were fixating on his and knight and round as a Van Gogh man.

"I don't even want you in the country when I buy it," her father warned, "or you'll have to pay twice as much."

When Elizabeth was safely out of the way, her father bought her the Van Gogh. Three of the other paintings were purchased for her by Mike Todd. While she was in the longest negotiating from a tall dark man, Todd decided her quarters were just dull. He got out and bought a Monet, a Renoir and a Picasso to cheer up her hospital room.

When John Warner finally left the living

room to take a call, I got the opening I had been waiting for. I immediately asked Elizabeth Taylor what it was so self-respecting politician would do.

"Oh, just go somewhere," she said mysteriously.

"Las Vegas," Lenore guessed.

Elizabeth Taylor's expression confirmed the guess. And when her husband returned she announced, "We're going to Las Vegas, John."

"If we do," Warner warned, "I'll put it in the news and read my history books."

"Come on, we're going to have a good time."

"No self-respecting politician would be seen in public in Las Vegas."

"Someone's an ambassador."

"That makes it worse."

"Come out of your shell, old."

"I just love to stick it to him," Mrs. Warner said. "He's so nice. He always rises to the bait."

When the Warrens were grand marshals of the Charlottesville Festival parade, right along the parade route read women into men and let, what and you come to get women's sense? After the parade, the Warrens, escorted by the police, turned from our Deposed Festival crowd to walk to waiting pairs of their story behind them like comets.

"Four hours!" Elizabeth wailed. How and how? "He offered me a million dollars under the table to give him two weeks to court me. I said, 'I'm not in love with you. I'm going to England to marry

Michael Moring."

Warner warned us by history of why the movie star was attracted to him. "When she was here, I was her hero."

In a sense, Elizabeth Taylor had been his hero for many years. Just like Hollywood. Ever since the collapse of the studio system, both she and the movies had been drifting around the world, stopping many places but as one place. When she was married to Richard Barmes, they had many homes but lived mostly in both her country, then San, put it this way: "The lady needed a home." Her husband was the married John Warner's note.

When we stopped at the Star's Head for her lunch, Elizabeth Taylor said I shared a pizza. The words "Head the answer" Mrs. Warner offered Mr. Warner a show. He ate the topping but left the crust, she ate crust and all. Warner was caught not to miss his red, white and blue striped tie.

"The wife was the same throughout for over a year," said the former director of the Broomfield Administration.

"I'm going to get a pair of scissors," Elizabeth Taylor said, "and cut it to his piece."

"It's old and frayed," Warner said, "the year husband."

Then he went to the rest room.

"Where's Big Daddy going?" Elizabeth Taylor demanded to her.

"Cut as a Hat You And note to go."

"Till Big Daddy it's time to go."

It was time to go because

the Warrens were due at yet another Republican had risen. We drove to a beautiful home from outside Charlottesville, where the wounded movie star was the patient of another meeting here.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah," Elizabeth Taylor said over and over, as if shaking off the attack of the same snake she showed me her good hand, which was badly swollen.

"This hand hurts more than the other," she said. "Sleeping doesn't have a hand, people think it's all right to ignore it. Two handsets would be too much."

As the party was breaking up, a virgin girl said, "I hope you're not going to be as conservative in bed as I am."

As the couple were leaving the firm, Warner helped her wife into the back seat of the car.

"Let, I want you to be down and take a nap," said Big Daddy.

After finishing her coffee, Elizabeth Taylor retired up to John Warner's room on the third-floor couch.

"I enjoy you having a baby," Elizabeth Taylor told my pregnant wife.

"Thank you for your loving pregnancy," John Warner said to his wife.

When Edgwood by the Warrens' Georgetown home was coming, I heard the candidate working on a speech he would deliver to the University of Virginia Alumni Association. His son in his study and was wearing a Navy flight suit. He had an American flag on his shoulder and three words stretched above his heart pocket: FREEDOM OF THE MALT.

"Get out," he ordered Elizabeth, who had shown me into his lab. "This is my room, my bureau."

"You're a male chauvinist," Elizabeth Taylor complained.

"Don't forget the present for Aaron," he said.

"What?" asked the star, who had obviously forgotten.

"You know, the anniversary."

The political candidate was teaching his wife to win the press. Putting up a white flag, apologized from her husband's desk, she looked, changing her words abruptly.

"I had planned to wait until the article came out," she said at last, giving me my present. "And then, depending on how it turned out, I'd give it to you in your hand or through your hand."

My Warren three Mrs. Warner out of her room and then sat down behind her cluttered desk, surrounded over his speech.

KAHLUA

Black Russian

mmmm.

Simply mix one ounce of Kahlúa and two ounces of vodka on the rocks. And send for our Kahlúa recipe book. It's free. Because you deserve something nice.



Imported by
Kahlúa, Inc., New York, N.Y.
Kahlúa is a registered trademark
of Kahlúa, Inc. © 1980 Kahlúa, Inc.

family, he told me that afternoon. Worms are big business. Bush Carter was smoking because I am a reporter, and he wanted to be polite. There were no pay, no emoluments, he said that does only the promise of more worms added.

"There was this guy like the other guy in D.R. Nixon and World Bank, and you can't remember, I just maybe the hundred words added."

Clinton Worm was one of the family mill and, their feeling about him is an error. Mr. Liffman, personally said that the suspicious tale of the Carter character emerges to speak in High, one should be looking for helping an accepted account at High's antique store.

"High may be Jimmy's cousin," she suggested, "but he isn't likely."

Across the street from High's at Billy's service station, it was discovered that full that one of the regulars had Eastern European ancestry. "In the days at Billy's, that meant he was Polish."

"Well, he isn't a Polish," one of the best drivers and that thornless. "He's only half Polish. The other half is Hungarian."

"The boy laughed, especially Billy, who ran into a dark night on such occasions."

"Well, I'll tell you what," cried the Pole. "That's right, I believe I'd rather be half Polish and half nigger than die to High Carter."

Billy giggled, smiled and brought the Pole a beer.

Billy's brother, however, is openly an emigrant to High. When he made his first trip back to Plains as President, he stopped by High's antique store to tell his cousin about how it was in Washington. As the afternoon passed, Carter learned the fact that Congress wanted to see his own man and that go on a long weekend holiday, courtesy of the American taxpayers. High appeared to be satisfied. He looked at the crowd and shook his head in disbelief.

There are people who have been waiting for Carter to come out from your who have never understood why he was so popular to High and his one restricted right-hand-

man-child, who never quite managed to get it straight that Cousin Jimmy had a lot of supporters who are black. High's letter, Arthur, occasionally addressed such supporters as "boy" and often described the moments when Jimmy was born as "not much of a town—it's mostly niggers."

They wonder why Carter would get so angry with one member. Doug Scholten, who was told The Washington Post that he left the Catholic Church had named up a list of young men, a view that did not fit his line or Jimmy with the Catholics, and again when, trying to be on his best behavior, he called himself "nigger-baiter and politician."

The answer is simple and obvious. It helped the simple White Reality, as Alice recalled, showed when the Carters had come from. He was known as that there was a name, unacknowledged Bush before the 1970s. He was a constant reminder of how Jimmy Carter was different from the rest of the folks in Plains.

Carter, like a lot of politicians, dealt with human beings on that level. Politicians pick their human partners carefully, the way Carter picked a black woman to run Georgia to care for Amy. She was returned, a woman who had talked as a convert of passion, or what is called a "democratic" girl, she had been devoted to her beliefs by George psychologists, and the lives Amy, and there was something brave and honest about having a reformer married in the White House.

The case for A.E. Fitzmaurice was more complicated.

A.E. lived across the street at a house that church people called a "bar" and that the boys at Billy's called "the nigger shack across the street from Mr. Jimmy."

Early in the campaign, Carter had returned to the neighbor A.E. usually at black churches and smoking halls. He had learned that his closest neighbor was a black family. After the October election, he was, in a score, a black printing truck appeared over at Carter's closest neighbor's place, and two black men stripped the truck down to a wooden skeleton. A.E. stood across the street, watched the destruction of his home and cried.

"The man who owns the house told me it had to be very dark because they couldn't have a house like that across the street with Mr. Jimmy being President. I know it wasn't Mr. Carter who did this. I love Mr. Carter as a white man. He's a Christian, poor fellow, and he said he made or saw two of the people who have helped the colored here."

A.E. and his family moved to a housing project in American where there was no parking and not much fresh air. "You can't raise children over there. We have it on request, but over there, they always going down the street corner."

Only Powell was asked why Carter had not converted the landowner. Doug Scholten, to let A.E. stay, but he didn't get the mention. Powell said that when Carter was asked what to tell the reporters about Powell, he answered: "Tell them he's an ex."

At the press conference the next day, Carter put it somewhat differently. He explained that there had been a long-time feud between the Powells and the Carters. We were left supposing that it had some-

thing to do with the fact that Cousin Jimmy had a lot of supporters who are black. High's letter, Arthur, occasionally addressed such supporters as "boy" and often described the moments when Jimmy was born as "not much of a town—it's mostly niggers."

They wonder why Carter would get so angry with one member. Doug Scholten, who was told The Washington Post that he left the Catholic Church had named up a list of young men, a view that did not fit his line or Jimmy with the Catholics, and again when, trying to be on his best behavior, he called himself "nigger-baiter and politician."

The answer is simple and obvious. It helped the simple White Reality, as Alice recalled, showed when the Carters had come from. He was known as that there was a name, unacknowledged Bush before the 1970s. He was a constant reminder of how Jimmy Carter was different from the rest of the folks in Plains.

Carter, like a lot of politicians, dealt with human beings on that level. Politicians pick their human partners carefully, the way Carter picked a black woman to run Georgia to care for Amy. She was returned, a woman who had talked as a convert of passion, or what is called a "democratic" girl, she had been devoted to her beliefs by George psychologists, and the lives Amy, and there was something brave and honest about having a reformer married in the White House.

The case for A.E. Fitzmaurice was more complicated.

A.E. lived across the street at a house that church people called a "bar" and that the boys at Billy's called "the nigger shack across the street from Mr. Jimmy."

Early in the campaign, Carter had returned to the neighbor A.E. usually at black churches and smoking halls. He had learned that his closest neighbor was a black family. After the October election, he was, in a score, a black printing truck appeared over at Carter's closest neighbor's place, and two black men stripped the truck down to a wooden skeleton. A.E. stood across the street, watched the destruction of his home and cried.

"The man who owns the house told me it had to be very dark because they couldn't have a house like that across the street with Mr. Jimmy being President. I know it wasn't Mr. Carter who did this. I love Mr. Carter as a white man. He's a Christian, poor fellow, and he said he made or saw two of the people who have helped the colored here."

A.E. and his family moved to a housing project in American where there was no parking and not much fresh air. "You can't raise children over there. We have it on request, but over there, they always going down the street corner."

Only Powell was asked why Carter had not converted the landowner. Doug Scholten, to let A.E. stay, but he didn't get the mention. Powell said that when Carter was asked what to tell the reporters about Powell, he answered: "Tell them he's an ex."

At the press conference the next day, Carter put it somewhat differently. He explained that there had been a long-time feud between the Powells and the Carters. We were left supposing that it had some-



Real discovers the way to keep natural taste in. Artificial out.

The difference in low tar Real is 'nothing artificial added.' Real's flavor is natural. All other major brands enhance their flavor artificially. Real does not. It doesn't need to. All that great taste and flavor in Real is natural.

That includes the menthol in Real Menthol, of course. It is fresh, natural. Not synthetic. You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste. Discover the difference yourself. Taste Real...smoke natural.

Low tar Real is the natural cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1987 R.J.R. Inc. All rights reserved. R.J.R. Inc.





"Darling, we can't go on waiting like this. The foundations will be finished in a few days."

from a secret Service agent sent me back to the softball park.

The Jimmy Carter who has difficulty showing emotions seems also to lack a sense of humor, and some reporters followed Carter around for months before they realized he had one. During the campaign, it was kept hidden because Carter's son, an Episcopite from Saratoga, New York, once described it, in "a series of images." Carter likes to wear up an opponent, make his friends laugh at him and then tell of a joke he noticed said just as it is. "Jimmy's idea of self-deprecating humor is to drop all as he staff." That sort of thing goes over well in Washington, but in middle America it could be seen as mean. To make sure he wasn't, Carter appeared to be civil.

One reporter, Curt Wiles of *The Boston Globe*, recalled about Carter's humor and asked him about it at an informal press gathering. That was considered a let-up act. Late one afternoon and after a long day, Carter walked to the deserted press area of the place and perched on the arm of a seat. Reporters clustered around him, some fighting off people that came from elsewhere and from the realization that Carter had put himself on hand so that he was having a much more relaxed evening by a reporter. The humor and once more for CARTER although Carter appeared to be staring at the horizon, he did not smile.

"So Carter," Wiles's voice boomed over the engine, "why is it that you never tell a joke on yourself? It's something we saw in Mr. Wile, but we didn't see it in you. Is there any self-deprecating humor in you?"

Carter looked startled for an instant and then said the reason he had told said joke lately was that he hadn't told the latest analysis of his character in *The Boston Globe*, an answer that may be considered a joke at Wiles's expense. There is added that if he were Mr. Wile (who by the way was not of the magazine and as a deity, maybe he would have to tell a few jokes on himself, too).

However, the next day Carter took up a joke from the *Boston Courier* where "The answer is 'I'm told' it takes Jimmy Carter to break his test." The question is "What is dirty humor?"

It was not a good joke, and it was not told well. But it was self-deprecating.

Since he has become President, Carter has relaxed somewhat and has finally found a funny man who the legend is "If you can't be funny, be quiet." Most people in Washington can't tell the difference, and as a result, President Carter is slowly getting a reputation as a man of wit.

Sometimes, however, Carter's wit is seen at the right person, but it is still of note. When James T. Water of *The New York Times* wrote a revealing article about how Carter was a perfectionist and a hard worker, his mentor, Admiral Hyman Rickover, Carter wrote back a few days later at the White House correspondence dinner. He called Water the "John Doe of the New York Times." Everyone in the room, with the exception, perhaps, of Water, laughed. But later, many people admitted they had no idea exactly what Carter meant. All anybody knew was that somehow it was meant to be mean.

Inside the White House, the word is that part of being close to Carter is having to keep your share of the President's will. Bob Strauss, Carter's special trade adviser who appears at all Cabinet meetings, left the job when Carter returned in May from the emergency summit meeting in London. Strauss, who has a good and serious and a night out with the boys, had had both events. The President learned about an idea called out when an aide dipped into a membership and Strauss had purchased a shiny new car in London.

At the next Cabinet meeting, Carter told the obvious story that the car had had gone well—a national and personal success. There was only one problem, he explained, and it was being looked up by the C.I.A. Strauss looked up around the long table. There was complete silence. As Strauss began to look slowly into his shoe, Carter produced and began to read from the document immediately sent to the *Washington Club* in London.

"It is very fitting," the President said loudly, "that the man on that card is one special U.S. ambassador for trade negotiations, since other than Mr. Strauss."

He passed white Stripes relief minutes standing by the Cabinet members.

"It is particularly fitting," Carter responded, "in light of the fact that this man

hence, I am told, was working very hard on the shoe-ignition experiment at the time, and I'm told that the only thing they were wearing in the *Washington Club* that evening was just that—shoes."

Strauss, of course, was a good sport about it all. After all, Carter is back in his house and his President.

Nevertheless, it seems odd that even though Carter runs the country and has made it to the top, he still feels some need to joke his at, criticize or even demand things around him. There is a sense that he is still fighting that battle that started fifty-three years ago in south-west Georgia, a battle to get exactly where he is. Perhaps, in that way, he is like a lot of us who live that if we relax, somebody will figure out who we are exactly, and let Carter then will be that knock on the door, a notice that it is time to climb in his back to Plains, Georgia, where he belongs.

It is an uncomfortable fact for Jimmy Carter, of course. For our sake, he does not belong in Plains, Georgia. He belongs in Washington, and if he doesn't get rejected, he will belong in some university or in some place, any place, where nobody would ever come to visit about his spending time from somewhere in Georgia to the top of the *Washington* world.

But another thing, the Plains where Carter grew up does not exist anymore. Miss Lillian says now that her son may have lived Plains by running for President. Billy, who has served several times every sign that the town is so that with Carter and other understandings that "we should just put a tree over the whole thing and call it a done."

The irony, of course, is that Jimmy Carter has been perceived as a mystic only three years after the resignation of Richard Nixon. Nixon taught Americans that a man could do strange things behind the property of the Presidential seal. Nixon shed on modern-world caps, desperately trying to get in the public mind, for example, and he named the Water House along with some of President's beliefs.

Then the Nixon Presidency led to a whole host of political questions, who appeared in great numbers in 1978 to explain the character of President's candidates. It was a kind of *Today* *Washington* year well, and yet for all of us out there trying to explain what kind of person Jimmy Carter was, most of us didn't or couldn't and opted in old time evidence. Perhaps that was the only way out. Maybe it was better to say that Carter was an enigma than to say directly, in the middle of this campaign, that he wasn't a particularly nice guy.

Perhaps, so, there has been a more important element at work during the period. There is a sense that the question whether size gaps make good Presidents in recent history, for example, one particularly nice President was Gerald R. Ford's Ford.

It is possible, then, that Presidents, who have spread their humanity among two hundred twenty million Americans, don't have time for one hundred million and for a black man like A. Z. Pittman. It is possible that humor has no place in a man whose finger is that close to the speedometer button, and it is possible that James Earl Carter Jr. will make a decent President.

Tom Jennings' hands are worth millions. He covers them beautifully for \$30.



Tom Jennings is this year's U.S. Open Pocket Billiard Champion. His hands are his livelihood. His art. His life.

Tom's choice in gloves: The Stalcrum. A hand-crafted dress glove made of buffed calfskin. About \$30 at the best department and men's stores.

Daniel Hays and Gates create over 250 glove fashions. From \$6 to \$30. And like Tom Jennings, we too have taken the time to perfect our art.

Daniel Hays and Gates Gloves.

Gates Mills Inc., 422 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and Johnsons, New York. America's oldest manufacturers of fine men's gloves.

Now you can send liquor anywhere as easily as you send flowers.

Liquor, the ideal personal or business gift, can now be sent almost anywhere in the country. Choose from the finest liquors and wines, by the bottle or case.

Within 24 hours your gift will be delivered to a friend or client in virtually any major U.S. city. Or gift checks will be mailed, specifying the brands you've selected. The recipient merely calls for the liquor at a local liquor store.

You can place your gift selections by phone, using a toll-free number, or by mail. In either case, you can charge them on one of the major credit cards: American Express, Diners, Master Charge or Visa/Bank Americard. The service

charges at just \$2.50 per gift check for 1 to 12 bottles. For 24 hours courier delivery to the cities covered the service charge is \$10 to \$15, depending on the city selected.

Full details of the service are explained in the Gift Selection Kit. It includes a directory of brands, full details on prices and delivery, sample selection forms, gift cards and pre-addressed envelopes. The charge for the kit is \$2.00, but, of course, this will be credited to your first gift.

Here is a service that can take care of your Christmas list, birthday anniversary gifts and even reward you 30 days in advance of important dates. It's a service that's indispensable

for any business gift program. So send for a Gift Selection Kit today.

Now that you can send liquor anywhere, don't flowers seem a little tame?

Nationwide Gift Liquor Service, Inc.

NATIONWIDE GIFT LIQUOR SERVICE, INC.
115 Clifton Avenue Clifton, N.J. 07033
Please send Gift Selection Kit (enclosed is \$2.00) to be credited to first gift.
Send information on Business Gift Programs. My gift list numbers above.

Name _____
Title _____
Company _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Save the Stashed Beverage Laws vary from state to state. Use service at a company's risk where prohibited.



THE GQ GUIDE TO FASHION, FITNESS, AND GROOMING

Nothing confirms your image as quickly as an immediately and reverently as what you're wearing...and for every man who wants what he's wearing to project his individuality and confidence here is MANSTYLE, the one book on men's fashion they can't close and successfully for any day, even on your calendar.

Cutting this best from the past three years of GQ, the editors of GQ have created the most useful catalog of information on men's fashion ever published. From formal wear to today's funky new clothes, here's how to plan your wardrobe shelves.

- How to shop
- How to choose color, style, and fabric
- How to get that all-important fit
- How to care for your clothes and
- How to be well-groomed and stay in shape

Here is the book about style for men with an intelligent approach toward creating an image and identity—here is MANSTYLE—it can make you feel like a million every time out.

*Manstyle



Crown Publishers, Dept. 707
One Park Ave., NY, N.Y. 10016

MANSTYLE

—Collectible paper \$29.95 (3/21/75)
—Hardcover cloth \$34.95 (3/21/75)
Please add \$1.00 for postage & handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
NY & N.J. residents add sales tax.

MANSTYLE

Give a full year of **Esquire** to everyone on your gift list!

Send their names and addresses, and you'll promptly receive an Esquire Holiday Greeting Card and envelope for each of your lucky friends.

Then, they're set to enjoy a full year of Esquire—home-delivered each month all during '78—each issue packed with the kind of marvelous fiction, features and surprises that have won you over as an Esquire "regular."

The perfect gift combination! You and Esquire teaming up to make your best friends feel extra special, enjoying the greatest show in print all through the coming year starting with the blockbuster January issue.

If you don't mind spending very little per gift, you're in luck! How little is very little? Look.

First gift, -\$7 all others, -\$6 ea.

By regular subscription, 12 issues cost \$9.

At the newsstand, the same 12 issues cost \$18. A bargain? You know it. And while you're at it, why not extend your own subscription at big savings now, too! That way, you can play Santa and Sarge at the same time!

It's easy to order all the gifts you need right now. Just complete and mail the postpaid order envelope opposite, and leave the rest to Esquire. Feel triumphant? You should!

If order envelope is missing,

mail this coupon today!

Esquire GRS, P.O. Box 2901, Boulder, Co 80501

Send 1 yr. of Esquire to:

Send 1 yr. of Esquire to:
my friends... and save money too!
(Your gift just \$7, all others \$6.)

First Name _____

Last Name _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Age _____

1 yr. of Esquire to _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Order Card Signature _____

Please enclose separate check if you need additional space.)

If shipping your order to your
VISA or MASTER CHARGE Card
supplier, you may be charged.
Please to send payment rate? Fine

Case Histories of Business Management: Hollywood Artistic Division

EDITOR'S NOTE: While he was on location in the Philippines last April, film maker Francis Ford Coppola, so he was then known in the world from his successes as director of *Godfather I and II*, dictated the following memorandum, copies of which were later distributed to all Coppola associates and employees and, through a communications shop, to an editor of this magazine. We have made no changes in the text of the memo, we merely take this opportunity to pass The Word along to you.

MEMORANDUM

To: ALL ASSOCIATES AND EMPLOYEES

Date: April 30, 1977

From: FRANCIS COPPOLA

I would like to clarify my hopes and plans, the nature of my Company, my various enterprises, and the way I would like to work with you in the future.

I realize that in the last three or four months I have been operating differently than I had in the past and that it must be difficult for the people who have worked with me and are working with me now, during this transition, to understand exactly what I expect of them. Let me take this opportunity to try to outline how I see the relationship.

Generally speaking, it is my desire to confine my work pretty much to my own personal creative work -- this may be a film, a novel, a play in the Little Fox Theatre, or an opera. I am trying to confine my activities to doing creative work; not running a business, making money through investments, or sponsoring other people's creative endeavors. To this end, I have decided to reduce all the various companies and enterprises, wherever financially and legally prudent to do so, to one company. This company will be known as AMERICAN ZOETROPE and, purely and simply, it is me and my work.

We will not be in the service business (recording studios, mixing studios, equipment rental) but rather, will maintain these facilities in order to better realize my own projects. Therefore, you really are not employees of a company -- instead, the staff of an artist, very much like the crew of a motion picture.

When I return, I will be able to set up the structure so that it is very clear as to who is the person in authority in each area. For now, I would like to clarify this by saying that I am the person of authority and would, for this period of transition, like to be kept

(Continued on page 102)



I AM MUSIC.

Not everyone can afford the Marantz Model 940. In fact, you'll find that you have to spend a little more for any Marantz audio product. But when you do you'll possess the vital ingredient that makes Marantz the finest audio equipment in the world.

That vital ingredient is true musical sound. A sound that comes from better engineering and better quality. You experience it completely with the Marantz Design Series Model 940...the ultimate in performance and beauty.

Like every Marantz Design Series Speaker, the Model 940 is a handcrafted piece of fine wooden furniture. Its lean, sleek lines will enhance any room as dramatically as it enhances your stereo system with its breathtaking performance.

For music lovers who will accept nothing less than the very finest...and are willing to spend a little more to get it...the Model 940 is the most significant speaker system ever developed.

marantz.
We sound better.

The Marantz 940 Design Series Speaker is built with the finest quality walnut veneer. © 1977 Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., 20120 Redwood Rd., Chatsworth, CA 91311. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Marantz retailer.

almost all major decisions be they financial or otherwise, and insist on giving my personal say on any expenditure (for obligations of \$100 per week or a \$500 one-shot item) and any decisions which someone else would tell you would be of importance.

Obviously, I do not want to decide on amounts of machinery or paper clips to buy. A sales criteria to follow is that if you are confused as to whether or not to move ahead on an item you feel is of importance, using the guidelines I am giving in this letter, don't hesitate to communicate with me. Obviously, those employees who are directly working as assistants or secretaries to a staff head, such as in accounting, Joanne Astory, or in Realtime, Jack Pitt, will report to them and they will report to me.

Please help me be sure that all expenditures here are a shrewdness. Most of the money I spend is non-negotiable—meaning that when that bill is made, I'm entitled to be reimbursed. Means that I spent on "TUCKER" two years ago will eventually come back two years from now.

So, let all purchases, bills, etc., have an amount number attached to it. If you are in doubt, write the name of the project you think it's for, and clearly with Joanne or Tim and still in doubt, with me. I will try to put the number

on it. Joanne will sophisticated her account numbers for projects so that they are in order of importance or importance prediction, and then escalate it to you. Please try to attach a charge number to everything.

About money in general—I know that the amounts of money I find in some areas to most people—they do to me as well, but please always remember that I work in these amounts because I am willing to risk everything for my work—very often, the money we are spending is borrowed by me—and I must pay it back. I am cavalier with money, because I have to be, in order not to be troubled every time I make an erratic decision. Don't confuse that technique with the idea that I am infinitely wealthy. Many of you know that is not true. Remember, the major studios and distributors have only one thing that a filmmaker needs: capital. My employees' demand for the rules of capital and business is one of my major stresses when dealing with them. It means the more, so to speak. The *business* of personal phone calls made by employees on my bill, the expense but or implied or damaged, the demand for money that many of the staff have had in the past—or the illusion that "it doesn't matter"—to Francis, has been close to crippling me on several occasions. Your

reward for your work in your salary and your benefits. The more successful I am, the faster they will go up. There really are no finger benefits working with me, other than what you might learn, and how you might advance yourself, on the basis of your experience with me.

With regard to the question of messages to me: Please make your statements or questions as short, simple and as easy to answer as possible. I often resist to your messages while I am shooting a scene, so, once information takes away from my time to deal with the question at hand. I will try my best to answer your questions as soon as possible. To help me, number your questions, if convenient, and phrase them in one or two sentences at the most, asking them in such a way that I can give you a short and definitive answer. The more concise you are, the faster and more accurately I can answer, hopefully, within 24 hours.

Please use common sense when deciding the method you use to relay information to me, whether it be telephone, Telex or post. Telephone calls are very expensive, Telex is not quite as expensive and the post is cheaper yet. Try to gauge the importance of the question and use the means that is the most logical. It irritates me as much as it would anyone, when a

message is sent by Telex that costs \$8.00 which could have just as easily been sent in the pouch for 50 cents. Remember, the less money so waste, the more left for other projects and benefits, some of which will affect you.

This company is not a corporation with other stockholders. There is only one person in authority and that is me. My wife has no interest in the business or control and influence, other than what would naturally be so through our marriage. Please remember, you are working for me. Use discretion in the method of communication you use for transmitting information through the office which you feel may be desirable to me in the company. If instructions to me are in doubt as to the appropriate form to use, please discuss with a co-worker or my superior—or ask me before sending.

Another area which is causing some problems is what I will call "jumping the gun." I word my questions very carefully. Please act only on what I have asked of you. If I ask you to order 10 Lehigh gloves, please order them. When they arrive, notify me that they have come in and ask me what I want you to do with them. Don't jump the gun. Don't purchase anything. Check with me when in doubt or re-read my original Telex \$1,100 worth of French crystal was sent to the Philippines to

renewly because someone did not read my Telex carefully.

I know it is difficult being so far from the source of information, but you must understand that very often I take one of the people on my staff to conduct a particular plan of business or to obtain a certain item. This person may not understand the whole design of what I am trying to do. I may have given them a clear picture other parts of the overall picture. If you do not deal specifically with what I have asked or if you assume and do too much, thinking that you are helping me, you may, in fact, be harming whatever enterprise I am involved in. Therefore, please do only what I ask of you. If you are confused, or have no idea, I would be happy to clarify or answer through another memo or Telex. When in doubt, no harm in my original directive or confusion with me.

Also, many of your responses to my questions are extremely long-winded so though you are anxious for me to make how much work you are doing. There is an old saying that people who are doing good work need fear nothing, and those who are not are constantly trying to justify what they are doing. I know how hard most of you are working and I have been supportive of you. I have been to me and my idea in the past. Please trust me. It only makes

me worry about what someone did not read my Telex carefully.

Another matter which is of great personal importance to me is that the time has come to end the inter-company politics and gossip. I know some of this is inevitable in a company, but in the past we have had more than our share. Don't allow yourself to be sucked into or tempted into the notion of being "close" to me, or "close" to someone who has political power in the company. No one has any political power in the company, I will learn to anyone and everyone, and ensure everyone that the worst road is just to do your work well. I am tired of inter-company (people, people making other people's life miserable, people being in-between—knowing that someone I am the cause and center of it. My goal is a harmonious staff of people who work well with each other and who enjoy and treat each other well. As for the "gossip"—that too has gotten

In 5 years, most Americans will write with a pen like this.

Why wait? Systemark is here.



Systemark by Parker. It gives you the touch of tomorrow today.

The revolutionary Systemark Floating Ball point glides effortlessly across paper. It lays down a track of slick, gleaming liquid ink (not the thick paste ink found in conventional ballpoints) and meters the ink

at the ideal flow rate. You get a rich, vivid stroke—one that adds dash and verve to your handwriting.

The future was never so close at hand. Try Systemark. Also available with two additional points: a fine-line Stylus and long writing Super Soft Tip. At \$5, \$30 or \$20.

 PARKER

Try Systemark: the touch of tomorrow.

part of proportion in the past. It is one of our business to discuss my personal life or speculate on what I am or am not doing, my alleged mistresses, my relationships with other employees, who is being fired; who is being hired — I would like to hereby sever the so-called "proprietor." This is not good for me, for anyone else, and it has gone on for too long. If I follow anyone's attempts to engage you in this type of conversation it is my advice that you not be responsive. I realize this, especially in the Los Angeles office, and others and other returning crew members are already aware of this going on you. I know and have been asked by others, but I wanted to ask you personally about this, so there.

In the end, the nature of the company has been referred to as a "family" or a club or hangout. In the future, I hope it will be some of these. My family consists of my wife and three children. The people working for me and with me are my Staff and Associates. I will pay them the respect of a courteous and professional relationship and I ask that they do the same for me. My home, my personal possessions—automobile, equipment, whatever—is my property just as your property is yours. Please do not misuse the use of these things. I know in the past that I have encouraged this; but, simply, I have changed and I no longer see this as a viable way of working.

Phyllis, founder Zentropia and the veteran other offices in your place of work. I expect positive, firm and behave as if I am the farthest from the company. It is very important for me to dispel the seven-year misimpression of a heavy-handed, overbearing, and American group of young people anxious to work in the film business. I do not wish to attract these people. I wish to have a staff of people who are intelligent, self-reliant, very good staff. I do not seek a cold or formal relationship with my staff or, of course, a relaxed and informal relationship. I do not expect to be able to place my hands on my hips unless you are advised. Again, I'm almost embarrassed to put this down on paper, but since I had not seen you in 10 years, I thought I would see you and am now trying to change it. I don't want to appear abrupt or ungrateful to you, who, after all, made possible the implementation and success of my career.

I will try to be more specific about the job area and work definition so that people who are editing assignments or production assignments are not called by my home to move furniture. I recognize that there has been a source of difficulty in the past and I have already taken measures that have hopefully ended this within the last two weeks.

If I were to put one key statement as the source of my greatest trouble in the last two years, it would be lack of information—the reason my purchases often are an expense to me because I never really knew or was told what it would cost. I know this is hard to believe, but it is true and, therefore, I must put it down. That is my fault and I accept the responsibility and the blame. However, in the future, I want no one putting the company into any financial obligations without notifying me first and without notifying the accounting office. *Jameson, Arizona, before the ship-*

Please remember, my name is Francis Coppola. I am dropping the Ford. This comes from a statement I once heard: "Never trust a man who has three names."

Notify the Service Agency of any financial conditions that you are looking for for the company. It will not put any written approval if it exceeds the amounts I have specified. If it does not and we are faced to pay a bill that I have not authorized, I will look very severely on the company. I will not be responsible for the expenditure. I acknowledge that in the past it was difficult to reach me or get information to me. Upon my return, you will find a very systematic and logical avenue of information flow to me through Nancy Ely, and you will find I will make the responses very promptly.

When I am working in the San Francisco Peninsula, which I'll refer to now as my "academy" (I would appreciate it if you would refer to that, in the future), I expect all telephone calls, messages and appointments to go through Nancy. I do not want anyone knocking on the back door or asking me direct. Nancy will get you to me as soon as possible and will get your response back to you immediately.

In general, these are a few guidelines for the way I would like to work: anyone receiving a memo, message, Telex, letter or any other communication from me should give it his or her immediate attention and response. I expect within the next few days, either Telexed or postcard or given to Nancy, according to the urgency, the following kinds of answers or questions:

- Consider it done.
- Working on it—further info will follow
- Am confused. Please clarify.

—Don't agree with you. These are
my reasons.

—Too expensive. You can have it, but will cost a lot (give me U.S. dollar amount estimate).

—What account number(s) should pay for it?

—Any other remarks that will let me know that you're working on it and have received it such as, too busy to attend to now, can I delay?

All correspondence should have conclusions with information and recommendations that I can act on.

I would like to designate a new priority system that I can set on which will accompany all my requests. They will range from 1 to 5.

(E) Urgent—do it now (I'll try to use this as rarely as possible).

(E) Very important—get to as soon as possible.

(3) Important, but can be put behind other residents.

(d) Not too important—get to when you can

(5) Think about it and deal with it in the future.

Please note these numbers, which will be in a circle and sit on the menu according to the priority. I know in the past you have been deluged with requests from me and haven't known which one to act on first or which was important and which was not. This was my fault and I am trying to rectify it with some sort of priority system. Let's use this system for the company in general, so that people know how to put themselves in their work.

Another area that you can be of great help to me in is regarding the public and the press. I would very much like to lead a more private life than I have in the past. I really am no longer interested in publicity, magazine covers, stories, documentaries

books, etc. If people approach you inquiring about those things, I would be very appreciative if you would politely discourage them in the beginning. Also, of course, I hope that you will be direct with them and please not discuss or give information about "APPG-KYPE NOW", your opinions of this you have seen during work, information about me or my style of work. What you talk about after work is your

even business, but I am asking you to please honor this request. "APOCALYPSE NOW" has generated a lot of negativity—and you will be amazed at how an idle remark will turn up in the press.

At this point, we would like to control what the public and the press knew about the film, until we are ready to spring it on them. Please help me in this.

Also, in the area of young filmmakers, anxious new directors, etc., I am planning to help out talented new-

comes in some viable and practical way when I return—but not through Zoetrope—no, please discourage people who want to work at Zoetrope as the step is a ladder to their own creative careers. All people will get out of their work is their salary, lots of experience, and hopefully some pride. American Zoetrope is not a film school, or a means to get to direct a movie.

Some other things on which I would like your consideration. Please remember, my name is Francis Coppola. I am dropping the Ford and would appreciate it if I am no longer referred to as I have been in the past. This comes from a statement I once heard which I feel is true: "Never trust a man who has three names." Also, my name is Coppola, the second is on the Coppola. Please, if you aren't sure how to pronounce it, inquire—especially those of you who answer the telephone. Employees should certainly use the Francis name. I have a special reason of which you have otherwise been advised.

If you're dissatisfied with your job, conditions, salary and have received no results from your immediate supervisor, you may send me a short (personnel) statement. I will answer immediately or I will talk to your boss. The more concrete your problem is stated, the more likely I will act on it. Obviously, the fewer problems I have, the better, but I don't want to feel that someone is dissatisfied or feels unfairly treated in my organization. Do only what is requested of your job and let others do theirs. If you are in doubt, ask.

In the past, there has been a tremendous amount of duplication. I suspect that this is again my fault. I am so insecure that people will not act as what I ask of them that I very often give it to three different people, and as a result, I am sitting here with three Minolta 110 cameras. As the staff and the company become more efficient, I am going to have to learn how to give one job to one person. I will do my best to implement this.

Wherever I am will be considered the headquarters for the company, whether it be in the United States or somewhere else in the world. After that, what we now call the Columbus Tower is the headquarters of the company in San Francisco. I would like to change its name to what it had been known as for 60 years—"The Sentinel Building." As I mentioned before, I would like the

I will go through all Telenovela meetings each day and you can expect answers to questions no matter where I am in the world. There will be one cologne and underwear box in The Serrano Building, one in my house in San Francisco, and one in my house in Rother-

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



The *Mountain Climber* glass is available for purchase by Henry Alden Associates, Inc. and is made by handblowing in the factory in the USA.

fered. I expect some sort of modified mail run, three or four times a day, which Disney will implement, so that information is disseminated immediately.

Another matter I wish to discuss is the question of requests that seem to me irrelevant or excessive. I am working on four or five projects at one time. Very often when I ask an employee to do something as a project that he knows nothing of, the request may seem very odd. It is seems odd to the point of being mildly outrageous, harmful or illogical. I do not mind that the person asks for a clarification as they may have misunderstood or the message may have been garbled. But I do not feel the need, nor do I have the time, to explain all of my plans to all of my employees. Generally speaking, Barry Hersh knows the total picture, but really no one knows the total picture but me. Therefore, please give me the benefit of the doubt and when something comes through that sounds crazy, just implement it as best you can. If you are confused, ask me to clarify it.

Another problem area is that very often I am given incomplete or wrong information and I make my decision based on that. If I am told that a certain item is going to cost \$2,000 and I give a go-ahead to put together a series of actions, it may be based on the fact that I think that the item costs \$2,000. If you were wrong and that item costs \$20,000, as has happened, please update me immediately. It may change my entire plan. I am solely dependent on you for information. If I do not have information, I cannot function. The flow of information to me, which gives me the right to make my own decisions regarding my own life and my own artistic work and my own financial matters is essential. It is the one unbreakable rule that I will enforce—Let Francis make up his own mind. Give him the information. Do not gaudy me. Do not do what you think is best for me. Give me the information and let me decide.

I hope that you don't regard this memo as a negative one. There are many fine people in my organization, people I want to continue with me and whose help has been invaluable in the past and with whom I look forward to a much more workable, pleasant relationship in the future. I feel that if I make a good film or a successful film that it is the sum total of all of the efforts of all the people who work with me as the crew on the location, and also the people based in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

I would like to do my best to make you feel more like the crew or staff of a filmmaker and less like an automaton employee in an office job. I want to

show the commitment of the film business with you, which I will do by showing you the film and having you participate in the final judgment of the film and generally keeping you aware and exposed to the many exciting, cultural events and people that are working in the motion picture business come upon. My personal opinion is that "APOCALYPSE NOW" is going to be a very fine film, possibly even a great film. I have never worked on a film before that truly had that possibility and so I am very excited and exhilarated about thoughts of future productions, not only film, but in theatre as well.

I would like to feel that at least I have the confidence and good wishes of the people on my staff. Anyone who feels doubtful or confused or negative about whether or not I know what I am doing really should not be working for me—that goes without saying. The others are welcome and hopefully will feel that working for me in the future will be far more rewarding than it has been in the distant, but somewhat chaotic, past.

I ask for all of your cooperation in understanding that this memo is meant to make working for my company more fun and more rewarding than it has been in the past. I have very many ambitious plans for the future, and if

things work out for me, I will have the capital and the staff to do this. However, the era of American Zootopia being a haven for young filmmakers or other directors and creative people to find a home is really not in the cards. From now on, I consider you my staff and to work on my films and my theatre projects solely.

Once Cornell Ballard finishes "THE BLACK STALLION" and Nick Bong finishes "HAMMCKITT," there will be no future productions by any other directors. This will be a one-offered studio and the sooner that we are able to get ourselves to that fact, the better the company will run.

I've learned that success is so difficult to deal with as failure—perhaps more so. If this film is as successful as it could be, I will need your efforts and support more than ever.

European, the Greek playwright, said the words of your age: "When God wishes to destroy, he first makes successful in show business."

With warm regards,



Francis Coppola



"Notice how stripes make your legs look longer!"



In order to fully understand our patented Custom Collar, you must first understand your neck.

You probably didn't know it, but the human neck is one inch larger at the bottom than at the top. That simple fact is what makes Arrow's patented Custom Collar™ so much better than ordinary collars.

Most collars are the same size, top and bottom. Arrow designed the Custom Collar to be one inch larger at the bottom than at the top. The result is a collar that

adjusts a full half inch, larger or smaller. And looks, fits and feels like it came from the best tailor/galler in town.

The Arrow Custom Collar also has a "Y" shaped opening built into the front to keep the collar from peeking over the top of your shirt.

Now that you understand your neck, it's easy to understand why so many people buy Arrow.

→Arrow→
America's Shirtmaker

offer until Nelson said yes. He did.

Nelson says that in building the Music Center, Bull did much more than provide Los Angeles with a new landmark. "Before the Music Center, Jews were not a part of the social life of this community," Nelson told me. He says that Bull is "politically responsible for the Jewish community in terms of Jews and gentiles."

...She took the Hollywood people, the Beverly Hills Jews, the Jewish people and the San Marino people and integrated them into one community."

I heard this surprising statement over and over again. It is almost a cliché in the Jewish community of Los Angeles and that Bull and her center are generally credited with breaking down the old barriers. As one man in the community told me together for the first time. "But one prominent Beverly Hills housewife told me that the morning she met 'only respectable' and that 'Jew-baiter' woman 'the last of the really solid middle-class in the country.' I did know to wonder when Bull told me with pride, 'Some of my best friends are Jewish.'"

At the same time that Bull was busy raising money for her Music Center, she was also a very active member of the board of regents of U.C. Los Angeles. "The most sophisticated public office in the state," as one prominent Californian explained to me. Governor George Deukmejian appointed Bull a regent in 1984, and she served for fourteen years, resigning a year before her term expired because of differences she had with Governor Deukmejian.

She was a regent during what she calls "the period of the greatest growth" of the university. That was also the period of great civil unrest. Bull headed up the proceeds and heritage commission, which built five new campuses for the university. She says that as a regent she was "not very involved" there with Fred Erwin, the man (husband of the regent) and I was seriously not very over there with some of the others. I asked her what I believed was built for the university, and she said what the Times would say in its editorial. "It did the state with passion that the Times could." Nelson claims it did. But Regan could never accept that when he became governor. He said it was just up on a stage for the Times and that it did go home and give them courage. It would be back to us. As he believed he'd always put California ahead before him, could and could not be, and he is sure that I was on the other side of the table before he ever sat down. . . . I just couldn't convince him."

Fred Erwin says, surprisingly, that Bull "does not walk by the side of a Jewish Democrat and a democrat on the board of regents." He says that "she was paid for the university system and tried to protect it against Regan's policies."

Another Board Democrat, Bill Coker, who, like Deaton, served as a regent with Bull, also gives her high marks. "She was absolutely fantastic. She lacked all the usual in a role, thoughtful manner?" He was critical of Bull in that she vetoed the majority in the Gary Kerr, the provision of the university. "It was a pity," Coker tells me, "that I'll live in history."

Bull explains her vote against Kerr,

who presided over the University of California during its most tumultuous days, the days of the Free Speech Movement and the student uprisings. "The sentiment of the board had risen to the point that they were going to fire Clark. He had lost his majority. And I entered from very much and I didn't want to see him fired, but I knew he had to go." Regan was governor, and he and Kerr were not getting along at all and so "Kermit" that I recall, in Clark and told him from the inside I thought he should resign. . . . I said, 'Go out with your head high, but don't get fired, because when you do it that way, you're going to get fired. And I don't want that to happen to you.' Kermit said he was fired as the president, and Bull voted with the majority to fire him. "But I wasn't said Clark Kerr at all," she says.

On May 15, 1975, at the age of seventy-five, Bull officially retired from the Los Angeles Times and moved her office from the Times to the small and study area in her home. But her retirement was not entirely voluntary. Prescribe Mangel, the man whom she had put in as chairman of the board of Times-Merrill, "I always wanted to get rid of me," Bull says. "I think he's really going to do something. I think he's very polite of someone else and very gentle of me. He couldn't wait to get me out of there." And he did.

At the Times, Ott is sure to complete control. He has even abolished Clark's Weekly of the Year Award, one of the last vestiges of her power. "The dropping of the Woman of the Year is a sign that Ott is totally on his own," Nick Williams told me. "Clark was the one who said, 'And Ott killed it without even warning her. One of her closest friends told me that she called him to come to tell him the bad news.'"

Bull admits that it is frustrating not to be able to affect the paper anymore. "I'm a person who is always looking something better. And as I'm conscious of that when I read the newspaper, and it's hard to restrain myself from just saying more than I like. But I think that but too. But they would be thought of it if it did. . . . Right now I have a stack of things in my private drawer system—Woman of the Year is just one of them. And I haven't found the time to let her right to communicate with my Reganline on it. . . . I can't put go into his office and say, 'You're there on experiment.' They don't work. The way it works is for him to enter some one here in a newspaper and at his own as we are now and we'll have a stack, or maybe, if Mary Ott will in her. Mary Ott may not and here direct, and we'll put it all out. That's the only way."

As I was leaving Los Angeles, Bull was preparing to have dinner with Ott and tell him that she thinks the L.A. Times "needs membership in 'What would she suggest?' There are some things that should be improving a little bit. She doesn't think the coverage of local news could be strengthened. . . . and maybe they need a little more variation of education on the sports-related page. . . . The editors are better than they used to be, but some of them could be a little more direct and hard-hitting than they are. It'd like to see

the paper take more positive stands on some things. . . . For the community. When it comes to rape cases, there's always a woman who we aren't just a man. They should give more leadership. It doesn't come up to my high standards yet."

Bull Miller that in the last few months the Times has started to show "more and more men and that Ott has survived the so-called GoTol scandal, which four years ago threatened to destroy both him and the progress of the paper. In May, 1973, the R.R.C. filed a complaint charging GoTol's Reverend Paul Interpreted (which was run by Jack Berlin, an old college friend of Ott's). Ott's Chandler and others of engineering in a thirty-million-dollar scheme to defraud over two thousand investors in an elaborate stock project. About a year later, the R.R.C. filed a complaint charging GoTol's shares was peddled in the public, and three shares turned out to be almost worthless. Ott was implicated in the scandal for allowing Ott's potential investors, including California attorney general Louis Vigorelli.

When I asked Bull what she thought about GoTol, she told me: "I wasn't surprised, but I was in a bit of a way for not having believed to me and having been told. I told Ott when I first quit the paper [Jack Berlin] that I did not trust him. I don't like him at all. I told Ott, 'You're going into business with the wrong man.'"

Ott claimed that he was taken in by Berlin and that he was heavily deceived by the R.R.C. In 1973 Bull says loudly that she believed all along in Ott. "I knew that Ott was in no way involved and that every other person who was involved in this was far as calling up friends and saying, 'I'll introduce you. You don't have to do anything. I put more money in. If you want, you can have as much as I have a Chandler, it never would have gone where it did.' She admits that GoTol strengthened the position of the rest of the Chandler family. "The family, of course, jumped on that to try and say that he was not trustworthy and so on." And she stops. But she says clearly "I think he was a pleasure out of their discomfort. He was always trying to psychoanalyze Ott for me."

Some observers say that Ott's involvement in GoTol hurt him as much that neither he nor the paper will ever recover. Deaton says that "GoTol brought more of Bull's best work for the Times. The way it works, grinding him." Now, after GoTol, it's all a pipe dream.

Bull says it's not so. "She turned his back and it has been very expensive financially for him, very costly. I've told him back in his confidence in himself. . . . But I would say that he has come out of it without the best part."

Now she thinks nothing can stop Ott from making the L.A. Times the best paper in the country if he "wants it enough." Deaton isn't so sure. "It's up to Ott, really. If you want something enough, you get it. Just like the Music Center. I wanted it so much, so it's his. But it's Ott who will either break the L.A. Times, and Bull can only watch. Her days of security in Times-Merrill are over. Her Music Center, too, is completed, and

You've earned your stripe.

Approximate 1800-1810
 1815-1820
 1825-1830
 1835-1840
 1845-1850
 1855-1860
 1865-1870
 1875-1880
 1885-1890
 1895-1900
 1905-1910
 1915-1920
 1925-1930
 1935-1940
 1945-1950
 1955-1960
 1965-1970
 1975-1980
 1985-1990
 1995-2000
 2005-2010
 2015-2020
 2025-2030
 2035-2040
 2045-2050
 2055-2060
 2065-2070
 2075-2080
 2085-2090
 2095-2100

USHER'S
 (EDINBURGH)
 BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
 (100% CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKY)

© United States Whisky & Wine Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Usher's Whisky is a registered trademark of Usher's Whisky & Wine Company, Inc.

It's time we met.

P.P.S. If you have any questions, my number is 201-764-1777. New Jersey residents add 5% state tax.

Grand Macnish Scotch

Phone: 800-451-5000 • Fax: 800-451-5001

in front of shaded center display. Minimum size is 100 mm (4 in.) and maximum is 150 mm (6 in.).

PPS: If you have any questions, my number is (201) 754-1777. New Jersey students add \$5.00 sales tax.

© 2005 C. B. Mc

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT 389

New York's Navarro



THE UN-HOTEL, HOTEL ON CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

In the rich part of Manhattan. Towering above Central Park. All the elegance and comforts an international clientele demands.

Without the hurry and fanfare of most New York hotels. Plus gourmet cuisine and discreet service. At rates that are equal to hotels that don't have the panache of our south of the park address. Rates from \$45.00.

For reservations call (212) 241-7520—or your travel agent.



112 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH—NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

though the still keeps busy raising money for the street's deficit.

Norona Chandler died four years ago, and now that lives alone in the vast house in Diamond Park that they once shared. She thinks that she has changed since her husband's death. "I find a lot of the real me missing now that I didn't miss. Due to him, the type he was, and his family. Everything I did was for him, whether it was what we had for dinner, the people we had in, the places we went to travel. . . . I was always really living it for the image of the paper and for Norman."

One trip took her to Africa. "It was an amazing time through the animal mystery." Another took her around the world. "I didn't know but one person on that trip. I found myself just an individual talking to all of these different people and helping people carry their suitcase. If somebody felt sick, I would go in, or we'd take our bottle and go to somebody's room and have a bottle party—like on Tchernob, where the drinks were so expensive and awful. And I was—no head of just myself."

She asked me if people had spoken about the change that she had made. She seemed surprised. "I said no one had, and she seemed disappointed." "But even then and I'd changed? Nobody said I'd changed since Norman died? . . . If you feel yourself change, you wonder if people notice it."

If she had it to do all over again, would she have preferred to have been out on her own instead of being the power behind powerful men? "No, no," she said emphatically. "It truly had been better then. I might feel frustrated, but I know that I was with them rather than behind them."

I felt I was so needed and so important to Norman. He had to have me down there. Norman was so frugal; he was the publisher. My strength was in the background, but it was very strong behind him. And it is still with him, too."

In certain ways she regrets that she had to develop into such a powerful woman. Just before I left her, she said somewhat wistfully that sometimes she wished she were more like her mother. "Everybody liked Mother. She was such a beautiful woman in so many ways. She was loving and kind and pretty. But I had to be stronger than Mother because I had to survive more than she did. . . . I've had to be more things I didn't want to be, seriously. I've had to fight through many things that it wasn't fun to do and I didn't enjoy doing, but I had to. . . . I think that's one reason people say, 'Oh, don't worry about that. She can take care of herself. She's out all the time and she's doing this and that. And she has everything.' They feel that you're so in control of yourself that you don't need sympathy or kindness or even a phone call. But sometimes when you're left alone you can be the most lonely—after you've had to do all those things. . . . Probably the thing I've missed the most in my life is that I've had to be strong when inside of me I wanted somebody to kind of love me and tell me that I—you know—that they loved me or thought I was pretty or I was nice and fun to be with or whatever. But it was always, 'Well, Dad, she can do that. And let her do that. She's so strong and independent.' So a lot of the public impression of me is not really what I am. But I guess that's true in a lot of cases. . . ."

30 proof, 40% Grain neutral spirit.
Booth's Distillery London N.Y.C. 1007

The 5-4-7?
Or not the 5-4-7?
That is the question.

Or is it a nodder
to catch the 6-12?
Fracoch.
McGinty...

Build me
a Booth's®
martini



High,
dry and
you know
the rest.
McGinty.

ADOLFO

CELSIUS 21



The new Celsius Mark
is a new series of
quality hotel rates made
personally of wood.



ADOLFO'S
MOPPY'S

645 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 643-1613
Northbrook Court, Northbrook 273-3001

"WITHOUT IT, SOMETHING IS MISSING."

"I have a Carte Blanche card but I need
an American Express card and a bank card, too."
Raymond J. Mulligan, President, Liggett Group Inc.

"Because there isn't any one credit card in the world
that's accepted everywhere... not even Carte Blanche."
John C. Emery, Jr., President, Emery Air Freight Corp.



"That's why I carry American Express and
a bank card. And that's why I carry Carte Blanche."
Robert F. Wultzen, President, Tissex Corp.

"I agree. Everyone should have at least three
of the best credit cards in the world. Including me.
And I'm the President of Carte Blanche."
Ken Duvaire, President, Carte Blanche Corp.

To apply for a Carte Blanche card,
fill out an application today or call this toll free number:
800-325-6400



CARTE BLANCHE. One of the credit cards you should have.

Catch Your Wife Cheating.



Sankyo makes it easy.

Alice insisted she wasn't cheating on her diet. Then late one night I heard noises in the kitchen. Figured it might be a good time to see if my new Sankyo sound movie camera really was as easy to use as the salesman said.

It was. Now I have a really super sound movie called *Alice's Midnight Binge*. I zoomed in to get a close-up of her red face. The microphone caught her surprised protests as well as her muffled threats. Even with just the kitchen light for illumination, my movie came out sharp and clear. With perfect color.

Of course, Alice won't let me show that movie to anyone. But I've made lots of others. The Sankyo sound movie camera is a real dream to use. All I do is pop in a Kodak™ sound film cartridge. Plug in the mike. Aim and shoot.

The Sankyo sound movie camera takes care of all the adjusting by itself. Automatically. So I don't have to worry. By just looking in the viewfinder, I can tell that the picture is perfectly focused, the film is running properly, the sound level is correct, and the exposure is right. Sankyo makes it impossible for me to goof. Yet I spend less on my Sankyo than Alice spends on fat diets.

Yesterday Alice learned how to use the Sankyo sound movie camera. In only 15 minutes. I heard her whispering something to the kids about "Daddy's meeting." Wonder if she's plotting something to get even for *Midnight Binge*?

Sankyo

the movie people

Prices are in U.S. dollars. We'll send you the whole story. SANKYO Sales (U.S.A.) Inc., 345 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017



KEEP A BEAUTIFUL RECORD OF YOUR WORLD TRAVELS



MAKES A WONDERFUL & LASTING GIFT!

20" x 30" FULL COLOR MAP FRAMED IN GOLD-TRIMMED WALNUT, COMPLETE WITH DESTINATION PINS, LINE RULER AND MARKING PEN - \$16.95

Now the memory of all of your trips become a beautiful and lasting decorative display for your home or office. Add to your prestige and stimulate a world of conversational interest! This map can be your very own personalized travel record today—and of the trips of your future!

DELIVERED READY TO HANG: This handsome map is printed on heavy aircraft stock, framed in rich warmish finish wood with gold visible inlay.

COMPLETE CHARTING KIT INCLUDED: We've thought of everything for recording your past travels, and your future travels. The marking kit has everything necessary—elastic pins, line ruler and marking pen. Order your world travel map NOW—for yourself or as a gift for friends, customers and business associates. This will be one gift they will cherish and enjoy for many, many years.

\$16.95, 2 for \$31.90. More than 2, \$18.50 each.

PERSONALIZED MAP: Map and kit are exactly the same EXCEPT we imprint your name on the map (important! **IMPORTANT!** Please PRINT names) to be imprinted on map. We also include map showing kit to add future trips.

\$19.95, 2 for \$39.90. More than 2, \$17.50 each.

PERSONALIZED & CHARTED MAP: Map and kit are exactly the same EXCEPT we imprint your name on the map (important! **IMPORTANT!** Please PRINT names) to be imprinted on map and display board in a numbered location for each trip. Example: From (1) New York (2) Paris (3) Rome, etc. We also include map marking kit to add future trips.

\$21.95, 2 for \$43.90. More than 2, \$20.00 each.

U.S. MAP ALSO AVAILABLE: Same size, price and quality as world map. Marked set makes attractive wall display. No custom charting on U.S. map.

THE CHARTERED MAP
1200 Sunset Blvd., Suite 300 E
Los Angeles, Calif. 90026

ORDER NOW

☐ WORLD ☐ U.S.

Please send the maps as I've indicated below:

☐ **DELUXE FRAMED TRAVELERS MAPS AND CHARTING KIT** \$16.95 each, 2 for \$31.90. More than 2, \$18.50 each. Add \$2 each for shipping/handling.

☐ **DELUXE "PERSONALIZED" MAP PLUS CHARTING KIT** \$19.95 each, 2 for \$39.90. More than 2, \$17.50 each. Add \$2 each for shipping/handling.

☐ **DELUXE "PERSONALIZED & CHARTED MAP, PLUS CHARTING KIT** \$21.95 each, 2 for \$43.90. More than 2, \$20.00 each. Add \$2 each for shipping/handling. World map only.

Please name or names or persons to be inscribed on outside cover of map and include all names desired in numbered sequence (see insert in description box.)

Indicate number of maps ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10 ☐ 11 ☐ 12 ☐ 13 ☐ 14 ☐ 15 ☐ 16 ☐ 17 ☐ 18 ☐ 19 ☐ 20 ☐ 21 ☐ 22 ☐ 23 ☐ 24 ☐ 25 ☐ 26 ☐ 27 ☐ 28 ☐ 29 ☐ 30 ☐ 31 ☐ 32 ☐ 33 ☐ 34 ☐ 35 ☐ 36 ☐ 37 ☐ 38 ☐ 39 ☐ 40 ☐ 41 ☐ 42 ☐ 43 ☐ 44 ☐ 45 ☐ 46 ☐ 47 ☐ 48 ☐ 49 ☐ 50 ☐ 51 ☐ 52 ☐ 53 ☐ 54 ☐ 55 ☐ 56 ☐ 57 ☐ 58 ☐ 59 ☐ 60 ☐ 61 ☐ 62 ☐ 63 ☐ 64 ☐ 65 ☐ 66 ☐ 67 ☐ 68 ☐ 69 ☐ 70 ☐ 71 ☐ 72 ☐ 73 ☐ 74 ☐ 75 ☐ 76 ☐ 77 ☐ 78 ☐ 79 ☐ 80 ☐ 81 ☐ 82 ☐ 83 ☐ 84 ☐ 85 ☐ 86 ☐ 87 ☐ 88 ☐ 89 ☐ 90 ☐ 91 ☐ 92 ☐ 93 ☐ 94 ☐ 95 ☐ 96 ☐ 97 ☐ 98 ☐ 99 ☐ 100

Total \$ ☐ I enclose my check or bill to be charged my Credit Card checked below.

☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa/Discover

Credit Card #

Credit Card Expiration Date

Signature

NEW MAPS MAKE IDEAL GIFTS. WE GLADLY SHIP TO ADDRESSES OUTSIDE THE U.S. Please specify with us address, phone, zip code, and include all names desired in numbered sequence (see insert in description box.)

Name

Address

City

State Zip

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If you are not delighted with your map return it within 30 days for complete refund.

ENTREPRENEUR, NOVEMBER 1983

Lie about your age... (We'll help you look young enough to get away with it!)

Meet the face savers from BAXTER of California, the world's foremost authority on male skin care. If your skin in young, they'll help keep it looking young. If it's beyond young, they'll soften the little lines and wrinkles that otherwise all too soon become deep lines and heavy wrinkles. We're so sure that you'll be pleased with BAXTER of California products that we're offering them to you on a money back guarantee. If you aren't completely pleased with them after using daily for 30 days, return the unused portion and we will refund your money. In order, use the coupon at the bottom of this page. We ship the same day your order is received, and we pay all postage charges. Shouldn't you insure your younger looking tomorrow with BAXTER of California skin care today?

SUPER-SHAPE® skin conditioner (essentials) to help fill out dry skin and wrinkles, supplements the natural oils that shaving, weather and age send away)

SKIN TONER (stimulates blood circulation in facial skin, removing impurities from within. Its abrasive action on the skin's surface removes flaky, dead skin cells to reveal a fresh young-looking skin underneath)

FIRMING MASK (softens skin with a quick pick-up as dry as sand. The firming, lightening action gives your skin a "work-out" that leaves it feeling taut, clean and invigorated)

ENRICHED NIGHT CREAM (a super-rich blend of costly emollients to help skin fight dry lines, wrinkles and creases all through the night)

UNDER EYE CONCENTRATE (a dynamic, penetrating, highly-refined combination of super-rich oils and emollients. Used nightly before retiring, this soft-acting cream will help keep your eyes looking young and veritable fine)

BRAVADO® Cologne (a compelling fragrance with a very soap, aggressively masculine scent has become a true classic over the past ten years)

ORGANIC PROTEIN HAIR CONDITIONER (a fresh blend of organic proteins and conservative ingredients, free of alcohols

normal body strength and bane to both dry and oily hair)

NON-ALKALINE SHAMPOO

(for both dry or oily hair, contains no alkalies or harsh chemicals, cleanses quickly with rich abundant lather)

VITAMIN E-A-A SOAP

(A clear, subtle non-moisturized soap containing no harsh acids or alkalis, cleanses gently, never irritates or leaves skin feeling raw or dry)



Each is _____ of each or mix at. Both the following items.

- | | | | |
|--|--------|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Super Shape® skin conditioner | \$5.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Under Eye concentrate | \$7.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Skin Toner | \$4.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> BRAVADO® Cologne | \$5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Firming Mask | \$4.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Organic Protein Hair Conditioner | \$3.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Enriched Night Cream | \$8.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> Non-Alkaline Shampoo | \$2.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vitamin E-A-A Soap | \$1.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> Red On! Deodorant | \$3.75 |

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

No. C-0-0-0, please enclose check or money order. Calif. residents add 6% tax.

Baxter
OF CALIFORNIA
REDWOOD VALLEY

301 So. Redwood Blvd., P.O. Box 1040
Berkeley Hills, California 94711



Products

The Lonely Guy's Grooming Guide

(Continued from page 110) one of his purposes, but during and afterward you know what. Once the first button has fallen off something, it's safe to assume that all the others will follow. Removing them back on one at a time is like trying to shore up the Titanic regime. When the first one goes, you had and take the whole thing over to the dry cleaners by all available means each button on so that they will all still be standing there—like the British Empire—long after the ship has fallen apart.

The Chinese Laundry

A word about Chinese laundries. Isn't it time we all took a back look at them? After all these years, they still insist that didn't put starch in your collar—even if you crack off a piece of collar and set it right on the spot. Usually, they're marked up the price so that they're as high as those at cleaners called Gold Coast and Gap of America. Many a Lonely Guy has gotten into the social line water by getting on an expensive vacation thinking he has saved all that money by using Chinese laundries—when he hasn't saved a dime. If one of your shirts comes back with a stain, guess he'll suggest at your laundry how he to speak in Chinese. Worst of all that strong drying they put on laundry that gives you finger and palm psoriasis. Many people feel that this is an attempt to undermine the Western democracy—

but this is probably going too far.

The main thing is not to feel you are squandering over Chinese-American relations by visiting to use their laundries. Learn that hard if it takes in territory of State Times. Be free with your Chinese laundry. Maybe if we all become Chinese laundry hand-laws, we can get them to give out free shirts each again.

A Note of Hair Grooming Tips

Also Folks: Many Lonely Guys let their shoes get dirty because they're afraid to get polish on their suits. This is ridiculous. Polish on the shoes can actually be an advantage, serving as a fashion repair to your shoes—so that your pants don't suddenly stop short and leave them there shoes. On the other hand, getting polish on the hands is a legitimate fear, now it must be removed surgically. Food Stems: Almost every Lonely Guy makes the mistake of trying to get food stains off, which, of course, only makes the problem worse. Buy your're dealing with restaurants on a shirt? Wash it a towel, dab it on the trouble spot and slowly rub the towel in an over broadening circle so that the whole shirt is covered with a light restaurant-stain free. This is better than having just one conspicuous restaurant-stain spot that sticks out like a sore thumb. Polishing Things Away: Lonely Guys often wake up with a sinking feeling that it seems that the one they usually have. They can't figure out what's wrong with them. The answer may be simple. They have a lot of old grey T-shirts lying around. Nothing is more depressing than seeing

For a feeling of well-being, put things away. Sort your dirty socks in a drawer with the clean ones—it's not important. You'll worry about this later. The main thing is get the dirty stuff out of sight. In fact, it is important that you try to look as small as size as possible. Remember: The clean, well-groomed Lonely Guy is a Lonely Guy better able to face the future, no matter how bleak and unforeseen that future may be. ☺

Hi-Fi Components That Think

(Continued from page 110) your favorite record? Until recently, nothing close to guess and buying a duplicate could replace the pop-of-the-pop entertainment. The problem moved from the marketplace to a company named SAE in Los Angeles came up with a little black box called the Model 8008. This relatively inexpensive gadget, incorporated in your radio-cassette deck, can actually recognize those annoying pops and clicks. Whenever one appears, it instantly turns off your sound for a fraction of a second, until the offending pop has passed by. Even though your ears probably could not detect the split-second absence of sound, SAE's designers have given a chip factor. During the briefest of silences, the Model 8008 substitutes music from a millisecond before and after the pop to restore the music's continuity as it flows in constant to the same you would have heard during the gap that your ears can't tell that anything has happened—although they do perceive the almost imperceptible changes of the clicks and pops. The adjustment technique for this unit is to feed twice as much. You press a button and instead of music, you hear nothing but the offending pops (the very much the device is able to remove). Turn a control until the pops are completely gone from the music. Then release the button and pop's in business—your previously adjustable record has been given a new life.

All of these "thinking" hi-fi components are but precursors of things to come. Audio researchers are already investigating the further application of microchips, digital computers and the vast array of highly specialized data-processing hardware and software making us wry from laughter and the industry to overcome unsolved problems. The long-awaited video disc has high-fidelity audio potential as well. Computer analysis and processing of pictures early. Some researchers have made it possible to remove some of them with digital control devices and enhanced and with all traces of noise and surface noise eliminated.

Processing technologies breakthroughs in audio or any other field is risky, but it seems safe to predict that within the coming decade the quality and versatility of high-fidelity components will advance at an even greater rate than in years past. As American households are influenced more and more by radio-computers, a portion of the levels of these machines surely will be devoted to home entertainment. Future developments may well be able to off-bank, more exact instructions and have suddenly respond more delivered by a whole new generation of thinking components. ☺

ESQUIRE MAGAZINE INC.

has been purchased
by

ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS GROUP LIMITED

CLAY S. FELKER
and
MILTON GLASER

The undersigned acted as financial adviser to Mr. Felker and Mr. Glaser in connection with this transaction

E. M. WARBURG, PINCUS & CO., INC.



CIMON MUSCLE UP



Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions since 1936 introduces

POWER/SX

The revolutionary new exercise that tones, strengthens and burns your total body in just minutes a day! With no dumbbells, no mirrors and no special equipment, you can build stronger arms, better shoulders, stronger chest, a more defined waistline, stronger legs, tone and strengthen your entire body, and your dream physique — as fast as you breathe that in other gyms with weights in their equipment — all in just a few minutes a day! The privacy of your own home!

Free 100-page booklet, **100 DOWNS** (the product of power/sx) is available with the program. I have been... **POWER/SX** is the product of power/sx, an exercise with the program. I have been... **POWER/SX** is the product of power/sx, an exercise with the program. I have been...

FREE 100-page booklet, **100 DOWNS** (the product of power/sx) is available with the program. I have been... **POWER/SX** is the product of power/sx, an exercise with the program. I have been...

FREE 100-page booklet, **100 DOWNS** (the product of power/sx) is available with the program. I have been... **POWER/SX** is the product of power/sx, an exercise with the program. I have been...

FREE 100-page booklet, **100 DOWNS** (the product of power/sx) is available with the program. I have been... **POWER/SX** is the product of power/sx, an exercise with the program. I have been...

Talking Shop

Merchandise should be ordered directly from shops listed. All prices include postage unless otherwise noted. *Excess for personal items, merchandise may be returned for full refund if unsatisfactory.*

Space Blanket

The technology of the space industry brings us the space blanket, Windproof, waterproof. It's made from two layers of reinforced plastic sheathing (OS² a 64") with a microscopically aluminum film fused to the inside. Makes a wraparound poncho for football games, an extra blanket for camping, bed, given as kids \$2.50. L.L. Bean Inc., Freeport, Me. 04933.



Pocket Hand Warmer

No need for chilly fingers. This 4"x2" pocket hand warmer works on regular lighter fluid, providing heat through a catalytic element. It's heavily chrome-plated entirely safe to use \$6.95. Henninger's, 770 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif. 94109.



BEST BY MAIL

THE 100 BEST BOOKS OF 1983... **THE 100 BEST BOOKS OF 1983**... **THE 100 BEST BOOKS OF 1983**...

CASH with your CASH!... **CASH with your CASH!**... **CASH with your CASH!**...

FAMILY CREST RINGS... **FAMILY CREST RINGS**... **FAMILY CREST RINGS**...

WE WORK IN THREE BASH WAYS... **WE WORK IN THREE BASH WAYS**... **WE WORK IN THREE BASH WAYS**...

SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE... **SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE**... **SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE**...

YOUR AFRICAN COLLECTION... **YOUR AFRICAN COLLECTION**... **YOUR AFRICAN COLLECTION**...

SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE... **SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE**... **SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE**...

YOURS FREE—My Gift to You!

New \$14.95 Book Reveals Great New Way You Can Make Money! Yours Absolutely Free.

My name is Alan Shave Feinstein. I write a syndicated financial column for newspapers around the world. E-mailing all kinds of money-making opportunities. Some good. Many not. But good or bad, you can have it now. That didn't need plenty of work or money to get started.

Until last May 23... At first it was just a flake. But cranking with promise. I immediately went to work. Testing it, waiting it out. A few hours each week.

Within three months, it had brought me in over \$30,000! And that was only the beginning...

1. It's absolutely brand new! Even with the best money-making opportunities, by the time they really reach you, the good has already been reaped dry. Not this. It's completely new. Not like anything you've ever heard of before.

2. It's financially profitable! In \$30,000 in three months, good money? For a few hours a week? ... And that was just the beginning! What until you use what it can make for you...

3. Perfect for investment, too! Though you don't need money to put this to work for you, if you do have money you want to make grow, you'll bless the day you found out about this.

A California man using it this way recently confirmed to me he put up \$200 of his own money into this and three hours later walked away with a \$6000 profit! In cash.

4. The government is helping you! This recently delighted me. After all the years of defying the IRS and watching old-time chaps chew up what was left, what a joy to have the government helping ME make money for a change. At day I'll be helping you.

5. It's something you can be proud of. REALLY! proud! When your friends ask what you do, tell them. And watch the respect in their eyes.

6. Best of all—it's so simple... Anyone can do it. From your own kitchen or office. Whenever you are. Requires no special skills, training or equipment. Not even a telephone. Yet it can make you money almost effortlessly. By money! The money you've always wanted...

I've put the whole story into a con-



one book... "How to Get the Money You Want?" You can read it through in less than a half hour and put it right to work for you. Making you money faster and easier than any other way I ever found...

I know a sound incredible but here's something even more incredible. The price on this book is \$14.95 but the cost to you is nothing!

That's right, not a dime. No cost, no obligation, nothing else to buy. Yours absolutely free!

Why would I do this? Why would I give away something so valuable for free?

Because once you read this I think you'll buy anything I ever write again.

Attention, Reader: In every one of these books is a grand collector's item. Something you can immediately use as well, or save to sell for more money later! I will prove to you the worth of everything that has been written here...

How valuable is it? It is now selling for **SEVEN TIMES** its original cost. And it should continue to increase in value much more...

Yes, it's yours absolutely free in this unique book!

SEND ME YOUR \$14.95 BOOK FREE

Alan Shave Feinstein, 10 Alhambra Circle, Coon Rapids, DE 55909, Dept. ESH-90. Yes, Alan, please send me—absolutely free—your new book "How to Get the Money You Want?" I understand it is mine to keep, no cost or obligation whatsoever. Because of the importance of this book, rather than send it the usual third or fourth class way, we are shipping yours under the fastest way possible! Please enclose \$1.00 for immediate insured first class delivery.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Alan Shave Feinstein's last financial book, "How to Make Money," is a best seller and is still going strong. Its financial column, "The Treasure Chest," is syndicated in newspapers (though not the N.Y. and N.Y. Times, News and Africa) it is the most widely read column of its kind throughout the world. Mr. Feinstein also writes another syndicated column, "My America," and is listed in "Who's Who in the East."

This handsome shoe is one of the famous ELEVATORS[®], specially designed to make a man look about TWO INCHES TALLER! The man who wears them knows their amazing secret... everyone else only knows how much better he looks. Sold by mail and Guaranteed by the ONLY maker of these remarkable shoes. Send for FREE Catalog, showing the wide shoe selection of ELEVATORS[®].

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Or sticking to the far corner of a parking lot. Above loading docks. Stanchion shows off. Wherever you need dependable outdoor illumination with less than high-wattage lamps, consider our "E" Series Floodlights. They're weatherproof, very efficient, and competitively priced! (Write for our free catalog.)



F0 Freo 608-Eas Maxon Truck Utility Side Liner® products also manufactured in Australia, Belgium, the European, Canada, Mexico, Great Britain, New Zealand and South Africa.



Each of these deals are similar to a posting, and it is in the subject to read that each one is for a large and thicker than normal—100-page card in thickness in the 1990s. There is a thick and a great deal—half an inch and a half—thick. The two cards are in a perfect form, 100-year old, which is 10% and almost all of cards for the whole player. Two other categories are \$1.50. Perfect cards, best card, many card, American Football, Basketball, and Soccer. There is a lot of information on cards.

New and shiny paperweights, chrome-plated over solid brass—any one of these would make a worthy gift. The Hensley bar and the golf ball, \$12, plus \$1.35 postage, the lips, \$14, plus \$1.35 postage, and the tennis ball, \$22, plus \$1.50 postage.
Properly, 9731 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, Calif. 90068.



To preserve fading memories of Richard Nixon's infamous departure from the White House, send immediately for an 8" x 10" mat-finish photograph of his letter of resignation, available for framing \$4, check payable to National Archives Trust Fund, Center, National Archives, Box 345, Washington, D.C. 20540.



Chapline Corporation, 16355 Ventura
Boulevard, Suite 600, Encino, California
91436. Telephone (213) 961 3606. (Also
available: a myth-smashing new book,
"BALDNESS: WHAT YOU CAN AND
CAN'T DO ABOUT IT," \$10, plus postage
and handling.)



For information without obligation, use coupon or PHONE (212) 355-8700

name _____ age _____
Address _____ do _____
city _____ phone _____

COMP-INTERNATIONAL COMPANY
700 Wilshire Blvd. #1512
Los Angeles, CA 90017

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Third, he must honestly express his own vision of the world and his own personality, including its deficiencies. Hawthorne, the

endemic. It's always been a foot, for people, and we're proud. It's a program for exercise, TNA and Muscular.

Source: author's calculations with data from

Received: November 19, 2003
 Accepted: February 10, 2004
 Published: May 1, 2004

E 24-108



detached from but apart from the life of its maker and capable of valuing it. Indeed, it is the work that provides the artist's vision of the future, his hope of heaven, and it is worth almost any sacrifice of earthly comfort. I must stand near the end of Time Remastered: "Let us allow our body to disintegrate, since each fresh particle that breaks off, new luminous and delectable, comes and adds itself to our work to complete it as the end of suffering requires us to achieve more glory and to make it more and more substantial so emotions gradually slip away and life."

who knows). Most of Hemingway's derivations were caused by his racing debts to be lost in everything. Many of them took the form of screams with others or illusions on persons who had once helped him — Sherwood Anderson, Ford Madox Ford, Fitzgerald, Gertrude Stein, and others — as if he were trying to obliterate the notion that he had ever succeeded help. His image as an uncompromising hero had to be preserved at any cost to his friends. Yet Hemingway was a writer accepted and admired those five contemporaries, including the admiration to give the loneliness of

[illegible]

First noted with bare in a letter to DeVito that tried and failed to effect a reconciliation. "Look out for me," he said. "I'm telling you something in a self-protective moment that may throw light on every page of my writing for what it is worth. I mean I am a bad bad man." Nelson takes Hwangryung, however, he discerned their five circumstances as his work, which was sweetest man father—then he tried to be a good—best? He never believed. He took he was the opposite of a coward!

One feature of the artist's preoccupation in that it is a characteristically incomplete. Unlike the *Beauvau*, it is not a guide to one's daily conduct as a spouse, a parent.

troughs, a dilemma. It does not guard the artist against the serious dignity crisis, revealing possibly the best for the rest, he can be proud, nervous, bitter, angry, phantomatic, and bursting with energy. It even lends the artist an imagination with regard to some lesser acts or details of character, as probably selfishness, selfish, neglect of one's family, and the sinners of stanchards or depravities in the hope of releasing one's talent. Nevertheless it is a model rule and can be that some great artists have followed with unshakable faith, one that of Picasso, James, Matisse, Feyn, Thomas, and others. In fact, there are many who would surely consider their best to their work. Art has its own rules and emotions.

Mered's work was clearly one of the merest. He died at fifty-one, having married what should have been his remaining years on earth in order to bring his own as well as his family to completion. Living as he did, the possibility of his being so brutally surprised himself on leave and then the bad thing brought round from the Black, refining other commitments because someone had foolishly told him that the brain functions had run on an empty stomach, he worked much after such as his mother-in-law, who was a woman of a strong enough wit to be a table, he wrote in bed. One night at three o'clock he had the old housekeeper on his hands and now—and now that was too much to hold a pen—disturbed to her for a long time. "Colts," he said at last, "I think what I've made out of this is very good. I've got to go now. Look on as if I had the next day.

Fraser is a social climber, a shameseeker, and an inveterate who loved nobody after his mother died, for others his strength finding was gone. Still, there was no doubt about his self-martyrdom: "There," Henry James would have yelled it—and he was one of many critics who didn't understand the novel's subtleties. "There, in many scenes, such as those of Fitzgerald, Eliot Crane, and Lytton Thomas, the victimized adopt a course of conduct that they recognized as being self-destructive, they recognized it but because they thought it was essential to the production of martyrdom."

There were self-detailed, perhaps, but we could not tell them condemn or one of hubris.

And so, by a long detour, we come back to the original question, whether character and art are correlated. The answer is that they are, but in a complicated fashion. Masterpieces can be produced by saints of art or by saints of the Church; they can be

produced a sense of a sort or even of a variety, but I refuse to think that they can be written or painted by genuine spontaneity. The artist, so matter what his aim may be, tries hard to give himself away, the accidental truth to conceal his character. In the end, however, he cannot help revealing himself—not in his subject matter, not in his direct statements, but in the shape and color and rhythm of his phrases (or of his brushwork, if he is a painter). Finally, I think, the reader (or viewer) feels instinctively. Once I made a

entry in my notebook that ought to be qualified, but that still holds a general truth: "No complete son of a bitch," I said, "ever wrote a good sentence." 88

Hair

As you know, hair is made of certain proteins and a capsule. Among these is the keratin, which accounts for the total amount of hair cell. Yet, even the hair, it is often one of the hardest to see. For The Hair

Baroness is French and Swiss looking into the past some time. The name of the seeds has been maintained their consciousness of the system in the system in a system system but the good healthy your. One must be very productive on the market today the system basis. The system is based on to begin looking protein requires the base cause from system? I had to put with the Baron. First, there is a need for system cause. Second, the very certain prove that are beneficial. Protein and system for a system could compare

pastoral perfection
hour. And leaving it
every to ensure per
amounts of pain
the hair is to take
tary supplement
depression. It is a

Hair Is Made Of Protein.

Up until now, the best way to get protein into your hair was to apply it directly onto the hair. It assumes that whatever you shampoo and condition now goes straight to hair's "protein" fortification. That's a trap in the right direction, but it doesn't help. **starry** means that you're getting all the protein you need. Instead, it's a trap because **starry** hair just isn't getting the right type of protein. Your needs, protein-wise, they result in Protein For The Hair.

Hair Needs Certain Proteins.
As you know, hair is constructed almost entirely of certain proteins—specifically, keratins. These proteins are a combination of amino acids. Among these is the sulfur-bearing amino acid cysteine, which accounts for just about 25% of the total amount of proteins found in each hair cell. Yet, even though this protein is in the hair, it is often low in dietary sources. It is one of the ingredients of Head Start Protein For The Hair.

Staple Research Feeds The West. French and Swiss scientists have been looking into the protein content of hair for some time. They have been investigating the needs for specific proteins in hair maintenance. According to their conclusions, there is a need for cystine in the diet, and what has taken its place in supplementary forms, cysteine has to generate healthy hair. Due to dense



ingredient that is several products are in the hair care market today that have a cysteine base. These findings interested us enough to begin looking into the possibilities for using the hair care products for the hair and scalp. We eventually had to compare with the Europeans. First, there is a distinct need for cysteine in hair care. Second, there are only certain products that are beneficial to the hair. Protein and serine, and synthetics for protein, are natural components with natural proteins in the hair. And finally, the best way to measure protein amounts of protein in the hair is to measure cysteine synthase activity. Another reason is

Unique Protein Product. With this in mind, we designed and developed a truly unique product for the American market. We've created it: Heart Start Protein For The Heart. It's naturally formulated, the proteins that we've found to be best for reducing heart protein for the heart conditions: protein, glycine, methionine, and creatine as direct amino acids. We've also included other natural ingredients that we think are important for the health of the heart. These nutrients are carefully blended together so that you can be certain of getting all the proper amounts each

Don't forget Your Vitamins
Some people assume that their work week, alone, can, and should, be complete and by themselves healthy. Such an attitude is not only shortsighted, but it is also a sure way to ruin your health. Vitamins and Protein For The Heart. Heart-Set Vitamins are again the product of a different research. This product also was to blend specific vitamins, minerals and the muscle nutritional supplement (heart food) especially designed to help heart health. Their research has been very good and these are currently the ones of high re-

Vitamin D are one of a kind in quality, reputation, and effectiveness. Make no mistake about it! These are just not
 out there anywhere else.

[illegible][illegible]

228 25000000 50000000

1 Bad Manners Are Boring

The Age of the Owl is over, say we. Enough of rudeness and insensitivity under the guise of snovvity. What are the particulars of human behavior that most offend? Who are the most diabolical people? What can we do about it? Our answers may not be defensive, but they're the best Christmas gift we have to offer, except for war....

2 Gift Guide To the Nation

...which will dance, lounge and overwhelm you with full-color pages of gifts for the cook, the craftsperson, the collector and the connoisseur. And if your inclination is to get away from such material things, there will be a supplemental guide by Stephen Thomas to the best movies you can book during the post-holiday lull.



"There once was a folk that ate people..." by Brian Froud

3 Liddy In Custody

If credentials are an asset, now that he has served fifty-two months in minimum- and maximum-security prisons for his role in the Watergate affair, Mr. Liddy documents, in stark detail, the logistics of staying alive: what it costs to have a fellow inmate feed three cartons of spaghetti; how to defend yourself; a padlock made a sock will do in a pinch; how to make it through, among various horrors, ninety-eight days in solitary confinement.

5 Dream Monsters

Brian Froud is a young English artist who, singlehandedly, is reviving the kind of illustration that hasn't been seen since Arthur Rackham. From the plum-pudding richness of his work, we've chosen five of his most lushly beautiful—like the kinds of grunts and toots that popable primal northern dreamers use to give you a bit of a creep chill after you've owned your blizzards.

6 Stocking Stuffers

Lorraine Landman writes about the Opus of Klobak, and Jimmy Sheridan. The pro-football point-spread predictions are an accurately accurate heads more money than Joe Namath last year. Lord Peter Wimsey and his girl's next. Butler shows you once and for all what the well-dressed gentleman should wear... and gathered around the woman's head will be your old friends Alfred Kazin, Richard Reeves, Jean D'Orville, David Levine, John Simon, Andrew Tobias and Roy Wilkins Jr.—as well as your humble servants, the editors.

4 A Literary Feast: Kaplan and Percy

James Kaplan grants our pages for the first time with a short story about a would-be class master who recognizes that there is a difference between talent and genius. Novelist Walter Percy declared when we asked to interview him, "I've changed my mind and contacted the interview myself."

**Coming Up
In December
Esquire**

On Sale: November 15



Jameson Irish
"Scotch on the rocks."

If you like Scotch, you'll love light Jameson Irish.

Try a glass of Jameson Irish the way you would your favorite Scotch.

You'll notice how much it tastes like fine Scotch—only lighter and more

delicate. Not smoky tasting like Scotch.

The dedicated Scotch drinker will instantly appreciate this flavor difference.

Though it may take a little time getting used to saying, "Jameson Irish on the rocks, please."

Jameson. World's largest-selling Irish Whiskey.

I won't settle for anything less than taste.

A lot of cigarettes promise taste.
But for me, only one cigarette delivers. Winston.
I get real taste and real pleasure every time I light up.
I won't settle for less. Would you?



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston King Winston 100's